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CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION . . . . . ix—lxxi

THE SHADOW OF NIGHT 1

Hymnus in Noctem 4
Hymnus in Cynthiam 10
Gloss 17

OVID'S BANQUET OF SENSE 19

A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy 38
The Amorous Zodiac 40
The Contention of Phillis and Flora 43

To the Author of *Nennio* 49
De Guiana, carmen Epicum 50
To M. Harriots 53

HERO AND LEANDER 57

Musæus, of Hero and Leander 93
Annotations 101
Peristeros, or the Male Turtle 103
On Sejanus 105
On Volpone 107

THE TEARS OF PEACE 109

Epistle Dedicatory of the Iliad to Prince Henry 128
An Anagram on the Name of Henry Prince of Wales 131
To Anne Queen of England 131

PETRARCH'S SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS. 133

A Hymn to our Saviour on the Cross 143

POEMS :—

Virgil's Epigram of a Good Man 148
A Great Man 149
A Sleight Man 150
A Good Woman 151
Virgil's Epigram of Play 152
Virgil's Epigram of Wine and Women 152
Virgil's Epigram of the Letter Y 153
A Fragment of The Tears of Peace 153
For Good Men 154

POEMS—*continued.* PAGE

Of Sudden Death 154
Height in Humility 155
For Stay in Competence 155
Of the Will 156
Of Man 156
Of a Philosopher 156
Of Ambition 156
Of Friendship 156
Of Attention 157
To Live with Little 157
To Young Imaginaries in Knowledge 158
Of Constancy in Goodness 160
Of Learning 160
For Ill Success 160
Of Negligence 160
Of Injury 160
Of Attire 160

FRAGMENTS:—

Of Circumspection 161
Of Sufferance 161
Of the Soul 161
Of Learned Men 161

EPICEDIUM, OR A FUNERAL SONG 163

To the Immortal Memory of Henry Prince of Wales 175
To Nat. Field and his "Weathercock Woman" 176
A Hymn to Hymen for the Nuptials of the Princess Elizabeth 176

ANDROMEDA LIBERATA 179

A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda 194

SONNETS:—

I. To the Duke of Lennox 199
II. To the Lord Chancellor 199
III. To the Earl of Salisbury 199
IV. To the Earl of Suffolk 200
V. To the Earl of Northampton 200
VI. To the Earl of Arundel 200
VII. To the Earl of Pembroke 200
VIII. To the Earl of Montgomery 201
IX. To the Lord L'Isle 201
X. To the Countess of Montgomery 201
XI. To the Lady Wrothe 202
XII. To the Countess of Bedford 202
XIII. To the Earl of Southampton 202
XIV. To the Earl of Sussex 202
XV. To the Lord of Walden 203
XVI. To Sir Thomas Howard 203
XVII. To Lady Arabella Stuart 203
XVIII. To Lord Wotton 203
XIX. To the Earl of Arundel 204
XX. To Viscount Cranborne 204
XXI. To Viscount Rochester 204
XXII. To Sir Edward Philips 205

PAGE

THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD 207
Hesiod's Book of Days 233

Epistle Dedicatory to the Odyssey 236
Greek Epigrams Translated 240
To the Reader (prefixed to the Translation of the Iliad) 241

PRO VERE AUTUMNI LACHRYMÆ 245

Epistle Dedicatory to the Hymns of Homer 250
Verses appended to the Translation of the Odyssey 253
Ad Deum 253
Postscript (to the Hymns of Homer) 254
To his loving friend, Master John Fletcher 255

A JUSTIFICATION OF A STRANGE ACTION OF NERO . . . 257

THE FIFTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL 263

THE HYMNS OF HOMER, &c.:—

The Battle of Frogs and Mice 271
A Hymn to Apollo 278
A Hymn to Hermes 288
A Hymn to Venus 301
To the Same 308
Bacchus, or the Pirates 308
To Mars 310
To Diana 310
To Venus 310
To Pallas 310
To Juno 311
To Ceres 311
To the Mother of the Gods 311
To Lion-hearted Hercules 311
To Æsculapius 311
To Castor and Pollux 311
To Mercury 311
To Pan 312
To Vulcan 313
To Phœbus 313
To Neptune 313
To Jove 313
To Vesta 314
To the Muses and Apollo 314
To Bacchus 314
To Diana 314
To Pallas 315
To Vesta and Mercury 315
To Earth, the Mother of all 315
To the Sun 316
To the Moon 316
To Castor and Pollux 317
To Men of Hospitality 317

EPIGRAMS OF HOMER:—

To Cuma 318
In his Return to Cuma 318
Upon the Sepulchre of Midus 318
Cuma refusing his offer to eternize their state 318

EPIGRAMS OF HOMER—*continued.* PAGE

An Assay of his Begun Iliads 319
To Thestor's Son 319
To Neptune 319
To the City of Erythræa 319
To Mariners 319
The Pine 319
To Glaucus 319
Against the Samian Ministress or Nun 320
Written on the Council Chamber 320
The Furnace called in to sing by Potters 320
Eiresione, or the Olive-Branch 320
To certain Fisher Boys 321

EUGENIA 343

DOUBTFUL PLAYS AND FRAGMENTS:— 343

THE SECOND MAIDEN'S TRAGEDY 345

TWO WISE MEN AND ALL THE REST FOOLS 381

Fragments from England's Parnassus 429
An Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben Jonson . 432
Epicure's Frugality 434
Lines prefixed to Hipolito and Isabella 435

ESSAY

ON THE

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC WORKS OF GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE fame which from his own day to ours has never wholly failed to attend the memory of George Chapman has yet been hitherto of a looser and vaguer kind than floats about the memory of most other poets. In the great revival of studious enthusiasm for the works of the many famous men who won themselves a name during the seventy-five memorable years of his laborious life, the mass of his original work has been left too long unnoticed and unhonoured. Our 'Homer-Lucan,' as he was happily termed by Daniel in that admirable *Defence of Rhyme* which remains to this day one of the most perfect examples of sound and temperate sense, of pure style and just judgment, to be found in the literature of criticism, has received it may be not much less than his due meed of praise for those Homeric labours by which his name is still chiefly known: but what the great translator could accomplish when fighting for his own hand few students of English poetry have been careful to inquire or competent to appreciate.

And yet there are not many among his various and unequal writings which we can open without some sense of great qualities in the workman whose work lies before us. There are few poets from whose remains a more copious and noble anthology of detached beauties might be selected. He has a singular force and depth of moral thought, a constant energy and intensity of expression, an occasional delicacy and perfection of fanciful or reflective beauty, which should have ensured him a place in the front rank at least of gnomic poets. It is true that his "wisdom entangles itself in over-niceness;" that his philosophy is apt to lose its way among brakes of digression and jungles of paradox; that his subtle and sleepless ingenuity can never resist the lure of any quaint or perverse illustration which may start across its path from some obscure corner at the unluckiest and unlikeliest time; that the rough and barren byways of incongruous allusion, of unseasonable reflection or preposterous and grotesque symbolism, are more tempting to his feet than the highway of art, and the brushwood or the morass of

metaphysics seems often preferable in his eyes to the pastures or the gardens of poetry. But from first to last the grave and frequent blemishes of his genius bear manifestly more likeness to the deformities of a giant than to the malformations of a dwarf, to the overstrained muscles of an athlete than to the withered limbs of a weakling.

He was born between Spenser and Shakespeare, before the first dawn of English tragedy with the morning star of Marlowe. Five years later that great poet began a life more brief, more glorious and more fruitful in proportion to its brevity than that of any among his followers except Beaumont and Shelley: each of these leaving at the close of some thirty years of life a fresh crown of immortality to the national drama founded by the first-born of the three. A few months more, and Shakespeare was in the world; ten years further, and Ben Jonson had followed. This latter poet, the loving and generous panegyrist of Chapman, was therefore fifteen years younger than his friend; who was thus twenty years older than Fletcher, and twenty-seven years older than Beaumont. All these immortals he outlived on earth, with the single exception of Jonson, who died but three years after the death of the elder poet. No man could ever look round upon a more godlike company of his fellows; yet we have no record of his relations with any of these but Jonson and Fletcher.

The date of Chapman's birth is significant, and should be borne in mind when we attempt to determine his rank among the poets of that golden age. From the splendid and triumphant example of the one great poet whose popularity his earlier years must have witnessed, he may have caught a contagious love of allegory and moral symbolism; he certainly caught nothing of the melodious ease and delicate grace which gave Spenser his supremacy in the soft empire of that moonlight-coloured world where only his genius was at home. Chapman's allegories are harsh, crude, and shapeless; for the sweet airs and tender outlines and floating Elysian echoes of Spenser's vision, he has nothing to offer in exchange but the thick rank mist of a lowland inhabited by monstrous hybrids and haunted by jarring discords. Behind Spenser came Sidney and the Euphuists; and in their schools neither Chapman nor any other was likely to learn much good. The natural defects and dangers of his genius were precisely of the kind most likely to increase in the contagion of such company. He had received from nature at his birth a profuse and turbid imagination, a fiery energy and restless ardour of moral passion and spiritual ambition, with a plentiful lack of taste and judgment, and a notable excess of those precious qualities of pride and self-reliance which are at once needful to support and liable to misguide an artist on his way of work. The two main faults of the school of poets which blossomed and faded from the brief flower of court favour during the youth of Chapman were tedious excess of talk and grotesque encumbrance of imagery; and Chapman had unhappily a native tendency to the grotesque and tedious, which all his study of the highest and purest literature in the world was inadequate to suppress or to chasten. For all his labours in the field of Greek translation, no poet was ever less of a Greek in

style or spirit. He enters the serene temples and handles the holy vessels of Hellenic art with the stride and the grasp of a high-handed and high-minded barbarian. Nevertheless it is among the schools of Greek poetry that we must look for a type of the class to which this poet belongs. In the great age of Greece he would have found a place of some credit among the ranks of the gnomic poets, and written much grave and lofty verse of a moral and political sort in praise of a powerful conservative oligarchy, and in illustration of the public virtues which are fostered and the public vices which are repressed under the strong sharp tutelage of such a government. At the many-headed beast of democracy he would have discharged the keenest arrows of his declamation, and sought shelter at need from its advance behind the shield of some tutelary Pittacus or Pisistratus. What Pope said of Chapman's Homer may be applied with a difference to his original poetry; it might not be inaccurate to say that he often writes, not indeed as Homer, but as Theognis might have written before he came to years of discretion. He shows, we must admit, only in a few couplets or brief paragraphs the pure and luminous charm of perfect speech proper to a Greek moralist of the elegiac school; but he has more of a certain fire and force of fancy than we should look for in a poet of that order, where with far less of thick acrid smoke there is also less real heat and flame perceptible than struggles here through the fume and fog of a Cimmerian style. The dialect of Chapman's poems is undoubtedly portentous in its general barbarism; and that study of purer writers, which might in another case have been trusted to correct and chasten the turgid and fiery vigour of a barbarian imagination, seems too often to have encrusted the mind with such arrogance and the style with such pedantry as to make certain of these poems, full of earnest thought, of passionate energy, of tumid and fitful eloquence, the most indigestible food ever served up to the guests of a man of genius by the master of the feast. Under no circumstances, probably, would Chapman have been always a pure and harmonious writer, capable of casting into fit and radiant form the dark hard masses of his deep and ardent thought, of uttering the weighty and noble things he had to say in a fluent and lucid style; but as it was, he appears from first to last to have erected his natural defects into an artificial system, and cultivated his incapacities as other men cultivate their faculties. "That Poesy should be as pervial as oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism:" so he tells us at the very outset of his career, in a letter of dedication prefixed to the second of his published poems, and containing several excellent reflections on the folly of those who expect grave and deep matter of poetry to be so handled that he who runs or lounges need not pause or rouse himself to read. "That *energia*, or clearness of representation, required in absolute poems, is not the perspicuous delivery of a low invention; but high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase." That is admirably said; but when we turn to the practical comment supplied by the poetry which illustrates this critical profession of faith, we find it hard to stomach the preacher's application of his text. In this same dedication, which is well worth note and

regard from all students of Chapman—and with all his shortcomings we may reasonably hope that the number of them will increase, with the first issue of his complete works, among all professed students of English poetry at its highest periods—he proceeds to a yet more distinct avowal of his main principle; and it is something to know that he had any, though the knowledge be but too likely to depress the interest and dishearten the sympathy of a reader who but for this assurance of design would probably have supposed that great part of these poems had been written in a chaotic jargon, where grammar, metre, sense, sound, coherence and relevancy are hurled together on a heap of jarring and hurtling ruins, rather because the author wanted skill or care to write better, than because he took pains to achieve so remarkable a result by the observance of fixed means for the attainment of a fixed purpose. It should seem to be with malice aforethought that he sets himself to bring to perfection the qualities of crabbed turgidity and barbarous bombast with which nature had but too richly endowed him, mingling these among many better gifts with so cunning a hand and so malignant a liberality as wellnigh to stifle the good seed of which yet she had not been sparing. "There is no confection made to last, but is admitted more cost and skill than presently-to-be-used simples; and in my opinion that which being with a little endeavour searched adds a kind of majesty to poesy is better than that which every cobbler may sing to his patch. Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed." This promise, we may add, was most religiously kept; but the labour was at least superfluous. To translate out of the crude and incoherent forms of expression in which they now lie weltering the scholastic subtleties and metaphysical symbols which beset the reader's diverted and distracted attention at every step through the jungle of these poems, and thus to render what he had to say into some decent order and harmony, he would have found a harder if a more profitable labour than to fling forth his undigested thoughts and incongruous fancies in a mass of rich inextricable confusion for them to sift and sort who list. But this, we see, was far enough from his purpose. He takes his motto from Persius:—

> "Quis leget hæc? Nemo, hercule, nemo;
> Vel duo vel nemo;"

and the label thus affixed to the forehead of one volume might have served for almost any other of his poems. His despair of a fit audience is less remarkable than the bitter and violent expression of his contempt for general opinion. "Such is the wilful poverty of judgments, wandering like passportless men in contempt of the divine discipline of poesy, that a man may well fear to frequent their walks. The profane multitude I hate, and only consecrate my strange poems to those searching spirits whom learning hath made noble, and nobility sacred." And this is throughout his manner of reference to the tastes and judgments of those common readers in whose eyes he took such less than little pains to make his

work even passably attractive that we may presume this acrid tone of angry contempt, half haughty and half petulant in its endless repetition, to have had in it some salt of sincerity as well as some underlying sense of conscious failure in the pursuit of that success on the image or idea of which he turns and tramples with passionate scorn. It is not usually till he has failed to please that a man discovers how despicable and undesirable a thing it would have been to succeed.

No student, however warm his goodwill and admiration for the high-toned spirit and genius of Chapman, will be disposed to wonder that he found cause to growl and rail at the neglect and distaste of the multitude for his writings. Demosthenes, according to report, taught himself to speak with pebbles in his mouth; but it is presumable that he also learnt to dispense with their aid before he stood up against Æschines or Hyperides on any great occasion of public oratory. Our philosophic poet, on the other hand, before addressing such audience as he may find, is careful always to fill his mouth till the jaws are stretched wellnigh to bursting with the largest, roughest, and most angular of polygonal flintstones that can be hewn or dug out of the mine of human language; and as fast as one voluminous sentence or unwieldy paragraph has emptied his mouth of the first batch of barbarisms, he is no less careful to refill it before proceeding to a fresh delivery. I sincerely think and hope that no poems with a tithe of their genuine power and merit were ever written on such a plan or after such a fashion as the *Shadow of Night* or *Andromeda Liberata* of Chapman. It is not merely the heavy and convulsive movement of the broken and jarring sentences, the hurried broken-winded rhetoric that seems to wheeze and pant at every painful step, the incessant byplay of incongruous digressions and impenetrable allusions, that make the first reading of these poems as tough and tedious a task for the mind as oakum-picking or stone-breaking can be for the body. Worse than all this is the want of any perceptible centre towards which these tangled and ravelled lines of thought may seem at least to converge. We see that the author has thought hard and felt deeply; we apprehend that he is charged as it were to the muzzle with some ardent matter of spiritual interest, of which he would fain deliver himself in explosive eloquence; we perceive that he is angry, ambitious, vehement and arrogant; no pretender, but a genuine seer or Pythian bemused and stifled by the oracular fumes which choke in its very utterance the message they inspire, and for ever preclude the seer from becoming properly the prophet of their mysteries:

> "We understand a fury in his words,
> But not the words;"

and the fury which alone we understand waxes tenfold hotter at our incompetence to comprehend what the orator is incompetent to express. He foams at the mouth with rage through all the flints and pebbles of hard language which he spits forth, so to say, in the face of 'the prejudicate and peremptory reader' whose ears he belabours with "very bitter words," and with words not less turgid than were hurled by Pistol at the head of the recalcitrant and contumelious Mistress Tearsheet:

nor assuredly had the poet much right to expect that they would be received by the profane multitude with more reverence and humility than was the poetic fury of "such a fustian rascal" by that "honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman." The charge of obscurity is perhaps of all charges the likeliest to impair the fame or to imperil the success of a rising or an established poet. It is as often misapplied by hasty or ignorant criticism as any other on the roll of accusations; and was never misapplied more persistently and perversely than to an eminent writer of our own time. The difficulty found by many in certain of Mr. Browning's works arises from a quality the very reverse of that which produces obscurity properly so called. Obscurity is the natural product of turbid forces and confused ideas; of a feeble and clouded or of a vigorous but unfixed and chaotic intellect. Such a poet as Lord Brooke, for example—and I take George Chapman and Fulke Greville to be of all English poets the two most genuinely obscure in style upon whose works I have ever adventured to embark in search of treasure hidden beneath the dark gulfs and crossing currents of their rocky and weedy waters, at some risk of my understanding being swept away by the groundswell—such a poet, overcharged with overflowing thoughts, is not sufficiently possessed by any one leading idea, or attracted towards any one central point, to see with decision the proper end and use with resolution the proper instruments of his design. Now if there is any great quality more perceptible than another in Mr. Browning's intellect it is his decisive and incisive faculty of thought, his sureness and intensity of perception, his rapid and trenchant resolution of aim. To charge him with obscurity is about as accurate as to call Lynceus purblind or complain of the sluggish action of the telegraphic wire. He is something too much the reverse of obscure; he is too brilliant and subtle for the ready reader of a ready writer to follow with any certainty the track of an intelligence which moves with such incessant rapidity, or even to realize with what spider-like swiftness and sagacity his building spirit leaps and lightens to and fro and backward and forward as it lives along the animated line of its labour, springs from thread to thread and darts from centre to circumference of the glittering and quivering web of living thought woven from the inexhaustible stores of his perception and kindled from the inexhaustible fire of his imagination. He never thinks but at full speed; and the rate of his thought is to that of another man's as the speed of a railway to that of a waggon or the speed of a telegraph to that of a railway. It is hopeless to enjoy the charm or to apprehend the gist of his writings except with a mind thoroughly alert, an attention awake at all points, a spirit open and ready to be kindled by the contact of the writer's. To do justice to any book which deserves any other sort of justice than that of the fire or the waste-paper basket, it is necessary to read it in the fit frame of mind; and the proper mood in which to study for the first time a book of Mr. Browning's is the freshest, clearest, most active mood of the mind in its brightest and keenest hours of work. Read at such a time, and not "with half-shut eyes falling asleep in a half-dream," it will be found (in Chapman's phrase) "pervial" enough to any but a sluggish or a sandblind eye; but at no time and in no mood will a really obscure

writer be found other than obscure. The difference between the two is the difference between smoke and lightning; and it is far more difficult to pitch the tone of your thought in harmony with that of a foggy thinker than with that of one whose thought is electric in its motion. To the latter we have but to come with an open and pliant spirit, untired and undisturbed by the work or the idleness of the day, and we cannot but receive a vivid and active pleasure in following the swift and fine radiations, the subtle play and keen vibration of its sleepless fires; and the more steadily we trace their course the more surely do we see that all these forked flashes of fancy and changing lights of thought move unerringly around one centre and strike straight in the end to one point. Only random thinking and random writing produce obscurity; and these are the radical faults of Chapman's style of poetry. We find no obscurity in the lightning, whether it play about the heights of metaphysical speculation or the depths of character and motive; the mind derives as much of vigorous enjoyment from the study by such light of the one as of the other. The action of so bright and swift a spirit gives insight as it were to the eyes and wings to the feet of our own; the reader's apprehension takes fire from the writer's, and he catches from a subtler and more active mind the infection of spiritual interest; so that any candid and clear-headed student finds himself able to follow for the time in fancy the lead of such a thinker with equal satisfaction on any course of thought or argument; when he sets himself to refute Renan through the dying lips of St. John or to try conclusions with Strauss in his own person, and when he flashes at once the whole force of his illumination full upon the inmost thought and mind of the most infamous criminal, a Guido Franceschini or a Louis Bonaparte, compelling the black and obscene abyss of such a spirit to yield up at last the secret of its profoundest sophistries, and let forth the serpent of a soul that lies coiled under all the most intricate and supple reasonings of self-justified and self-conscious crime. And thanks to this very quality of vivid spiritual illumination we are able to see by the light of the author's mind without being compelled to see with his eyes, or with the eyes of the living mask which he assumes for his momentary impersonation of saint or sophist, philosopher or malefactor; without accepting one conclusion, conceding one point, or condoning one crime. It is evident that to produce any such effect requires above all things brightness and decision as well as subtlety and pliancy of genius; and this is the supreme gift and distinctive faculty of Mr. Browning's mind. If indeed there be ever any likelihood of error in his exquisite analysis, he will doubtless be found to err rather through excess of light than through any touch of darkness; we may doubt, not without a sense that the fittest mood of criticism might be that of a self-distrustful confidence in the deeper intuition of his finer and more perfect knowledge, whether the perception of good or evil would actually be so acute in the mind of the supposed reasoner; whether for instance a veritable household assassin, a veritable saviour of society or other incarnation of moral pestilence, would in effect see so clearly and so far, with whatever perversion or distortion of view, into the recesses of the pit of hell wherein he lives and moves and has his being; recognising with quick

and delicate apprehension what points of vantage he must strive to gain, what outposts of self-defence he may hope to guard, in the explanation and vindication of the motive forces of his nature and the latent mainspring of his deeds. This fineness of intellect and dramatic sympathy which is ever on the watch to anticipate and answer the unspoken imputations and prepossessions of his hearer, the very movements of his mind, the very action of his instincts, is perhaps a quality hardly compatible with a nature which we might rather suppose, judging from public evidence and historic indication, to be sluggish and short-sighted, "a sly slow thing with circumspective eye" that can see but a little way immediately around it, but neither before it nor behind, above it nor beneath; and whose introspection, if ever that eye were turned inward, would probably be turbid, vacillating, cloudy and uncertain as the action of a spirit incapable of self-knowledge but not incapable of self-distrust, timid and impenitent, abased and unabashed, remorseless but not resolute, shameless but not fearless. If such be in reality the public traitor and murderer of a nation, we may fairly infer that his humbler but not viler counterpart in private life will be unlikely to exhibit a finer quality of mind or a clearer faculty of reason. But this is a question of realism which in no wise affects the spiritual value and interest of such work as Mr. Browning's. What is important for our present purpose is to observe that this work of exposition by soliloquy and apology by analysis can only be accomplished or undertaken by the genius of a great special pleader, able to fling himself with all his heart and all his brain, with all the force of his intellect and all the strength of his imagination, into the assumed part of his client; to concentrate on the cause in hand his whole power of illustration and illumination, and bring to bear upon one point at once all the rays of his thought in one focus. Apart from his gift of moral imagination, Mr. Browning has in the supreme degree the qualities of a great debater or an eminent leading counsel; his finest reasoning has in its expression and development something of the ardour of personal energy and active interest which inflames the argument of a public speaker; we feel, without the reverse regret of Pope, how many a firstrate barrister or parliamentary tactician has been lost in this poet. The enjoyment that his best and most characteristic work affords us is doubtless far other than the delight we derive from the purest and highest forms of the lyric or dramatic art; there is a radical difference between the analyst and the dramatist, the pleader and the prophet; it would be clearly impossible for the subtle tongue which can undertake at once the apology and the anatomy of such motives as may be assumed to impel or to support a 'Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau' on his ways of thought and action, ever to be touched with the fire which turns to a sword or to a scourge the tongue of a poet to whom it is given to utter as from Patmos or from Sinai the word that fills all the heaven of song with the lightnings and thunders of chastisement. But in place of lyric rapture or dramatic action we may profitably enjoy the unique and incomparable genius of analysis which gives to these special pleadings such marvellous life and interest as no other workman in that kind was ever or will

ever again be able to give: we may pursue with the same sense of strenuous delight in a new exercise of intellect and interest the slender and luminous threads of speculation wound up into a clue with so fine a skill and such happy sleight of hand in *Fifine at the Fair* or the sixth book of *Sordello*, where the subtle secret of spiritual weakness in a soul of too various powers and too restless refinement is laid bare with such cunning strength of touch, condemned and consoled with such far-sighted compassion and regret. This last-named poem has been held especially liable to the charge which we have seen to be especially inapplicable to the general work of its author; but although the manner of its construction should not seem defensible, as to me I may confess that it does not, it would be an utter misuse of terms to find in obscurity of thought or language the cause of this perceptible defect. The point of difference was accurately touched by the exquisite critical genius of Coleridge when he defined the style of Persius as "hard—not obscure:" for this is equally true in the main of the style of *Sordello;* only the hard metal is of a different quality and temper, as the intellect of the English thinker is far wider in its reach, far subtler in its action and its aim, than that of the Roman stoic. The error, if I may take on myself to indicate what I conceive to be the error, of style in *Sordello* is twofold; it is a composite style, an amalgam of irreconcilable materials that naturally refuse to coalesce; and, like a few of the author's minor poems, it is written at least partially in shorthand, which a casual reader is likely to mistake for cipher, and to complain accordingly that the key should be withheld from him. A curious light is thrown on the method of its composition by the avowal put forth in the dedication of a reissue of this poem, that since its first adventure on publicity the writer had added and had cancelled a notable amount of illustrative or explanatory matter, preferring ultimately to leave his work such a poem as the few must like, rather than such as the many might. Against this decision no one has a right to appeal; and there is doubtless much in the work as it stands that all imaginative thinkers and capable students of poetry most assuredly must regard with much more than mere liking; but when the reader is further invited to observe that the sole aim kept in sight, the sole object of interest pursued by the author was the inner study of an individual mind, the occult psychology of a single soul, the personal pathology of a special intelligence, he has a right to suggest that in that case there is too much, and in any other case there is not enough, of external illustration and the byplay of alien actions and passions which now serve only to perplex the scheme they ought to explain. If it was the author's purpose to give to his philosophic poem a background of historic action, to relieve against the broad mass and movement of outer life the solitary process of that inward and spiritual tragedy which was the main occupation of his mind and art, to set the picture of a human spirit in the frame of circumstances within which it may actually have been environed and beset with offers of help, with threats and temptations, doubts and prospects and chances of the day it had on earth,—if this were his purpose, then surely there is not here enough of such relief to illustrate a design which there is more than enough of it to confuse. But

if, as we are now obliged to assume, the author's purpose was studiously and strenuously to restrict within the limits of inner spiritual study the interest and the motive of his work, to concentrate our attention with his own upon the growth and the fortune, the triumph and the failure, the light and the darkness of this one human spirit, the soul of a man of genius fallen upon evil days and elect for great occasions and begirt with strange perplexities, then surely there is here far too much of external distraction and diversion for the reader's mind even to apprehend the issue, much less to comprehend the process, of this inner tragic action. The poem, in short, is like a picture in which the background runs into the foreground, the figures and the landscape confound each other for want of space and keeping, and there is no middle distance discernible at all. It is but a natural corollary to this general error that the body like the spirit of the poem, its form not less than its thought, should halt between two or three diverse ways, and that the style should too often come to the ground between two stools or more; being as it is neither a dramatic nor a narrative style, neither personal nor impersonal, neither lyric nor historic, but at once too much of all these and not enough of any. The result may be to the hasty reader no less repellent than the result of obscurity in thought or in style; but from identity of effect we are not to infer an identity of cause. The best parts of this poem also belong in substance always and sometimes in form to the class of monodramas or soliloquies of the spirit; a form to which the analytic genius of Mr. Browning leads him ever as by instinct to return, and in which alone it finds play for its especial faculties and security against its especial liabilities to error and confusion of styles; a security for want of which his lyric and dramatic writing is apt to be neither dramatic nor lyrical, simply because of the writer's natural and inevitable tendency to analysis, which, by the nature of things as well as by the laws of art, can only explain and express itself either through the method of direct exposition or in the form of elaborate mental monologue. The whole argument of the sixth book is monodramatic; and its counterpart is to be sought in the most dramatic and to me the most delightful passage of equal length in the poem, the magnificent soliloquy of Salinguerra in the fourth book, full of the subtle life and reality and pathos which the author, to speak truth as it seems to me, too generally fails to transfer from monologue into dialogue, to translate into the sensible action and passion of tragedy, or adequately to express in fullness and fitness of lyric form. The finest and most memorable parts of his plays not less than of his poems are almost always reducible in their essence to what I have called monodrama; and if cast into the monodramatic form common to all his later writings would have found a better if not a keener expression and left a clearer if not a deeper impression on the mind. For one example, the communing of old King Victor with himself on his return to the palace he has resigned is surely far more impressive and memorable to any reader than the rest of the play where his character is exhibited in the mutual action and reaction of dialogue among characters who seem unable to say rightly what they should say except when alone or secure from interruption. Even Chapman, from whom I may

be thought to have wandered somewhat far in this inquiry as to what is or is not properly definable as obscurity, has in my judgment a sounder instinct of dramatic dialogue and movement than the illustrious writer who has carved out for himself in the second period of his career a new and better way to the end appointed by nature for the exercise of his highest powers: and Chapman was certainly not remarkable among the great men of his day for the specially dramatic bent of his genius.

I have dwelt thus long on a seemingly irrelevant and discursive inquiry because I could discover no method so fit to explain the nature of the fault I cannot but find in the poet of whom I have to speak, as by contrast of his work with the work of another, upon whom this fault has been wrongly charged by the inaccurate verdict of hasty judges. In answer to these I have shown that the very essence of Mr. Browning's aim and method, as exhibited in the ripest fruits of his intelligence, is such as implies above all other things the possession of a quality the very opposite of obscurity—a faculty of spiritual illumination rapid and intense and subtle as lightning, which brings to bear upon its central object by way of direct and vivid illustration every symbol and every detail on which its light is flashed in passing. Thus in *Fifine* the illustration derived from a visionary retrospect of Venice, and in *Sordello* the superb and wonderful comparison of the mental action of a man who puts by for a season the memories in which he has indulged for a moment before turning again to the day's work, with that of a fugitive slave who thinks over in a pause of his flight and puts aside for more practical means of revenge the thought of enchantments "sovereign to plague his enemies," as he buckles himself again to the grim business of escape—these and other such illustrative passages are not more remarkable for the splendour of their imaginative quality than for the aptness of their cunning application and the direct light reflected from them on the immediate argument which is penetrated and vivified throughout by the insinuation and exploration of its radiance. Few poets, on the other hand, have been more unsparing in the use of illustration than Chapman; he flings about similes by the handful, many of them diffuse and elaborate in expression, most of them curiously thoughtful and ingenious, not a few of them eloquent and impressive; but in many cases they tend rather to distract the attention of the reader than to elucidate the matter of his study. To his first poem, short as it is, Chapman appends a glossary to explain the accumulated allusions of a mythological kind, with this note at the foot of it: "For the rest of his own invention, figures and similes, touching their aptness and novelty, he hath not laboured to justify them, because he hopes they will be proved enough to justify themselves, and prove sufficiently authentical to such as understand them; for the rest, God help them" (for the poet evidently will not), "I cannot do as others, make day seem a lighter woman than she is, by painting her." The poem is however rich in fine verses which struggle into sight through the vaporous atmosphere of bombast and confusion; it is thoughtful, earnest, eloquent, with interludes of mere violent and dissonant declamation, and rarer

flashes of high and subtle beauty. The licentious grammar and the shapeless structure of sentences that break all bounds of sense or harmony are faults that cannot be overlooked and must be condoned if we care to get at the kernel underlying these outer and inner husks of hard language. The same comment may be applied to the poems which follow; but the second Hymn, being longer and more discursive than the first, is more extravagant and incoherent, and its allegory more confused and difficult (whenever it is possible) to follow. Whether or not there be as usual any reference to Elizabeth and her court under the likeness of Cynthia and her nymphs, or any allusion to English matters of contemporary interest, to perils and triumphs of policy or war, in the "sweet chase" of the transformed nymph Euthymia under the shape of a panther or a boar by the hounds of the goddess which pursue her into the impenetrable thicket where the souls of such as have revolted from the empire of Cynthia are held in bondage and torment, and whence the hunters who hew themselves a way into the covert are forced to recoil in horror, it is easier to conjecture than to determine: but the "fruitful island" to which the panther flies and eludes the hounds who track her by scent should be recognizable as England, "full of all wealth, delight, and empery;" though the sequel in which the panther, turned into a huger boar than that of Calydon, lays waste its "noblest mansions, gardens, and groves" through which the chase makes way, may seem now more impenetrable to human apprehension than the covert before described. Leaving however to others, without heed of the poet's expressed contempt for our "flesh-confounded souls," the task of seeking a solution for riddles to us insoluble, we may note in this poem the first sign of that high patriotic quality which, though common to all the great of his generation, is more constantly perceptible in the nobler moods of Chapman's mind than in the work of many among his compeers. Especially in the reference of one elaborate simile to a campaign in the Netherlands, and the leadership of the English forces by

> "War's quick artisan,
> Fame-thriving Vere, that in those countries wan
> More fame than guerdon,"

we trace the lifelong interest taken by this poet in the fortunes of English fighting men in foreign wars, and the generous impulse which moved him twenty-eight years later, at the age of sixty-three, to plead in earnest and fervent verses the cause of Sir Horatio Vere, then engaged 'with his poor handful of English' in the 'first act' of the Thirty Years' War,* ('besieged and distressed in Mainhem,' Chapman tells us,) in the ears of the courtiers of James I. A quainter example of this interest in the foreign campaigns of his countrymen may be found in the most untimely intrusion of such another simile into the third sestiad of *Hero and Leander*.

Before I take in hand the examination of Chapman's works as a dramatist, I

* Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, book iii. chapter xvi.; vol. i. p. 329.

may sum up the best and the worst I have to say of his earlier poems in the remark that on a first plunge into their depths even the reader most willing to accept and most anxious to admire the firstfruits of a poet's mind which he knows to have elsewhere put forth such noble fruit as Chapman's will be liable to do them less than justice until his own mind recovers from the shock given to his taste by the crabbed and bombastic verbiage, the tortuous and pedantic obscurity, the rigidity and the laxity of a style which moves as it were with a stiff shuffle, at once formal and shambling; which breaks bounds with a limping gait, and plays truant from all rule without any of the grace of freedom; wanders beyond law and straggles out of order at the halting pace of age and gravity, and in the garb of a schoolmaster plays the pranks of a schoolboy with a ponderous and lumbaginous license of movement, at once rheumatic and erratic. With the recovery will probably come a reaction from this first impression; and the student will perhaps be more than sufficiently inclined to condone these shortcomings in favour of the merits they obscure at first sight; the wealth of imagery, the ardour of thought and feeling, the grave and vigorous harmony of the better parts, and the general impression left on us of communion with a strong, earnest, high-minded man of genius, set adrift without helm or rudder; of lofty instincts and large aspirations that run rather to leaf than to fruit for want of an eye to choose their proper aim, and a hand to use the means to it aright. The editor of the first and by no means the worst English anthology has gathered from these poems, and especially from *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, large handfuls of fine verses, which when thus culled out and bound up into separate sheaves make a better show than in the text where they lay entangled among weeds and briars. There are beauties enough lost in this thick and thorny jungle of scholastic sensuality to furnish forth a dozen or so of pilfering poeticules with abundance of purple patches to be sewn on at intervals to the common texture of their style. It is with a singular sense of jarring admiration and irritation that we find couplets and quatrains of the most noble and delicate beauty embedded in the cumbrous ore of crude pedantic jargon: but those who will may find throughout the two earliest publications of Chapman a profusion of good verses thickly scattered among an overgrowth of bad. The first poem, however, which leaves us on the whole with a general and equable impression of content, is the small 'epic song' or copy of verses on the second expedition to Guiana. Here the poet has got clear of those erotic subtleties and sensual metaphysics which were served up at his 'banquet' in such clumsy vessels of the coarsest ware by the awkward and unwashed hands of an amorous pedant, soiling with the ink of the schools the lifted hem of the garment of love; he has found instead a fit argument for his genius in the ambition and adventure of his boldest countrymen, and applied himself to cheer and celebrate them 'in no ignoble verse.' The first brief paragraph alone is crabbed and inflated in style; from thence to the end, with but slight breaks or jars, the strong and weighty verse steps out with masculine dignity, and delivers in clear grave accents its cordial message of praise and good cheer. At all times Chapman took occasion to approve himself a true son

of the greatest age of Englishmen in his quick and fiery sympathy with the daring and the suffering of its warriors and adventurers; a sympathy which found vent at times where none but Chapman would have made room for it; witness the sudden and singular illustration, in his Epicede on the death of Prince Henry, of the popular anguish and dismay at that calamity by a 'description of the tempest that cast Sir Th. Gates on the Bermudas, and the state of his ship and men, to this kingdom's plight applied in the Prince's death.' It has been remarked by editors and biographers that between the years 1574, at or about which date, according to Anthony Wood, 'he, being well-grounded in school learning, was sent to the university,' and 1594, when he published his first poem, we have no trace or hint to guide us in conjecturing how his life was spent from fifteen to thirty-five. This latter age is the least he can have attained by any computation at the time when he put forth his *Shadow of Night*, full of loud and angry complaints of neglect and slight endured at the hands of an unthankful and besotted generation; it is somewhat late in life for the first appearance of a poet, and the poem then issued is a more crude and chaotic performance than might be looked for from a writer who has no longer the plea of unripe age to put forward in excuse of the raw green fruits which he offers to the reader. Dr. Elze, in the learned and ingenious essay prefixed to his edition of Chapman's *Alphonsus*, points out that from the internal evidence of that play 'we are driven to the alternative either of supposing Chapman to have been in Germany or of allowing him a German partner' (p. 33), and a little before observes that 'there is ample room between his leaving the university without a degree in 1576 or 1578 and his first acknowledged publication in 1594 even for a lengthened stay in Germany.' In default of evidence we might perhaps be permitted to throw out a guess that the future poet had in his youth seen some service and been possibly an eye-witness of some part of the campaigns in the Low Countries to which he refers in a manner showing his intimate acquaintance with the details of an action on the 'most excellent river' Wall before 'stately-sighted sconce-torn Nimiguen,' fought between the cavalry of 'the Italian Duke' and the English leader, Sir Francis or Sir Horatio Vere, who drew the enemy's horse, by a feint made with his own, into an ambuscade of infantry by which they were put to rout. Both the text and the note appended show a willingness to display this knowledge of the strategy and geography of the skirmish with some ostentation of precision; his parting remark at the end of the note has a tone of satisfaction in the discovery of a new order of illustration. 'And these like similes, in my opinion, drawn from the honourable deeds of our noble countrymen, clad in comely habit of poesy, would become a poem as well as further-fetched grounds, if such as be poets nowadays would use them.' He was not himself, as we have seen, over careful to use them at the right moment or turn them to the most natural account; but to the principle here advanced he remained stanch in his later writings. It may be thought somewhat out of keeping with the general reputation of Chapman as a retired student of a grave and sober habit of life that he should be supposed to have ever taken any active

part in a military campaign; but those were days when scholars and men of letters were not uncommonly found apt for employment in matters of war and policy, and gave good proof of a right to claim their place among other servants of the state for the performance of high patriotic duty; nor, unless we please, need we imagine Chapman to have served personally as a volunteer in the English ranks; but it is reasonable to conceive that either in person or by proxy he may have had special opportunities of studying the incidents of war in the Netherlands, which he would evidently have been mindful to make the most of and quick to put to use. It is also possible that his relations with the stage may have begun at an earlier date than has yet been traced; and as we know that in 1585, when Chapman was twenty-six years old, Leicester brought over to Holland a company of actors in his train when he set sail as commander of the forces despatched from England to the support of the States-General, and that others followed suit on their own score in succeeding years, those who are unwilling to allow him a chance of service as a soldier may prefer to conjecture that he was drawn to the seat of war by the more probable force of some poetic or theatrical connection with either the general's first troop of players or that which followed in its track five years later. That these earlier adventurers were succeeded by fresh companies in 1604 and 1605, and again forty years later, at an unpropitious date for actors in England, eleven years after the death of Chapman, I further learn from an article in the *Athenæum* (Sept. 5th, 1874) on Herr von Hellwald's 'History of the Stage in Holland;' and eight years later than the venture of the second company of players in 1590 we find Chapman classed by Meres among the best of our tragic writers for the stage, and repeatedly entered on Henslowe's books as debtor to the manager for some small advance of money on future dramatic work to be supplied to his company.

In any case it is remarkable that his first play should not have been brought on the stage till the poet was thirty-six, or published till he was rising forty; an age at which most men, who might have written such a play at sixteen, would have been unwilling to expose it to the light. It is even a more crude and graceless piece of work, if we consider it as designed for the stage, than his first venture of the preceding year if we regard it as intended for the study. The plot is more childish, though the language may be purer, than we find in the rudest sketches of Greene or Peele, whose day was now well over; and even for the firstfruits of 'a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet,' it will be admitted that the moral tone of Chapman's two earliest comedies is not remarkably high. The first deals solely with the impossible frauds, preposterous adulteries, and farcical murders committed by a disguised hero who assumes the mask of as many pseudonyms to perpetrate his crimes as ever were assumed in Old or New Grub-street by a prudent member of the libellous order of rascally rhymesters to vent his villainies in shameful safety. The story is beneath the credulity of a nursery, and but for some detached passages of clear and vigorous writing the whole work might plausibly have been

signed by any of the names under which a dunce of the order above-mentioned might think it wisest to put forth his lyrics or his lies. In the better passages, and noticeably in a description of jewels engraved with figures of the gods, we catch a faint echo of the "mighty line" in which Marlowe would lavish on such descriptions the wealth and strength, the majesty and the fancy, of his full imperial style.

The frank folly and reckless extravagance of incident which appear to have won for Chapman's first play the favour of an audience not remarkable, it should seem, for captious nicety of critical taste and judgment, are less perceptible in his second venture; but this also is a crude and coarse sample of workmanship. The characters are a confused crowd of rough sketches, whose thin outlines and faint colours are huddled together on a ragged canvass without order or proportion. There is some promise of humour in the part of a Puritan adulteress, but it comes to little or nothing; and the comedy rather collapses than concludes in a tangle of incongruous imbecilities and incoherent indecencies. The text is seemingly more corrupt than we find in Chapman's other plays, which are generally exempt from such gross and multitudinous misprints as deform the early editions of many Elizabethan dramatists; their chief defect is the confusion and the paucity of stage directions. In the opening speech of *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, from the fourteenth to the sixteenth verse, we must supply with some such reading as this the evident hiatus of sense and metre in the fifteenth:

> "But pure religion being but mental stuff,
> And sense, indeed, [being] all* [but] for itself
> 'Tis to be doubted," etc.

The text and arrangement of the scenes throughout this comedy require a more careful revision than has yet been given; since if the crudest work of a man of genius is not to be rejected from the list of his writings in which it has once found place, it claims at least so much of editorial care as may leave it in a reasonably legible form.

It appears that in the same year which gave to the press this loose and slipshod effort at a comedy, the most perfect of Chapman's plays, though not published till six years later, was completed for the stage. The admirable comedy of *All Fools* is the first work which bears full evidence of the vigorous and masculine versatility, the force and freshness of his free and natural genius. The dedication, which seems to have been cancelled almost as soon as issued, gives one of the most singular proofs on record of a poet's proverbial inability to discern between his worse and better work. The writer who ten years before was so loud in his complaint of men's neglect and so haughty in his claim on their attention for his crudest and faultiest work now assures the friend to whom he inscribes a poem of real excellence,

* Perhaps an adjective has here dropped out, and we might read the hemistich thus: 'all covetous for itself,' or 'careful,' 'curious,' 'gluttonous,' any of which words would fit the metre, and suit the sense of the passage.

> "I am most loth to pass your sight
> With any such-like mark of vanity,
> Being marked with age for aims of greater weight
> And drowned in dark death-ushering melancholy :"

but for fear of piratical publishers who might print 'by stealth' an unauthorized and interpolated edition, 'without my passport, patched with other's wit,' he consents to 'expose to every common eye' what he calls

> "The least allowed birth of my shaken brain,"

alleging as his excuse that 'of two enforced ills I elect the least;' and with this most superfluous apology he ushers in one of the most faultless examples of high comedy to be found in the whole rich field of our Elizabethan drama. The style is limpid and luminous as running water, the verse pure, simple, smooth and strong, the dialogue always bright, fluent, lively, and at times relieved with delicate touches of high moral and intellectual beauty; the plot and the characters excellently fitted to each other, with just enough intricacy and fullness of incident to sustain without relaxation or confusion the ready interest of readers or spectators. The play and counterplay of action by which all the chief persons of the comedy trick and are tricked by each other in turn might easily have become perplexed or excessive in less careful and skilful hands; but the lightness and dexterity of handling which the poet has here for once manifested throughout the whole development of his dramatic scheme suffice to keep the course of the story clear and the attention of the reader alert without involution or fatigue: and over all the dialogue and action there plays a fresh and radiant air of mirth and light swift buoyancy of life which breathes rather of joyous strength and high-spirited health than of the fumes of 'dark death-ushering melancholy;' and as in matter of fact death was not ushered by melancholy or any other evil spirit into the stout presence of the old poet till full thirty-five years after the appearance and twenty-nine years after the dedication of this play, we may hopefully set down this malcontent phrase to some untimely fit of spleen from which, having thus given it vent, he soon shook himself clear and struck his pen through the record of it. I find but one slight and characteristic blemish worth noting in a comedy in which the proudest among his great compeers might have permissibly taken fresh pride; it is that the final scene of discovery which winds up the main thread and reconciles the chief agents of the intrigue is somewhat hurriedly despatched, with too rapid a change of character and readjustment of relations, to make room for a thin-spun and wire-drawn sample of that tedious burlesque declamation with which the author was too prone to indulge a taste not likely to be shared or relished by his readers for the minute dissection of a dead jest, so dry that it crumbles into dust under the scalpel of the anatomist. All the rest of the comedy is so light, bright, and easy in all its paces that we are the less disposed to tolerate the stiffness and elaboration of this oratorical interlude. But this is really the only spot or patch I can discover on the jocund face of a delightful comic poem.

It is not impossible that the merit of pure and lucid style which distinguishes the

best comedies of Chapman from the bulk of his other writings may in part be owing to the slighter value set by the author on the workmanship of these. By temperament and inclination he was rather an epic or tragic than a comic poet; and in writing verse of a tragic or epic quality he evidently felt it incumbent on him to assert the dignity of his office, to inflate and exalt his style with all helps of metaphor and hyperbole, to stiffen the march of his metre and harden the structure of his language; and hence he is but too prone to rely at need on false props of adventitious and barbaric dignity, to strut on stilts or to swim on bladders: whereas in writing for the comic stage he was content to forget, or at least to forego, this imaginary dignity and duty; he felt himself no longer bound to talk big or to stalk stiffly, and in consequence was not too high-minded to move easily and speak gracefully. It is clear that he set no great store by his comic talent as compared with the other gifts of his genius; of all his comedies two only, *All Fools* and *The Widow's Tears*, have dedications prefixed to them, and in both cases the tone of the dedication is almost apologetic in its slighting reference to the slight worth of the work presented; a tone by no means to be ascribed in this case to a general and genuine humility, since the dedications prefixed to his various poems, and to two among his tragedies published under his own eye, are remarkable for their lofty and dignified self-assertion. The fact that of these two tragedies, one, *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, was apparently unsuccessful on the stage, and the other, *Cæsar and Pompey*, seems never to have obtained a chance of appearing on the boards at all, may naturally have moved the author to assert their right to respect and acceptance with more studied emphasis than usual; in the earlier instance at least he is emphatic enough in his appeal from the verdict of the 'maligners' with whom he complains that it met 'in the scenical representation,' to the 'approbation of more worthy judgments' which 'even therein' it did not fail to obtain; and in the second case, though he appears to apologize for the lack of 'novelty and fashion' in a play 'written so long since' that it 'had not the timely ripeness of that age' (seventy-two) 'that, I thank God, I yet find no fault withal for any such defects,' yet he is apparently and reasonably confident that the offering of his 'martial history' is one honourable alike to poet and to patron. Both plays are rich in rhetorical passages of noble eloquence; but in all points of workmanlike construction and dramatic harmony they are incomparably inferior to the better sort of his comedies.

The year of the publication of *All Fools* was memorable to Chapman for a more hazardous misadventure on a more serious stage than the failure of a comedy on the boards, for which he had to thank the merited success of a play whose strange fortune it was to prove as tragical in its sequence as merry in itself, thus combining in a new fashion the two main qualities of Bottom's immortal interlude. All readers will remember the base offence taken and the base revenge threatened by the son of Darnley or of Rizzio for a passing jest aimed at those among his countrymen who had anticipated Dr. Johnson's discovery of the finest prospect ever seen by a native of Scotland; none can forget the gallantry with which Ben Jonson, a Scot by

descent of whom it might have been said as truly as of the greatest in the generation before him that he 'never feared the face of man,' approved himself the like-minded son of a Roman-spirited mother by coming forward to share the certainty of imprisonment and the probability of mutilation with the two comrades who without his knowledge had inserted such perilous matter into their common work; and many will wish with me that he had never borne a nearer and less honourable relation to a king who combined with the northern virulence and pedantry which he may have derived from his tutor Buchanan a savour of the worst qualities of the worst Italians of the worst period of Italian decadence. It was worthier of the great spirit and the masterful genius of Jonson to be the subject of his tyranny than the laureate of his court. Far more fitly, had such an one then been born, would that office have been filled by any scribbling Scot of the excremental school of letters who might have sought and found in his natural prince a congenial patron with whom to bathe his sympathetic spirit in the pure morality, while swimming with somewhat short strokes in "the deep delicious stream of the Latinity," of Petronius Arbiter. Such a Crispinulus or Crispinaccio would have found his proper element in an atmosphere whose fumes should never have been inhaled by the haughty and high-souled author of the *Poetaster;* and from behind his master's chair, with no need to seek for fear if not for shame the dastardly and lying shelter of a pseudonym which might at a pinch have been abjured, and the responsibility for its use shifted from his own shoulders to those of a well-meaning but invisible friend, the laurelled lackey of King James might as securely have launched his libels against the highest heads of poets to whom in that age all eyes looked up which would have looked down on him, as ever did the illustrious Latinist Buchanan against the mother of the worthy patron whose countenance would probably have sufficed to protect the meanest and obscurest creature of his common and unclean favour against all recrimination on the part of Shakespeare or of Jonson, of Beaumont or of Webster, of Fletcher or of Chapman.

The comedy thus celebrated for the peril it brought upon the ears and noses of its authors has of itself merit enough to have won for writers of less previous note a sufficient share of more enviable celebrity. It is one of the most spirited and brilliant plays belonging to that class of which the two most famous examples are the *Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Every Man in his Humour;* and for life and movement, interest and gaiety, it may challenge a comparison even with these. All the actors in *Eastward Ho*, down to the very slightest, such as the drawer, the butcher's man, and the keeper of the prison, have some quality and character of their own which gives them a place in the comic action; and in no play of the time do we get such a true taste of the old city life so often turned to mere ridicule and caricature by playwrights of less good humour, or feel about us such a familiar air of ancient London as blows through every scene; the homely household of the rich tradesman, the shop with its stall in front, the usurer's lodging, the waterside tavern, the Thames wharfs, stand out as sharply as if etched by the pen of Dickens or the needle of Whistler. The London of Hogarth, as set before us in that

immortal series of engravings for which he is said to have taken the hint from this comedy, does not seem nearer or more actual than this elder London of Jonson, Chapman, and Marston; and the more high-flying genius of Frank Quicksilver is as real and lifelike as the humbler debauchery and darker doom of Tom Idle. The parts of Mistress Touchstone and Gertrude are worthy of Molière in his homelier mood; and but for one or two momentary indecencies dropped here and there to attest the passage of Marston, the scenes in which they figure would be as perfect and blameless examples of pure broad comedy as any stage can show. The fluttering and exuberant ambition of the would-be Célimène or Millamant of the city is painted with such delightful force and freshness, her imperial volubility of contempt, the joyous and tremulous eagerness with which she obeys the precept of the Psalmist to 'forget her own people and her father's house,' her alternate phases of gracious patronage and overflowing obloquy, are so charming in the buoyancy and fertility of their changes that we are rejoiced when after the term of adversity so differently put to use by the prodigal daughter and the profligate apprentice Frank and Gertrude are alike restored to the favour of the excellent old citizen by the kind offices of his worthy son-in-law. Not only have the poets given proof of a gentler morality and a juster sense of justice than the great painter who followed long after in the track of their invention, but they have contrived even to secure our cordial regard for the kindly virtues of the respectable and industrious characters whose aim it is to rise by thrift and honesty; and we salute the promotion of 'Master Deputy's worship' to the proud office of substitute for the alderman of his ward with a satisfaction which no man surely ever felt in the exaltation of Hogarth's Lord Mayor to sit in judgment on his luckless fellow. The figures of Gertrude's gallant knight and his crew of Virginian adventurers, whose expedition finally culminates in a drunken shipwreck on the Thames, are as vivid and as pleasant as any of these other studies; and the scenes in which the jealous usurer is induced by the devices of Quicksilver and Sir Petronel to bring his disguised wife into the company of her paramour and reassure her supposed scruples with his pithy arguments against conjugal fidelity, while he lets fly at her supposed husband the well-worn jests which recoil on his own head, have in them enough of wit and humorous invention to furnish forth the whole five acts of an ordinary comedy of intrigue. Even in these sketches from the prosaic life of their day the great and generous poets of that age were as prodigal of the riches of their genius as in the tragic and romantic work of their higher moods. The style of Chapman is perceptible in some of the best of these scenes in the third act as well as in the moral passage of metrical philosophy put into the lips of the half-drowned Quicksilver in the fourth, where only the last editor has taken note of his handiwork. Two allusions in the mouth of the usurer, one to 'the ship of famous Draco,' and one to the camel's horns of which we hear something too often from this poet, are in the unmistakeable manner of Chapman. Other such points might perhaps be discovered; but on the whole we may probably feel safe in assigning to each of the three associates as equal a share in the labour

and the credit as they bore in the peril entailed on them by a comedy which, though disclaiming all unfriendly aim at rivalry with one of similar title already familiar to the stage, must probably and deservedly have eclipsed the success of two plays not published till two years later under cognate names by Decker and Webster; though the plot of *Northward Ho* is not wanting in humour and ingenuity, and in *Westward Ho* there is one scene of exquisite and incongruous beauty in which we recognize at once the tender and reckless hand which five years earlier had inserted into the yet more inappropriate framework of the *Satiromastix* as sweet an episode of seeming martyrdom and chastity secured under the shelter of a sleep like death.

In his next play Chapman reassumed the more poetical style of comedy which in *Eastward Ho* had been put off for the plainer garb of realism. *The Gentleman Usher* is distinguishable from all his other works by the serious grace and sweetness of the love-scenes, and the higher tone of feminine character and masculine regard which is sustained throughout the graver passages. Elsewhere it should seem that Chapman had scorned to attempt or failed to achieve the task of rousing and retaining the chief interest of his reader in the fortune of two young lovers; but in this play he has drawn such a passionate and innocent couple with singular tenderness and delicacy. The broader effects of humour are comic enough, though perhaps somewhat too much prolonged and too often repeated; but the charm of the play lies in the bright and pure quality of its romantic part. The scene in which the prince and Margaret, debarred by tyranny and intrigue from the right of public marriage, espouse each other in secret by a pretty ceremony devised on the spot, in a dialogue of the wounded Strozza with the wife who has restored him to spiritual strength by 'the sweet food of her divine advice,' are models of the simple, luminous, and fervent style of poetry proper to romantic comedy at its highest. A noble passage in the fifth act of this play contains, as far as I know, the first direct protest against the principle of monarchy to be found in our poetical or dramatic literature; his last year's hazardous experience of royal susceptibilities may not improbably have given edge to the author's pen as it set down these venturous lines in a time when as yet no king had been taught, in the phrase of old Lord Auchinleck, that he had a joint in his neck.

> "And what's a prince? Had all been virtuous men,
> There never had been prince upon the earth,
> And so no subject: all men had been princes.
> A virtuous man is subject to no prince,
> But to his soul and honour; which are laws
> That carry fire and sword within themselves,
> Never corrupted, never out of rule:
> What is there in a prince that his least lusts
> Are valued at the lives of other men,
> When common faults in him should prodigies be,
> And his gross dotage rather loathed than soothed?"

I should be surprised to find in any poet of Chapman's age an echo of such

clear and daring words as these, which may suffice to show that the oligarchic habit of mind to which I have before referred in him was the fruit of no sycophantic temper, no pliant and prostitute spirit, the property of a courtier or a courtesan, but sprung rather from pure intellectual haughtiness and a contempt for the mob of minds. Nevertheless it is well worth remark that such a deliberate utterance of republican principle should then have been endured on the stage; that so loud a blast of direct challenge to the dominant superstition of the day should have been blown so near the court in the ears of a popular audience by a poet who, though at no time chargeable with any stain of venal or parasitic servility, was afterwards the habitual and grateful recipient of patronage from princes and favourites, and at all times, it must be confessed, in all his other works a strenuous and consistent supporter of the tradition of royalty against the conception of democracy.

The opening scene of *Monsieur d'Olive*, the next on the list of Chapman's comedies, is one of the most admirable in any play. More than once indeed the author has managed his overture, or what in the classic dialect of the old French stage was called the exposition, with a skill and animation giving promise of better things to come than he has provided; as though he had spent the utmost art his genius could command in securing the interest of his audience at the first start, and then left it for chance to support, letting his work float at will on the lazy waters of caprice or negligence. No more impressive introduction to a play could have been devised than the arrival of the chief person, newly landed in high hopes and spirits from a long voyage, before the closed gates and curtained casements of an old friend's house, within which tapers are burning at noon, and before which the master walks sadly up and down, and repels his proffered embrace; and the whole scene following which explains the trouble of one household and the mourning of another is a model of clear, natural, dignified dialogue, in which every word is harmonious, appropriate, and noble. The grace and interest of this exposition are more or less well sustained during the earlier part of the play; but as the underplot opens out at greater length, the main interest is more and more thrust aside, cramped as it were for space and squeezed out of shape, till at last it is fairly hustled into a corner of the action to make way for the overwrought fooleries of the gull d'Olive and the courtiers who play upon his vanity; and this underplot, diverting enough in a slight way for one or two scenes, is stretched out on the tenterhooks of farcical rhetoric and verbose dialogue till the reader finds himself defrauded of the higher interest which he was led to expect, and wearied of the empty substitute which the waywardness or indolence of the author has chosen to palm off on him in its stead. Towards the end indeed there is a profuse waste of good points and promising possibilities; the humorous ingenuity of the devices so well contrived to wind up together and in order the double thread of the main plot is stinted of room to work in and display its excellent quality of invention, and the final scene, which should have explained and reconciled all doubts and errors at large with no less force and fullness of careful

dramatic capacity than was employed upon their exposition, is hastily patched up and slurred over to leave place for a last superfluous exhibition of such burlesque eloquence as had already been admitted to encumber the close of another comedy, more perfect than this in construction, but certainly not more interesting in conception. In spite however of this main blemish in the action, *Monsieur d'Olive* may properly be counted among the more notable and successful plays of Chapman.

Of his two remaining comedies I may as well say a word here as later. *Mayday*, which was printed five years after the two last we have examined, is full of the bustle and justle of intrigue which may be expected in such comedies of incident as depend rather on close and crowded action than on fine or forcible character for whatever they may merit of success. There is no touch in it of romance or poetical interest, but several of the situations and dialogues may have credit for some share of vigour and humour. But of these qualities Chapman gave much fuller proof next year in the unchivalrous comedy of *The Widow's Tears*. This discourteous drama is as rich in comic force as it is poor in amiable sentiment. There is a brutal exuberant fun throughout the whole action which finds its complete expression and consummation in the brawny gallantry and muscular merriment of Tharsalio. A speculative commentator might throw out some conjecture to the effect that the poet at fifty-three may have been bent on revenge for a slight offered to some unseasonable courtship of his own by a lady less amenable to the proffer of future fame than the 'belle marquise' who has the credit for all time to come of having lent a humble ear to the haughty suit and looked with a gracious eye on the grey hairs of the great Corneille. But whether this keen onslaught on the pretensions of the whole sex to continence or constancy were or were not instigated by any individual rancour, the comedy is written with no little power and constructed with no little ingenuity; the metrical scenes are pure and vigorous in style, and the difficulty of fitting such a story to the stage is surmounted with scarcely less of dexterity than of daring. The action of the last scene is again hampered by the intrusion of forced and misplaced humours, and while the superfluous underlings of the play are breaking and bandying their barren jests, the story is not so much wound up as huddled up in whispers and byplay; but it may certainly be pleaded in excuse of the poet that the reconciliation of the Ephesian matron to her husband was a somewhat difficult ceremony to exhibit at length and support with any plausible or effectual explanation.

Two other titles are usually found in the catalogue of Chapman's extant comedies; but it seems to me as difficult to discover any trace of Chapman in the comedy of *The Ball* as of Shirley in the tragedy of *Chabot*. These two plays were issued by the same printer in the same year for the same publishers, both bearing the names of Chapman and Shirley linked together in the bonds of a most incongruous union: but I know not if there be any further ground for belief in this singular association. The mere difference in age would make the rumour of a collaboration between the eldest of old English dramatists and the latest disciple

of their school so improbable as to demand the corroboration of some trustworthier authority than a bookseller's title-page bearing date five years after the death of Chapman. In the very next year a play was published under the name of Fletcher, who had then been fifteen years dead ; this play was afterwards reclaimed by Shirley as the work of his own hand, and of his alone ; nor is there any doubt that Fletcher had not a finger in it. Of the authorship of *Chabot* there can be no question ; the subject, the style, the manner, the metre, the construction, the characters, all are perfectly Chapman's. *The Ball*, on the other hand, is as thoroughly in the lightest style of Shirley, and not a bad example of his airily conventional manner ; it is lively and easy enough, but much below the mark of his best comedies, such as *The Lady of Pleasure* (where an allusion to this earlier play is brought into the dialogue), which but for a single ugly incongruity would be one of the few finest examples of pure high comedy in verse that our stage could show against that of Molière. A foundling of yet more dubious parentage has been fathered upon Chapman by the tradition which has affixed to his name the putative paternity of 'a comical moral censuring the follies of this age,' anonymously published in his sixty-first year. It has been plausibly suggested that the title of this wonderful medley, *Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools*, was the first and last cause of its attribution to the hand of Chapman, and that the error arose from a confusion of this with the title of *All Fools*, the best of Chapman's comedies. In any case it is difficult to believe that this voluminous pamphlet in the form of dialogue on social questions can have been the work of any practised or professional dramatist. It is externally divided into seven acts, and might as reasonably have been divided into twenty-one. A careful and laborious perusal of the bulky tract from prologue to epilogue, which has enabled me in some measure to appreciate the double scientific experiment of Mr. Browning on 'Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis,' emboldens me also to affirm that it has no vestige of dramatic action, no trace of a story, no phantom of a plot ; that the reader who can believe the assertion of its title-page that it was 'divers times' or indeed ever 'acted' on any mortal stage by any human company before any living audience will have a better claim to be saved by his faith than the author by this sample at least of his works ; that it contains much curious and sometimes amusing detail on social matters of the day, and is not wanting in broad glimpses or intervals of somewhat clownish humour In the strong coarse satire on female Puritanism those who will may discern touches which recall the tone if not the handiwork of the author of *An Humorous Day's Mirth*. The fact that several names occurring in the course of the dialogue, though not in the long list of marvellously labelled interlocutors, are anagrams of the simplest kind, being merely common English names spelt backwards, may be thought to indicate some personal aim in this elaborate onslaught on usurers, money-lenders, brokers, and other such cattle ; and if so we have certainly no right to lay an anonymous attack of the kind, even upon such as these, to the charge of a poet who so far as we know never published a line in his long life that he feared to subscribe with his own loyal and honourable name. Such an

one is not lightly to be suspected of the least approach in form or substance to the dirty tactics of a verminous pseudonymuncule, who at the risk of being ultimately shamed into avowal or scared into denial of his ignominious individuality may prefer for one rascally moment the chance of infamy as a slanderer to the certitude of obscurity as a scribbler.

Although, however, we may be inclined to allow no great weight to the tradition current fifty-seven years after the death of Chapman, which according to Langbaine was at that date the only authority that led him to believe in the general vague ascription of this work to the poet under whose name it has ever since found a questionable place in the corners of catalogues at the tail of his authentic comedies, the very fact of this early attribution gives it a certain external interest of antiquarian curiosity, besides that which it may fairly claim as a quaint example of controversial dialectics on the conservative side. The dialogues are not remarkable either for Platonic skill or for Platonic urbanity; for which reason they may probably be accepted with the more confidence as fairly expressive of the average of opinion then afloat among honest English citizens of the middle class, jealous of change, suspicious of innovation, indignant at the sight of rascality which they were slow to detect, much given to growl and wail over the decay of good old times and the collapse of good old landmarks, the degeneracy of modern manners, and the general intolerability of things in an age of hitherto unknown perversity; men of heavy-headed patience and heavy-witted humour, but by no means the kind of cattle that it would be safe for any driver to goad or load overmuch. The writer may be taken as an exponent of Anglican conservatism if not of Catholic reaction in matters of religious doctrine and discipline; he throws his whole strength as a dialectician (which is not Herculean, or quite equal to his evident good-will) into the discussion of a proposal to secularize the festivals and suppress the holidays appointed by the Church; and the ground of his defence is not popular but clerical; these holidays are to be observed not for the labourer's but for the saint's sake; and above all because our wiser forefathers have so willed it, for reasons which we are in duty bound to take on trust as indisputably more valid than any reasoning of our own. He has a hearty distrust of lawyers and merchants, and a cordial distate for soldiers and courtiers; his sentiments towards a Puritan are those of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, his opinion of an agitator is worthy of a bishop, and his view of a demagogue would do honour to a duke.

A very different work from the effusion of this worthy pamphleteer bears likewise, or at least has once borne, the dubious name of Chapman. This is a tragic or romantic drama without a title of its own, labelled it should seem for the sake of convenience by the licenser of plays as a "second Maiden's Tragedy." It was first printed in 1824 with a brief note of introduction, from which we learn that the manuscript was originally inscribed with the name of William Goughe; that Thomas was then substituted for William, while a third Goughe, Robert, seems to have figured as one of the principal actors; that a second correction struck out either Goughe at one sweep of the pen, and supplanted both names by that of

George Chapman; and that last of all this also was erased to make way for no less a claimant than William Shakespeare. To this late and impudent attempt at imposture no manner of notice need be accorded; but the claim preferred for Chapman deserves some attention from all students of our dramatic poetry. In style and metre this play, which bears the date of his fifty-third year (1611), is noticeably different from all his acknowledged tragedies, one only excepted; but it is not more different from the rest than this one, which, though not published till twenty years after the death of Chapman, has never yet been called in question as a dubious or spurious pretender to the credit of his authorship. And if, as I am unwilling to disbelieve, Chapman was actually the author of *Revenge for Honour*, one serious obstacle is cleared out of the way of our belief in the justice of the claim advanced for him to this play also. Not that the two can be said to show many or grave points of likeness to each other; but between all other tragedies assigned to Chapman such points of intimate resemblance do undoubtedly appear, while the points of unlikeness between any one of these and either of the plays in question are at once as many and as grave. Of the posthumous tragedy I purpose to say a word in its turn; meantime we may observe that it is not easy to conjecture any motive of interest which might have induced a forger of names to attribute an illegitimate issue of this kind to Chapman rather than to another. His name was probably never one of those whose popularity would have sufficed to float the doubtful venture of a spurious play. To Shakespeare or to Fletcher it was of course a profitable speculation for knavish booksellers to assign the credit or discredit of any dramatic bantling which they might think it but barely possible to leave undetected at the door of such a foster-father, or to pass off for a time on the thickest-witted of his admirers as a sinful slip of the great man's grafting in his idler hours of human infirmity. But if there was in effect no plea for the intrusion of such a changeling into the poetic household of Chapman, whose quiver was surely full enough without the insertion of a stranger's shaft, the gratuitous selection of this poet as sponsor for this play appears to me simply unaccountable. No plausible reason can as far as I see be assigned for the superscription of Chapman's name in place of the cancelled name of Goughe, unless the writer did actually believe that the genuine work of George Chapman had been wrongly ascribed to Thomas or William Goughe; whereas no reader of the play will imagine it possible that the name of Shakespeare can have been substituted in good faith and singleness of heart by a corrector honestly desirous of repairing a supposed error. Again, if the doubtless somewhat fragile claim of Chapman be definitely rejected, we find hitherto no other put forward to take its place. The author of *Death's Jest-book*, in that brilliant correspondence on poetical questions which to me gives a higher view of his fine and vigorous intelligence than any other section of his literary remains, reasonably refuses to admit a suggestion that the authorship of this nameless and fatherless poem might be ascribed to Massinger. 'The poisoning and painting is like him, but also like Cyril Tourneur; and it is too poetical for old Philip.' He might have added that it is also far too loose

and feeble in construction for the admirable artist of whom Coleridge so justly remarked that his plays have the interest of novels; but Beddoes, whose noble instinct for poetry could never carry him in practice beyond the production of a few lofty and massive fragments of half-formed verse which stand better by themselves when detached from the incoherent and disorderly context, was apparently as incapable of doing justice to the art of Massinger as of reducing under any law of harmony to any fitness of form his own chaotic and abortive conceptions of a plot; for the most faithful admirer of that genius which is discernible beyond mistake in certain majestic passages of his blank verse must admit that his idea of a play never passed beyond the embryonic stage of such an organism as that upon which he conferred the gift of lyric utterance in his best and favourite song, and that his hapless dramatic offspring was never and could never have been more than 'a bodiless childful of life in the gloom, Crying with frog voice, What shall I be?' Perhaps too for him the taint of Gifford's patronage was still on Massinger, and the good offices of that rancorous pedant may have inclined him to undervalue the worth of a poet announced and accompanied by the proclamation of such a herald. This connexion, fortunate as in one way it was for the dramatist to whose works it secured for ever a good and trustworthy text admirably edited and arranged, was unfortunate in its influence on the minds of men who less unnaturally than unjustly were led to regard the poet also with something of the distaste so justly and generally incurred by his editor. This prepossession evidently inflamed and discoloured the opinions of the good Leigh Hunt, who probably would under no conditions have been able adequately to estimate the masculine and unfanciful genius of such writers as Ben Jonson, Massinger, and Ford; and a like influence may not impossibly have disturbed the far surer judgment and affected the far finer taste of a student so immeasurably superior to either Hunt or Beddoes in the higher and rarer faculties of critical genius as Charles Lamb. To Massinger at least, though assuredly not to Ford (who had not yet been edited by Gifford when Lamb put forth his priceless and incomparable book of "Specimens"), the most exquisite as well as the most generous of great critics was usually somewhat less than liberal, if not somewhat less than just. But what is most notable to me in the judgment above cited from the correspondence of Beddoes is that he should have touched on the incidental point of action which this anonymous play has in common with *The Revenger's Tragedy* and *The Duke of Milan*, and should also have remarked on the poetical or fanciful quality which does undoubtedly distinguish its language from the comparatively unimaginative diction of Massinger, without taking further account of the general and radical dissimilarity of workmanship which leaves the style of this poem equidistant from the three several styles of the sober Philip, the thoughtful George, and the fiery Cyril. It is singular that the name of a fourth poet, the quality of whose peculiar style is throughout perceptible, should have been missed by so acute and well-read a student of our dramatic poetry. The style is certainly and equally unlike that of Chapman, Massinger, or Tourneur; but it is very like the style of Middleton.

The combination of the plots is as pitifully incongruous and formless, the movement of the metre as naturally sweet and fluent, the pathos of the situations as occasionally vivid and impressive, the play of the fancy as generally delicate and unaffected, as in the best or the worst works of the fitful and powerful hand which gave us *The Changeling* and *The Witch*, *The Spanish Gipsy* and *Women beware Women*. Were there but one grain of external evidence, though light as that which now inclines the scale of probabilities in favour of Chapman, I should not hesitate in assigning to it the workmanship of this poem also; but as even such a grain of proof or of likelihood as this is wanting, we may remark one or two points in which a resemblance may be traced to the undoubted handiwork of Chapman; such as a certain grotesque abruptness and violence in some of the incidents; for example, the discharge of a pistol at the father of the heroine from the hand of her lover, by which that 'ancient sinner' is 'but mocked with death;' a semi-burlesque interlude in a scene of tragic interest and prelude to a speech of vivid eloquence, which may recall the sudden and random introduction of deeds of violence into the action in some of Chapman's plays, as for instance the two attempts at murder in *The Gentleman Usher*, where, though the plot is neither ill devised nor ill arranged, yet some excesses and singularities in the leading incidents are at once perceptible and pardonable; and again, the manner of the ghost's reappearance at the close, where a disembodied spirit takes part in the stage business with all the coolness and deliberation of a living actor, and is apparently received among the company with little more sign of disturbance or surprise than if she were not confronted with her own dead body, can only be paralleled in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois* or the *Death's Jest-book* of Beddoes, in each of which a leading part is filled throughout the later scenes by a ghost who takes his full share of the action and the dialogue, and may be said to make himself generally and creditably useful, without exciting the slightest remark or perturbation among his fleshly fellows of the scene. The quaint materialism of these realistic and too solid spectres, who show no sign and no desire of dissolution by melting into air or evaporating into dew, has in it nothing of the fine imagination which raises the supernatural agencies employed by the author of *The Witch* into a middle region of malign and monstrous life as far above the common ground of mere prosaic phantoms as below the dark aerial height at which Shakespeare has clothed the forms with clouds and winged with winds the feet of the weird sisters. Nevertheless, both in *Bussy d'Ambois* and in this 'second Maiden's Tragedy' (as the Master of the Revels has somewhat inaptly labelled it), the first introduction of ghostly agency is impressive: and the scene in this latter where the sleep of the dead is first disturbed and her tomb violated by the passion of the baffled tyrant is well worthy of the praise it has received for the choice simplicity and earnest sweetness of style which yet hardly distinguish it above many other scenes and passages in this beautiful and singular poem, the story of whose fate has proved as strange and as fantastic as the incidents of its plot.

The first of Chapman's historic tragedies was published at the age of forty-eight,

and stands now sixth on the list of the plays in which he had the help of no partner. He never wrote better and he seldom wrote worse than in this only play of his writing which kept any firm and durable hold on the stage. The impression made on Dryden by its 'glaring colours' in the representation, and the indignant reaction of his judgment 'in the reading,' are probably known to more than have studied the work by the light of their own taste. All his vituperation is well deserved by such excerpts as those which alone Sir Walter Scott was careful to select in his editorial note on this passage by way of illustration; not even the sharpest terms in the terrible and splendid arsenal of Dryden's satire can be too vivid or too vigorous in their condemnation of the damnable jargon in which the elder poet was prone to indulge his infirmity; whole sections of his poems and whole scenes of his plays are indeed but shapeless masses of bombast and bulky vacuity, with nothing better in them than most villainous 'incorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best a scantling of wit, which lies gasping for life and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish.' The injustice of the criticism lies only in the assertion or implication that there was nothing discoverable on all Chapman's ground but such cinder-heaps and windbags; whereas the proportion of good to bad in this very play of *Bussy d'Ambois* is enough to outweigh even such demerits as it doubtless shares with too much of its author's work. There is a bright and fiery energy throughout, a vigour of ambitious aspiration, which is transmitted as it were by echo and reflection from the spirit of the poet into the spirit of his hero. The brilliant swordsman of the court of Henri III., who flashes out on us as the joyous central figure of one of the most joyous and vigorous in all the bright list of those large historic groups to which the strong swift hand of Dumas gave colour and life, has undergone at the heavier hand of the old English poet a singular transfiguration. He is still the irresistible duellist and amorist of tradition; but instead of the grace and courtliness proper to his age and rank, Chapman has bestowed on him the grave qualities of an epic braggart, whose tongue is at least as long as his sword, and whose gasconades have in them less of the Gascon than of our 'Homer-Lucan' himself, who with all his notable interest in the France of his time and her turbulent history had assuredly nothing of the lighter and more gracious characteristics of French genius. But in the broad full outline of this figure, and in the robust handling of the tragic action which serves for environment or for background to its haughty and dilated proportions, there is more proof of greatness than Chapman had yet given. His comic or gnomic poetry may be better or at least less faulty in its kind, but in that kind there is less room for the growth and display of those greater qualities which not unfrequently struggle through the hot and turbid atmosphere of his tragic writing, and show by a stormy and cloudy illumination the higher reaches of his real genius. Nor is there in these rugged outlying highlands of tragedy, and in the somewhat thick and troubled air of the brooding skies above them, no beauty perceptible but the beauty of cloud and flame, of flood and fell: they have intervals of pure sunshine and soft greensward, interludes of grave and tender

harmony, aspects of deep and serene attraction. There is a noticeable abruptness and want of ease in the disposal of the incidents, as though the workman were not yet well broken in to his business; and in effect Chapman never did learn to run with perfect ease and grace in tragic harness. Yet if his tragedies were erased from the roll of his works, and only the most perfect of his comedies and the better portions of his other poems were left for our judgment, the sentence that we should then have to pass would assuredly assign him a much lower place among English poets than he now may rightly claim to hold. A greater and a faultier genius finds expression in these tragic poems than in the more general and equable excellence of even his best comic or romantic plays.

The first in order of these, especially at first sight, is beyond question the most effective in point of dramatic interest. With all its tumid and turbid exuberance of speech, the action of this play never actually halts or flags. There is no depth or delicacy of character discernible in any of the leading parts; in some cases indeed it is hard at first to determine whether the author meant to excite the sympathies or the antipathies of his audience for a good or for a bad character; the virtue of the heroine collapses without a touch, and friends and foes change sides with no more reason shown than that the figure of the dance requires it. But the power of hand is gigantic which shifts and shuffles these puppets about the board; there are passages of a sublime and Titanic beauty, rebellious and excessive in style as in sentiment, but full of majestic and massive harmony. The magnificent speech of the hero, stricken to death and leaning on his sword to die, has been often quoted, and as a sample of fiery imagination clothed in verse of solemn and sonorous music it can never be overpraised; the inevitable afterthought that the privilege of tragic poetry to exceed the range of realism is here strained to the utmost and beyond it will recur on reading many of the most memorable passages in these plays, where the epic declamation of the speaker breaks the last limit of law to attain the last limit of license possible to a style which even in outward form keeps up any pretence of dramatic plausibility. Any child may see and object that no man ever died with such a funeral oration on his lips; but any critic qualified to judge of such a poet in his strength and his weakness will temper the reflection with admiration of 'that full and heightened style' which the third among English tragic poets has applauded in the tragedies of Chapman. The height indeed is somewhat giddy, and the fullness too often tends or threatens to dilate into tumidity; sometimes the foot slips and the style stumbles heavily from its height, while for its fullness we find but the emptiness of a burst bladder; but while the writer's head remains clear and his hand sure, the high air of this poetry is fresh and buoyant, and its full cadences have in them a large echo as of mountain winds and waters. And if Webster, with the generous justice proper to a great fellow-craftsman in the highest guild of art, was able to condone the manifest abuse in Chapman's work of rhetoric and mere poetry, those may well be content to do likewise who bear duly in mind the admirable absence of any such defect from the vivid and intense veracity of his own.

If the union of active interest with superb declamation may suffice to explain the prolonged good fortune of Chapman's first tragedy on the boards, we can discover no such pretext to account for the apparent favour shown to his next venture in the same field. It has no passage comparable for force and vehemence of imagination to the highest moods of the author of *Bussy d'Ambois;* to the second evocation of the spirit in a speech of which Lamb said well that it was 'tremendous, even to the curdling of the blood; I know nothing in poetry like it;' nor to the dying appeal of Bussy to his own surviving fame, or the sweet and weighty verses of invocation in which his mistress adjures 'all the peaceful regents of the night' to favour the first meeting of the lovers. It is disfigured by no such bloated bombast and animated by no such theatrical changes of effect, such sudden turns and sharp surprises, as fit the earlier play to catch the eyes and ears of an audience more impressible than critical. It has no such violent interlude of action and emotion as the scene in which Montsurry (Monsoreau) extorts by torture the confession of her guilt from the bleeding hand of his wife, an incident which singularly enough recalls a similar scene in the earliest play of the great French improvisatore who has told in such different fashion the story of the ambuscade by which Bussy fell under the weight of treacherous numbers; though Dumas, in accordance I believe with all tradition, assigns to the duke of Guise the brutal act of force by which his wife was compelled to allure her lover into the snare set by her husband; whereas the English poet has not only altered the persons of the agent and patient, but has increased the means of compulsion from a pinch on the arm to the application of the rack to a body already mangled by such various wounds that the all but unparalleled tenacity of life in the victim, who reappears in the last scene not perceptibly the worse for these connubial endearments, is not the least notable in a series of wonders among which we scarcely make account of the singular part assigned to 'the affable familiar ghost' which moves so freely among the less incorporeal actors. To the tough nerves and vigorous appetite of the original audience this scene was no doubt one of the most acceptable in a closing act as remarkable for the stately passion of the style as for the high poetic interest of thought and action. Of these two qualities we find but one, and that the less dramatic, in the next work of the poet. No poem, I suppose, was ever cast in dramatic form which appealed so wholly to the pure intellect. The singleness of purpose and the steadiness of resolution with which the poet has pursued his point and forborne all occasions to diverge from his path to it have made his work that which it is; a sculptured type and monument of his high and austere genius in the fullness of its faculties and the ripeness of its aims. *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshal of France*, a small epic in ten books or acts, is the noblest memorial we have of its author's original powers. Considered from the point of view it requires us to assume if we would do any justice to the mind which conceived and the hand which completed such a design, it is a wholly great and harmonious work of genius. Here for once not a note is out of tune, not a touch is out of keeping; the very inflation of the style is never the

inflation of vacuity; its majesty is no longer tumid, and its elevation is no longer insecure. This at least has a right to be counted for ever among the classic works of English poetry. We close the book at last with a full and satisfied sense of severe delight in the deep inner music which sounds on in the mind's ear after study of the thought and passion which inform it. The height and the harmony of this poem are equal forces in the composition of its excellence; the height of its conception and the harmony of its completion were alike needed to do justice to such lofty thought and such profound passion as it was called upon to handle and to sound. The strength and wealth of intelligence and of language from the opening of the first act to the close of the tenth show not a sign anywhere of possible exhaustion or inadequacy to the large demands made on them by the poet's high design. But that such a poem should ever have been 'acted in two plays at the Blackfriars and other public stages' must seem to us one of the strangest records in theatrical history. Its appearance on any boards for a single night would have been remarkable enough; but its reappearance at various theatres is all but incredible. The standard of culture and the level of intelligence required in its auditors surpass what we can conceive any theatrical audience to have attained in any modern age. It is not merely that the hearer or spectator of such a poem in action would have to follow an unbroken line of high thought and lofty language without interlude or relief worth mentioning of lower or lighter material; he would have to forego all points of interest whatever but the satisfaction of the pure intelligence. There is endless repetition with absolutely no progress; infinite effusion of speech without one break of material incident. Even the subtle action and reaction of the mind, the ebb and flow of spiritual forces, the coming and going of intellectual influences, are not here given with the strength and cunning of such a master's hand as might secure and sustain the interest of a student in tracing their various movements by the light of his guidance; those movements are too deep and delicate for the large epic touch of Chapman to pursue with any certitude. A few strong broad strokes often repeated suffice to complete the simple and vigorous outline which is all he can give us of a character. It has been observed that the portrait of the traitor marshal 'is overlaid with so many touches that the outline is completely disguised;' but as none of these are incongruous, none mistimed or misplaced, we may reply that it is of the very essence of this character to express its passion with such effusion and exuberance of verbal energy that the very repetition and prolongation of these effects tend rather to heighten than to weaken the design, to intensify than to impair the impression of the weakness and the force of the mind that thus pours itself out and foams itself away in large and swelling words. The quality of pathos is not among the dominant notes of Chapman's genius; but there is pathos of a high and masculine order in the last appeals and struggles of the ruined spirit and the fallen pride which yet retain some trace and likeness of the hero and the patriot that has been, though these be now wellnigh erased and buried under the disgrace of deeds which have left nothing in his place but the ruins of a braggart

and a traitor. Upon the two high figures of the marshal and the king Chapman has expended his utmost power; and they confront each other on his page in gigantic outline like two studies of a great sculptor whose work is never at its best but when it assumes the heroic proportion of simple and colossal forms. There is no growth or development in either character; Chapman is always least happy when he tries his prentice hand at analysis; he only does well when as here he brings before us a figure at once full-grown, and takes no care but to enforce the first impression by constant deepening of the lines first drawn, not by addition of fresh light and shade, by softening or heightening of minor tones and effects. The high poetic austerity of this work as it now stands is all the more striking from the absence of any female element; the queen appears in the fourth act of the second part as little more than a dumb figure; the whole interest is political, and the whole character is masculine, of the action and the passion on which the poet has fixed our attention and concentrated his own. A passage now cancelled in which the queen and Mademoiselle de Verneuil were brought forward, and the wife gave the mistress a box on the ear, had naturally drawn down a remonstrance from the French ambassador who saw the domestic life of his master's court presented with such singular frankness of exposition to the contemporary eyes of London playgoers; and at his instigation the play was not unreasonably prohibited, by an act of censorship assuredly not so absurd or so arbitrary as in our own day has repeatedly exposed the direction of the English stage to the contempt and compassion of civilized Europe; which has seen at once the classical and the contemporary masterpieces of Italy and of France, and among them the works of the greatest tragic dramatist whom the world has seen since the death of Shakespeare, forbidden by the imperial mandate of some Lord Chamberlain or other Olympian person to corrupt the insular chastity of an audience too virtuous to face the contamination of such writers as Hugo or Alfieri; while the virtue thus tenderly guarded from the very sight of a Marion or a Mirra was by way of compensation—there is a law of compensation in all things—graciously permitted by leave of official examiners and under favour of a chaste Chamberlain to gloat upon the filthiest farces that could be raked from the sweepings of a stage whose national masterpieces were excluded from our own. But it is only proper that the public virginity which averts her eyes from the successors of Euripides or of Shakespeare should open her bosom to the successors of Wycherley and Mrs. Behn. In the time of Chapman the Master of the Revels wielded with as fitful a hand as imperious an authority as any court official of later date; yet then also there was so curious and scandalous an alternation of laxity with rigour in the direction of stage affairs that in the teeth of a direct prohibition the players, 'when they saw that the whole court had left town, persisted in acting' the suppressed play with all the offending parts revived for the satisfaction of an audience of citizens, whose uncourtly suffrage was possibly attracted by this defiance of the court; and it may be conjectured that the savour of this political scandal gave zest and edge to their relish of the other-

wise grave and sober entertainment set before them by the poet, whose somewhat weighty venture may thus have been floated into favour on the artificial tide of a chance which had made it the pretext of a popular cry. If however there was any such anti-Gallican or seditious element in the success of a play which must certainly, one would say, have needed all the outward and casual help it could get to impose itself on the goodwill of the multitude, the French envoy was not slack in bringing a counter influence to bear against it; for three of the recalcitrant actors were arrested at his suit; but M. de Beaumont regretfully adds that 'the principal person, the author, escaped.' When three years later the poem was published, his printers had probably learnt caution enough from this fresh experience to ensure the suppression in all published copies of every trace of the forbidden part; and indeed there should seem to be two gaps in the printed text; one at the sudden end of the brief fourth act of the first part, which breaks off sharply after the eloquent and elaborate narrative of the speeches exchanged on the occasion of Biron's embassy to England, between the marshal, Queen Elizabeth, and her prime minister; one at the end of the first or opening of the second act of the second part, which acts in both editions of the play are run into each other without any mark of division; but the great length of the fifth (or tenth) act as it now stands may suggest that this seeming confusion has been caused by a mere numerical derangement or misprint.

The fittest symbol I can find for this great and central work of Chapman's genius would be one derived from itself; we might liken the poem to that 'famous mountain' which was to be carved into the colossal likeness of the hero, a giant holding a city in his left hand and pouring from his right an endless flood into a raging sea. This device of a mad and magnificent vanity gives as it were a reflection of the great and singular qualities of the poem; it has an epic and Titanic enormity of imagination, the huge and naked solitude of a mountain rising from the sea, whose head is bare before the thunders, and whose sides are furrowed with stormy streams; and from all its rocks and torrents, crags and scaurs and gulleys, there seems to look forth the likeness afar off of a single face, superhuman and inordinate in the proportion of its prodigious features. The general effect is as that of some vast caprice of landscape; at once fantastic, exaggerated, and natural. Around it we may group the remaining works of its author as lower spurs of the outlying range of mountains. None of these lesser poems were ever befriended by such an occasion as lifted for a season into perilous popularity the mightiest of their author's dramatic brood; that the two likest in form and spirit to this giant brother of their race appear to have won no popular favour at all is certainly less remarkable than the record of its own success. *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois* is a singular example of Chapman's passion for paradox. It is a work of mature power and serious interest, richer in passages of moral magnificence and interludes of exalted meditation than any but that greatest of his poems which we have just been considering; from the large storehouse of these three plays a student may select at every step among their massive heaps of mental treasure fresh

samples of rare thought and costly style, fresh ingots of weighty and glittering gold, fresh jewels of profound and living lustre. The third of these has less in common with the play of which it is the nominal sequel than with the two of intervening date; it has indeed more of incident than they, but its value and interest mainly depend on its gnomic or contemplative passages. In the argument, the action, and the characters of this poem one chief aim of the author was apparently to reverse all expectations that might be excited by its title, and by way of counterpart to produce a figure in all points opposite to that of his former hero. The brother and avenger of Bussy appears as the favourite and faithful follower of a leading accomplice in his murder; he is as sober, sententious, and slow in action as his brother was boastful, impetuous, and violent; he turns every chance of fortune and every change of place into an occasion for philosophic debate and moral declamation; the shelter provided by his patron and the ambuscade prepared by his enemies are to him equally opportune for the delivery of a lecture on ethics, as close and serried in its array of argument as it is grave and measured in its eloquence of exposition. Hamlet himself gave less cause of complaint to the 'poor ghost' whose second resurrection was insufficient to impel him to the discharge of his office than this yet more deliberate and meditative avenger of blood: and it is not without cause that the tardy shade of Bussy rises to rebuke the tardier hand of his brother in words heavier and more bitter than any that fall from the majesty of buried Denmark. The quaint contrast between the tragic violence of the story and the calm interest of the dialogue is not the only aspect afforded by this poem of its author's taste for extravagance of paradox and shocks of moral surprise. His delight throughout these historic plays is to put into the mouths of his chief speakers some defence of the most preposterous and untenable proposition, some apology for the most enormous and unpopular crime, that his ingenuity can fix upon for explanation or excuse. Into the mouth of Biron he had already put a panegyric on the policy and the person of Philip II.; into the mouth of Clermont he puts a vindication of the massacre of St. Bartholomew. This latter curious and courageous abuse of intellectual dexterity may perhaps have contributed to the ill success of a play which in any case must have disappointed, and that apparently by design and of malice prepense, the expectations appealed to by a title seemingly devised to trade upon the popularity of *Bussy d'Ambois*, and make its profit out of the artificial capital of a past success. The audience attracted by the promise implied in such a title may easily have been disinclined by such a disappointment to receive with toleration these freaks of dialectic ingenuity. It is not likely that a writer who must have been old enough at the age of thirteen to feel and to remember the shock of the first tidings of the hideous twenty-fourth of August 1572—that an English poet and patriot of the stalwart type which from all that we know of Chapman we might expect to find always as nobly exemplified in his life and writings as in those of such elder and younger contemporaries as Spenser and Jonson—should have indulged any more personal sentiment in these eccentric trials of intellectual strength than a wayward pleasure in the exercise and exhibition

of his powers of argument and eloquence ; but there was certainly in his nature something of the sophist as well as of the gnomic poet, of Thrasymachus as well as of Theognis. He seems to feel a gladiator's pleasure in the sword-play of a boisterous and high-handed sophistry less designed to mislead or convince than to baffle or bear down his opponent. We can imagine him setting up almost any debateable theorem as a subject for dispute in the schools of rhetoric, and maintaining his most indefensible position with as much energy and cunning of argument as his native force of mind could bring to the support of his acquired skill of fence : we can perceive that in any such case he would argue his point and reinforce his reasoning with no less passion and profusion of thought and speech than if his heart and conscience were enlisted on the side which in fact he had taken up by mere chance or defiant caprice. This however is by no means the general character of the philosophy set forth and the eloquence displayed in this poem. The whole character of Clermont, conceived as it is in a spirit of direct defiance to all rules and traditions of dramatic effect, and elaborated as though in disdain of possible success or the anticipated chance of popularity, shews once more the masterly workmanship of a potent and resolute hand. In almost every scene there are examples of sound and noble thought clothed in the sober colours of terse and masculine poetry ; of deep and high meditation touched now and then with the ardour of a fervid spirit and the light of a subtle fancy. At every page some passage of severe beauty reminds us with how great a spirit we are called to commune, and stand in the presence of how proud and profound a mind. His equal love for the depths and the heights of speculation may too often impel this poet to overstrain his powers of thought and utterance in the strong effort to dive or to soar into an atmosphere too thin or a sea too stormy to admit the facile and natural play of his vigorous faculties ; but when these are displayed in their full strength and clearness the study of them gives us some taste of the rare and haughty pleasure that their owner must have taken in their exercise. Here as elsewhere I had taken note in my mind of special verses and passages fit for extraction, which might give some sample of the general power and charm of the keen intellect and the fine imagination that shape and inform the scheme and action of the poem ; but to cite one or more instances of these would be to wrong the profuse and liberal genius which has sown them broadcast in so rich a soil. The reader who seeks them for himself with a judging eye and an apprehensive spirit will not be unlikely to make of *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, for the wealth and the weight of its treasures of ethical beauty, his chosen and peculiar favourite among the works of Chapman.

In the last of this stately line of tragic poems dealing with the recent or immediate history of France we find the same prevailing qualities of moral force and poetic dignity. The tragedy of *Chabot* is more equable and less ambitious in treatment than any of its compeers ; but the model given in its hero of majestic faith and august integrity may be classed among the purest and most perfect studies that we have from the sculptor's hand. The serene and stainless figure of a wholly

righteous and loyal man is so thoroughly and truthfully sustained by the high instinct and spiritual sense of the poet that we may trace and recognize from the first a nature so inflexible at once and so sensitive as to refuse all shelter or compromise which might rather protect than vindicate his innocence from the attacks of fraud and injustice, and when cleared of all their charges and restored to all his honours to lie down and die of the wound inflicted by the mere shame of suspicion: a heart so stout and so tender that it could resist all shocks and strokes of power or treachery, and bleed to death for grief to be distrusted where most of all it had deserved to find trust. But here again the singleness and purity of the interest could hardly be expected to secure success on the stage; and though we have no hint as to the good or ill fortune of this high-toned poem, we may conjecture that it could hardly have been redeemed from popular indifference by the dramatic power and pathetic impression of the scene in which the wife and father-in-law of the arraigned admiral prevail by the justice and dignity of their appeal upon the pride and prepossession of the queen. Yet this at least, and the last scene in which Chabot dies at the feet of his repentant master with a prayer for the pardon of his enemy on the lips that kiss for the last time the hand which must confer it, should have found favour with an audience capable of doing justice to the high desert of such austere and unseductive excellence.

As we have no external ground for conjecture by what original impulse or bias of mind the genius of Chapman was attracted to the study and representation on an English stage of subjects derived from the annals of contemporary France, or what freak of perverse and erratic instinct may have led him to bring before a Protestant audience the leading criminals of the Catholic party under any but an unfavourable aspect, so we have no means of guessing whether or not any conscious reason or principle induced him to present in much the same light three princes of such diverse characters as the first Francis and the third and fourth Henries of France. Indeed, but for a single reference to his ransom 'from Pavian thraldom' (Act II. Scene III.), we should be wholly at a loss to recognize in the royal master of Chabot the radiant and exuberant lover of the whole world of women,

> "ce roi sacré chevalier par Bayard,
> Jeune homme auquel il faut des plaisirs de vieillard,"

who in our own age has been far otherwise presented on the theatre of a far mightier poet. There is no hint in the play that any more prevailing and less legitimate influence than a wife's was brought to bear in favour of Chabot on a king with whom his lawful consort might have been supposed of all women the least likely to prevail; and by this suppression or disguise of the personal interest actually exerted on behalf of his hero the dramatist has defrauded of her due credit the real friend of the fallen admiral; for it was not at the instance of the queen, but at the instance of Madame d'Etampes, a kinswoman of Chabot, that the chancellor Poyet was arrested and disgraced in the same year (1542) which had seen the fall, the restoration, and the death by heartbreak of the faithful

minister who owed not to the intercession of the king's wife but to his own alliance by blood with the king's mistress that revenge which at the first occasion given the duchess was not slow to exact from her lover on the triumphant enemy of her kinsman. The haughty integrity which involved and upheld Chabot in danger and disgrace, and the susceptible pride which when restored to favour could no longer support him under the sense of past degradation, are painted from the life of history; but his poet may be thought to have somewhat softened the harsher features of that arrogance and roughness of temper which impaired the high qualities and imperilled the high station of the brave and upright admiral who dared his king to find a ground for his impeachment. And if we miss in Chapman's portrait those chivalrous and amorous features which long kept fresh in popular fancy the knightly fame of Francis I., the figure set before us is not wanting in a kingly grace and dignity which the dramatist has chosen to bestow with an equal hand on the grandson to whom neither history nor tradition has assigned even so much of 'the king-becoming graces' as may be allowed to the conqueror of Marignano. Chapman indeed has in this case taken so little care to preserve the historic relations of his leading characters, that the king by whose intervention Bussy d'Amboise was betrayed to the jealousy of Monsoreau appears not as the treacherous enemy but as the trusty friend and patron of his brother's rebellious favourite; pardons and prefers him to the rank of his own, and adopts him into that station by the surname of his eagle; while instead of the king it is here the duke of Anjou who delivers his refractory minion into the murderous snare set for him by an injured husband. But if I read aright the hinted imputation of Brantôme, it would seem that some years before he put into the hands of Monsoreau the intercepted correspondence of Bussy with his wife the king had already laid an ambush of 'twelve good men' armed with pistols, and 'mounted on Spanish horses taken from the stables of a very great personage who had set them on,' to attempt the life of his brother's indomitable champion, who was preserved as well by his own presence of mind and discretion as by the good fortune which befell him to find the door of a neighbour's house ajar for him to slip through and fasten it against pursuit. Being compelled after this adventure to leave Paris in consequence of his threats 'to slit folk's nostrils, and that he would kill everybody' in retaliation for this nocturnal assault, the gallant bravo was escorted out of the city by all the noble retainers of his ignoble patron the duke of Anjou, but by three gentlemen only of the king's household brigade, his kinsman Brantôme, whom he charged at parting to bear back his defiance to the whole court, M. de Neuville, and the hero Crillon, who in spite of his attachment to the king's party refused to forsake the friendship of so stout a swordsman. Although the first standard edition of Brantôme's Lives was not published by a descendant of his family till thirty-two years after the death of Chapman, it is singular that the English poet who thought fit to choose as a subject for tragedy the fate of a man at the time of whose murder he had himself reached the age of twenty should also have thought fit so seriously to alter the facts of his story

for no discernible reason but a desire to shift the charge of the principal villainy from the shoulders of a king to those of his brother. In either play dedicated to the memory of Bussy—who at the wildest pitch of his windy and boisterous vanity can never have anticipated that twenty-eight years after his death he would figure on the page of a foreign poet as a hero of the Homeric or Lucanian type—the youngest son of Catherine de' Medici is drawn in colours as hateful as those of truth or tradition; whereas the last king of his line is handled with such remarkable forbearance that his most notorious qualities are even less recognizable than those of his grandfather in the delicate and dignified study of Chapman. A reader indeed, if such an one were possible, who should come to the perusal of these plays with no previous knowledge of French history, would find little difference or distinction between Henri de Valois and Henri de Bourbon; and would probably carry away the somewhat inaccurate impression that the slayer of the duke of Guise and the judge of the duke of Biron were men of similar tastes and manners, respectable if not venerable for their private virtues, elegant and sententious in their habitual choice of language, grave and decorous in their habitual carriage and discourse, and equally imbued with a fine and severe sense of responsibility for the conscientious discharge of the highest and hardest duties of their royal office. It is less remarkable, as the dramatist in his dedication to Sir Thomas Howard disclaims all pretension to observe 'the authentical truth of either person or action,' as a thing not to be expected 'in a poem whose subject is not truth, but things like truth,' that he should have provided to avenge the daring and turbulent desperado who outbraved the gorgeous minions of the king with a simple dress set off by the splendour of six pages in cloth of gold, and then signalized by a fresh insult under the very eyes of Henry his enforced reconciliation with the luckless leader of their crew, a brother of whose name I know nothing but that Georges de Clermont d'Amboise, not a follower of Guise but a leader of the Huguenots, was slain seven years earlier than Bussy in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Chapman's apology for the attribution of this name to the apparently imaginary avenger of his brother's blood is better worth remembering than such inquiries are worth pursuing. 'Poor envious souls they are,' says the poet, 'that cavil at truth's want in these natural fictions;' a reasonable and memorable protest against the perverse or senseless paradox which confounds truth with fact and refuses to distinguish veracity from reality; and which would not be worth the passing notice of a contemptuous instant if men of genius would forbear to confuse the minds of their feebler and more servile admirers by the adoption and promulgation in the loudest tones of prophecy of such blatant and vacuous babble about 'kinship of fiction to lying' and so forth as should properly be left to the lips of the dunces who may naturally believe it, being thick-witted enough to accept as serious reasoning and deliberate opinion the most wilful and preposterous paradoxes thundered forth from pulpit or from tripod in the most riotous and ludicrous paroxysms of wayward humour or fantastic passion.

That the 'Roman tragedy' of *Cæsar and Pompey* was earlier in date than most though later in publication than any except *Chabot* of the French

series, we might have conjectured without the evidence of the dedication. It is more unequal and irregular in the proportion of its good parts and its bad than any of Chapman's tragedies except *Bussy d'Ambois;* I should imagine it to be a work of nearly the same period; though, as was before intimated, it bears more affinity to the sequel of that play and to the great tragic poem on Biron in the main quality of interest and the preponderance of speech over action. To this play we might adapt a well-known critical remark of Dr. Johnson's on *Henry VIII.*, much less applicable in that case than in this, and say that the genius of the author comes in and goes out with Cato. Not that even in this case that rhetorical phrase would be wholly accurate; there are noble lines and passages discernible elsewhere; but the glory of the poem is given it by the scenes in which Cato is the leading figure. I know nothing in moral or contemplative poetry more admirable than the speech in the first scene on fear or mistrust of the gods, and the soliloquy in the last act on sleep and death. The serene and sublime emotion of heroic wisdom is in either passage so touched and tempered with something of the personal ardour of a noble passion that its tone and effect are not merely abstract or didactic but thoroughly dramatic and human, and the weighty words ring in the ear of our remembrance long after the mind has first unconsciously absorbed and retained the lofty sound and sense of the memorable and magnificent verse. It is especially in such examples as these that we perceive the great quality of Chapman's genius, the true height and purity of its power; majestic intellect lighted and enkindled by poetic imagination, the high beauty of heroic thought warmed and winged with the spiritual fire of a living sentiment. It is true that those who read only the glorious excerpts given from this poem by Charles Lamb will have a nobler impression of its merit than they who read the whole; but those only who read the whole will know all its merit as well as all its demerit; they will find fresh treasures of fine thought and high expression embedded among dense layers of crabbed and confused rhetoric, wedged in between rocky strata of thick and turgid verse. As there is little other life or movement in the play but that of declamation or discussion, we might presume that if it had ever 'touched at the stage' its reception would in all likelihood have been something less than favourable; but we have already remarked on such inexplicable variations of good and ill luck in the fortunes of Chapman's plays that no conclusion of the kind can be assumed as certain. That it never did lose on any boards its long-preserved immunity from the touch of actors or managers, we may, I suppose, after the author's assurance of its virginity at the date of publication, be tolerably confident.

Twenty years after the death of Chapman the long list of his dramatic works was completed by the publication of two tragedies in which, though there are but few qualities common to both, there are yet fewer traces of either the chief merits or the chief defects which distinguish and deform alike the poems and the tragic plays published during the life of the author. There is nothing in them of bombast, of barbarism, or of obscurity; there is assuredly no lack of incidents, and

these, however crowded and violent in themselves, are conducted with such clearness and simplicity of exposition as to keep the attention and interest of the reader undistracted and unfatigued. The style in both is pure, lucid, and vigorous; equably sustained at an even height above the lowlands of prosaic realism and beneath the cloudland of winds and vapours; more forcible and direct in the first play, more florid and decorative in the second. On the other hand, these posthumous children have not the lofty stature, the kingly aspect, the gigantic sinews and the shining eyes which went far to redeem the halting gait and the irregular features of their elders. They want the breadth of brow, the weight of brain, the fullness of speech and the fire of spirit which make amends for the harsh voice and stammering tongue that imperfectly deliver the message entrusted to them; the tumultuous eloquence which bears down and sweeps away all physical impediment of utterance, the fervid vitality which transfigures and atones for all clumsiness of gesture or deformity of limb. No thought so ripe and sweet, no emotion so exalted and august is here discernible as that which uplifts the contemplation and upholds the confidence of the highest in spirit and the deepest in thought among those earlier speakers who served as mouthpieces of the special genius of their high-minded and deep-souled creator. There is no trace of the ethical power which informs and moulds the meditation of Clermont or of Cato, no relic of the imaginative passion which expands and inflates the fancy of Bussy or of Biron. In *Alphonsus* there is more of Chapman's quality at first perceptible than in *Revenge for Honour;* there is a certain hardness in the simplicity of tone, a certain rigidity in the sharp masculine lineaments of style and character, common to much of his work when free from the taint of crabbed or bombastic obscurity. The singular violation and confusion of history, which may be taken to mask the probable allusions to matters of more recent political interest, are ably explained and illustrated by Dr. Elze in the thoroughly efficient and sufficient introduction to his edition of this play; in which the student will observe, with gratitude for his help and admiration for his learning in all matters of social and historical illustration, that the German editor has kept well to such work as he was perfectly competent to discharge, and has never on this occasion exchanged the highest seat in the hall of scholarship for the lowest form in the school of criticism. By him as by others the actual merit of this most unhistoric of historical dramas has perhaps been somewhat underrated. Naked as it is of ornament, violent in most of its action and repulsive in several of its scenes, barren of beauty in language and poor in treasure of thought, it never fails in animation and interest; and the hardened student of our early stage who has once entered the shambles will hardly turn away in disgust or weariness from the fume and flow of monotonous bloodshed till his curiosity at least has been satisfied by the final evolution of the tangled web of slaughter. In this catastrophe especially there is a remarkable sense of strong material effect, with a notable capacity for vigorous theatrical manipulation of incident, which is as notably deficient in the earlier and loftier works of Chapman.

In the tragedy of *Revenge for Honour* I have already noticed the curious change

of style which distinguishes it from all other works of Chapman: a change from rigidity to relaxation, from energy to fluency, from concentration to effusion of language. It has something of the manner and metre of Fletcher and his school, something of the softness and facility which lend a half effeminate grace to the best scenes of Shirley: while in the fifth act at least I observe something too much of the merely conventional imagery and the overflow of easy verbosity which are the besetting sins of that poet's style. Only in one image can I find anything of that quaint fondness for remote and eccentric illustration in which the verse of Chapman resembles the prose of Fuller: this is put into the mouth of the villain of the piece, who repudiates conscience as

> "a weak and fond remembrance
> Which men should shun, as elephants clear springs,
> Lest they behold their own deformities
> And start at their grim shadows."

Even here the fall of the verse is not that of Chapman, and the tone of the verses which immediately follow is so utterly alien from the prevailing tone of his that the authenticity of the scene, as indeed of the whole play, can only be vindicated by a supposition that in his last years he may for once have taken the whim and had the power to change his style and turn his hand to the new fashion of the youngest writers then prospering on the stage. Only the silliest and shallowest of pedants and of sciolists can imagine that a question as to the date or the authorship of any poem can be determined by mere considerations of measure and mechanical computation of numbers; as though the language of a poem were divisible from the thought, or (to borrow a phrase from the Miltonic theology) the effluence were separable from the essence of a man's genius. It should be superfluous and impertinent to explain that the expression is not to be considered apart from the substance; but while men who do not know this are suffered to utter as with the authority of a pedagogue or a pulpiteer the verdict of gerundgrinders and metremongers on the finest and most intricate questions of the subtlest and most sublime of arts, it is but too evident that the explanation of even so simple and radical a truth can be neither impertinent nor superfluous. It is not because a particular pronoun or conjunction is used in this play some fifty times oftener than it occurs in any other work of its author, a point on which I profess myself neither competent nor careful to pronounce, that I am prepared to decide on the question of its authenticity or its age. That question indeed I am diffident enough to regard as one impossible to resolve. That it is the work of Chapman I see no definite reason to disbelieve, and not a little reason to suppose that it may be. The selection and treatment of the subject recall the trick of his fancy and the habit of his hand; the process of the story is in parts quaint and bloody, galvanic and abrupt; but the movement on the whole is certainly smoother, the evolution more regular, the arrangement more dramatic than of old. Accepting it as the last tragic effort of the author whose first extant attempt in that line was *Bussy d'Ambois*, we shall find perhaps in the general workmanship almost as much of likeness as of

unlikeness. Considered apart and judged by its own merits, we shall certainly find it, like *Alphonsus*, animated and amusing, noticeable for a close and clear sequence of varying incident and interest, and for a quick light touch in the sketching of superficial character. These being its chief qualities, we may fairly pronounce that whether or not it be the work of Chapman it belongs less to his school than to the school of Shirley; yet being as it is altogether too robust and masculine for a work of the latter school, it seems most reasonable to admit it as the child of an older father, the last-born of a more vigorous generation, with less of strength and sap than its brothers, but with something in return of the younger and lighter graces of its fellows in age. The hero and his father are figures well invented and well sustained; the villains are not distorted or overdrawn, and the action is full of change and vivacity.

Of the poems published by Chapman after the first of his plays was given to the press, we may say generally that they show some signs of advance and none of retrogression from the standard of his earlier work. Out of many lovely lines embedded in much thick and turbid matter I choose one couplet from *The Tears of Peace* as an example of their best beauties:

> "Free sufferance for the truth makes sorrow sing,
> And mourning far more sweet than banqueting."

In this poem, with much wearisome confusion and iteration of thought and imagery, reprobation and complaint, there are several noble interludes of gnomic and symbolic verse. The allegory is of course clouded and confounded by all manner of perversities and obscurities worth no man's while to elucidate or to rectify; the verse hoarse and stiff, the style dense and convulsive, inaccurate and violent; yet ever and anon the sense becomes clear, the style pure, the imagery luminous and tender, the verse gracious and majestic; transformed for a moment and redeemed by great brief touches of high and profound harmony; of which better mood let us take in proof a single instance, and that the most sustained and exquisite we shall find:

> "Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,
> Gash'd all with gushing wounds, and all the forms
> Of bane and misery frowning in her face;
> Whom Tyranny and Injustice had in chase;
> Grim Persecution, Poverty, and Shame;
> Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap and lame
> Scruple of Conscience; Fear, Deceit, Despair;
> Slander and Clamour, that rent all the air;
> Hate, War, and Massacre; uncrowned Toil
> And Sickness, t' all the rest the base and foil,
> Crept after; and his deadly weight trod down
> Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a crown.
> These usher'd her far off; as figures given
> To show, these crosses borne make peace with heaven.
> But now, made free from them, next her before,
> Peaceful and young, Herculean silence bore
> His craggy club; which up aloft he hild;
> With which and his fore-finger's charm he still'd

All sounds in air ; and left so free mine ears,
That I might hear the music of the spheres,
And all the angels singing out of heaven ;
Whose tunes were solemn, as to passion given ;
For now, that Justice was the happiness there
For all the wrongs to Right inflicted here.
Such was the passion that Peace now put on ;
And on all went ; when suddenly was gone
All light of heaven before us ; from a wood,
Whose sight foreseen now lost, amazed we stood,
The sun still gracing us ; when now, the air
Inflamed with meteors, we discover'd fair
The skipping goat ; the horse's flaming mane ;
Bearded and trainèd comets ; stars in wane
The burning sword ; the firebrand-flying snake ;
The lance ; the torch ; the licking fire ; the drake ;
And all else meteors that did ill abode
The thunder chid ; the lightning leapt abroad ;
And yet when Peace came in all heaven was clear ;
And then did all the horrid wood appear,
Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow ;
In which we could not one free step bestow,
For treading on some murder'd passenger
Who thither was by witchcraft forced to err :
Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best,
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
And is the yellow autumn's nightingale."

This is Chapman at his best ; and few then can better him. The language hardly holds lovelier lines, of more perfect colour and more happy cadence, than some few of these which I have given to shew how this poet could speak when for a change he was content to empty his mouth of pebbles and clear his forehead of fog. The vision of Homer which serves as overture to this poem is not the only other noble feature which relieves a landscape in too great part made up of rocks and brambles, of mire and morass ; and for the sake of these hidden green places and sunny moments some yet may care to risk an hour or so of toil along the muddy and thorny lanes that run between.

From the opening verses of *The Tears of Peace* we get one of the few glimpses allowed us into the poet's personal life, his birthplace, the manner and the spirit of his work, and his hopes in his 'retired age' for 'heaven's blessing in a free and harmless life ;' the passage has beauty as well as interest far beyond those too frequent utterances of querulous anger at the neglect and poverty to which he could not resign himself without resentment. It would have been well for himself as for us, who cannot now read such reiterated complaints without a sense of weariness and irritation, if he had really laid once for all to heart the noble verses in which he supposes himself to be admonished by the 'spirit Elysian' of his divine patron Homer, who told him, as he says, 'that he was angel to me, star, and fate,'

"Thou must not undervalue what thou hast,
In weighing it with that which more is graced ;
The worth that weigheth inward should not long

> For outward prices. This should make thee strong
> In thy close value ; Nought so good can be
> As that which lasts good between God and thee.
> Remember thine own verse—Should Heaven turn Hell
> For deeds well done, I would do ever well."

The dignity and serenity of spirit here inculcated are not compatible with the tone of fierce remonstrance and repining defiance which alternates with such higher tones of meditation and self-reliance as constantly exalt and dignify the praises of those patrons to whom he appeals for recognition as for a right not to be withheld without discredit to them and danger of future loss of that glory which he had to give. In all dedicatory verse known to me I find nothing that resembles the high self-respect and haughty gratitude of a poet who never forgets that for every benefit of patronage conferred he gives fully as much as he may receive. Men usually hurry over the dedications of poet to patron with a keen angry sense of shame and sorrow, of pity and repulsion and regret ; but it may be justly claimed for Chapman that his verses of dedication can give no reader such pain as those of others. His first and best patron in the court of James was that youth on whose coffin so many crowns of mourning verse were showered, and who does by all report seem to have well deserved that other than official regrets should go with him to his grave. A boy dying at eighteen after three years' proof of interest in the higher culture of his time, three years during which he had shown himself as far as we can see sincere and ardent in his love of noble things only, and only of noble men, of poetry and of heroes—champion of Raleigh in his prison and patron of Chapman in his need—must certainly have been one worthy of notice in higher places than a court ; one who, even if born in a loftier atmosphere and likelier to bring forth seed of enduring honour, would assuredly have earned remark and remembrance as a most exceptional figure, of truly rare and admirable promise. The inscription of Chapman's Iliad to Prince Henry is one of his highest and purest examples of moral verse : the august praise and grave exaltation of his own great art give dignity to the words of admonition as much as of appeal with which he commends it to the acceptance and reverence of kings. We may well believe that the prince's death gave to the high heart of his old Homeric teacher and counsellor of royal and heroic things a sharper pain than the mere sense of a patron lost and of personal as well as of national hopes cut off. Yet in his special case there was good reason for special regret. The latter instalments of his lofty labour on the translation of Homer were inscribed to the ignoblest among the minions, as the former had been inscribed to the noblest among the children of the king. An austere and stately moralist like Chapman could hardly have sought a stranger patron than Carr ; and when we find him officiating as paranymph at those nuptials which recall the darkest and foulest history in all the annals of that reign, the poisonous and adulterous secrets of blood and shame in whose darkness nothing is discernible but the two masked and muffled figures of treachery and murder, we cannot but remember and apply the parallel drawn by Macaulay from the court of Nero ; nor can it be with simple surprise that we listen

to the sermon or the song composed by Seneca or by Lucan for the epithalamium of Sporus and Locusta.

The celebration of that monstrous marriage in ethic and allegoric verse brought nothing to Chapman but disquiet and discredit. Neither Andromeda Lady Essex nor Perseus Earl of Somerset had reason to thank or to reward the solitary singer whose voice was raised to call down blessings on the bridal bed which gave such a Julia to the arms of such a Manlius. The enormous absurdity of Chapman's ever unfortunate allegory was on this auspicious occasion so much more than absurd that Carr himself would seem to have taken such offence as his luckless panegyrist had undoubtedly no suspicion that he might give. And yet this innocence of intention affords one of the oddest instances on record of the marvellous want of common sense and common tact which has sometimes been so notable in men of genius. It is hardly credible that a grave poetic moralist of fifty-five should have written without afterthought this thrice unhappy poem of *Andromeda Liberata.* Its appearance did for once succeed in attracting attention ; but the comment it drew down was of such a nature as at once to elicit from the author 'a free and offenceless justification of a lately published and most maliciously misinterpreted poem ;' a defence almost as amazing as the offence, and decidedly more amusing. The poet could never imagine till now so far-fetched a thought in malice ('such was my simplicity,' he adds with some reason) as would induce any reader to regard as otherwise than 'harmlessly and gracefully applicable to the occasion'—these are his actual words—the representation of 'an innocent and spotless virgin (*sic*) rescued from the polluted throat of a monster, which I in this place applied to the savage multitude.' Such is the perversity of man, that on perusing this most apt and judicious allegory 'the base, ignoble, barbarous, giddy multitude' of readers actually thought fit to inquire from what 'barren rock' the new Perseus might be said to have unbound his fettered virgin ; and in answer to this not unnatural inquiry Chapman had the audacious innocence to affirm—and I doubt not in all truth and simplicity—that the inevitable application of this happy and appropriate symbol had never so much as crossed his innocent mind. As if, he exclaims indignantly, the word 'barren' could be applied to a man !—was it ever said a man was barren ? or was the burden of bearing fruit ever laid on man ? Whether this vindication was likely under the circumstances to mend matters much 'the prejudicate and peremptory reader' will judge for himself. One rumour however the poet repudiates in passing with some violence of language ; to the effect, we may gather, that he had been waylaid and assaulted as was Dryden by Rochester's ruffians, but at whose instigation we can only conjecture. He will omit, he says, 'as struck dumb with the disdain of it, their most unmanly lie both of my baffling and wounding, saying "Take this for your Andromeda ;" not being so much as touched, I witness God, nor one syllable suffering.' The rumour is singular enough, and it would be curious to know if at least any such threat or attempt were actually made. From Carr at all events we can hardly believe that it would have come ; for it must be set down to his credit

that in the days of obscurity which followed on his disgrace and retirement he seems to have befriended the poet whose humbler chances of court favour had presumably fallen with his own. It was unlikely that any man ever so slightly associated with the recollection of a matter which the king was probably of all men least desirous to keep in mind should again be summoned by two of the Inns of Court, as Chapman had been summoned the year before, to compose the marriage masque for a royal wedding. More inauspicious by far though far more innocent than those of Somerset were the nuptials he had then been chosen to celebrate; the nuptials of Elizabeth, called the Queen of Hearts, with Frederick, one day to be surnamed the Winter-King. For that fatal marriage-feast of 'Goody Palsgrave' and her hapless bridegroom he had been bidden to provide due decorations of pageantry and verse; and had produced at least some bright graceful couplets and stanzas, among others hardly so definable. But to such a task he was now not likely to be called again; the turning-point of his fortunes as far as they hung upon the chance of patronage at court was the wedding-day of Carr. As a favourite of the dead prince to whom his Homer had been inscribed in weighty and worthy verses, he may have been thought fit the year before to assist as the laureate of a day at the marriage which had been postponed by the death of the bride's brother in the preceding autumn; and some remembrance of the favour shown him by the noble youth for whom the country if not the court had good reason to mourn may have kept his name for awhile before the eyes of the better part of the courtiers, if a better part there were: but if ever, as we may conjecture, his fortune had passed through its hour of rise and its day of progress, we must infer that its decline was sudden and its fall irremediable.

In the same year which witnessed the unlucky venture of his *Andromeda* Chapman put forth a poem on the death of Lord Russell of Thornhaugh, a patron, it should seem, of a far other kind than Carr; distinguished as a soldier in the field now only memorable to us for the death of Sir Philip Sidney, where if report may be trusted his romantic or Homeric valour was worthy to have employed the pen of a translator of the Iliad; and yet more remarkable for the comparative justice and mercy displayed in his military administration of Ireland. This epicede, longer and more ornate than that issued two years before on Prince Henry, is neither much worse nor much better in substance and in style. Each may boast of some fine and vigorous verses, and both are notable as examples of the poet's somewhat troubled and confused elevation of thought and language. In *Eugenia* especially the same high note of moral passion alternates with the same sharp tone of contemptuous complaint that we find in *The Tears of Peace* and in the very last verses affixed by way of epilogue to his translation of the Hymns and other Homeric fragments. This bitterness of insinuation or invective against meaner scholars or artists we should set down rather to a genuine hatred of bad work, a genuine abhorrence of base ambition and false pretence, than to any unjust or malevolent instinct of mere jealousy; which yet might perhaps be found par-

donable to the neglected and laborious old age of a high-minded artist and hard-working scholar such as Chapman. There are impressive touches of a higher mood in the funeral hymn which completes the somewhat voluminous tribute of ceremonial verse offered up at the grave of Lord Russell; but the greater part of the poem is more noticeable for quaintness than for any better quality, being indeed eccentric in execution as in conception beyond the wont even of Chapman. It carries however some weight of thought, and contains probably the longest and minutest catalogue ever given in verse of the signs of an approaching storm; a description which shows at once the close and intense observation of nature, the keen and forcible power of reproduction, and the utter incompetence to select and arrange his material, alike and at all times distinctive of this poet.

Four years after the miscarriage of *Andromeda* we find his translation of Hesiod ushered in by a dignified appeal and compliment to 'the truly Greek inspiration and absolutely Attic elocution' of no less a patron than Bacon; 'whose all-acknowledged faculty hath banished flattery therein even from the court; much more from my country and more than upland simplicity.' But for his Odyssey and Hymns of Homer, as well as for his plea addressed to the country on behalf of the beleaguered handful of troops serving with Sir Horace Vere, he sought or found no patronage but that of Carr; and that this should not have failed him gives evidence of some not ignoble quality in one whom we are accustomed only to regard as the unloveliest of the Ganymedes whose Jupiter was James. In the dedication of the Hymns he refers to the retired life of his disgraced patron in a tone which might not unworthily have saluted the more honourable seclusion of a better man. To these as to others of Chapman's moral verses Coleridge has paid a tribute of thoughtful and memorable praise, deserved no less by the fragments of ethical poetry printed some years earlier with a metrical version, after that of Petrarca, of the penitential Psalms. Among these there are many grains of genuine thought, of terse and grave expression, worth remark and remembrance. So much indeed may be said in parting of Chapman's poetry as a whole; in all his poems of dedication or mere compliment, as in the elaborate and eloquent rhapsody prefixed to Ben Jonson's *Sejanus*, we shall find some weight of reflection and some energy of utterance: in the commendatory verses to Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* we shall find something better; four of the loveliest lines in the language, perfect for melody, purity, and simple sweetness of colour. It is better to think of Chapman as the just and generous friend of other and younger men's genius than to remark except in passing on his quarrel in old age with Jonson, of which we know nothing but by an unhappy fragment of virulent and worthless verse, transcribed it should seem during his last illness by some foolish and officious friend or flatterer (as we may conceive) of the old man's petulances and infirmities. For these there is reason to fear that we may have to make more allowance than must under all circumstances be claimed by age and sickness, even where adversity has no share in the sufferings of the last years of a laborious and noble life. After the fall of Chapman's fortunes, if as I have conjectured we may suppose them to have risen

for awhile under the patronage of Prince Henry and collapsed with the favour of Carr, he lived for twenty years without further success on the stage to which he had given so much of the best labour and the best faculty of his mind: and we may doubt whether the friends or patrons of his old age were numerous or generous enough to secure these latter years against neglect and obscurity. One comfort however must have been with him to the last, whether or not we agree with Gifford in accepting the apparent evidence for the poverty and solitude in which he died; the comfort of great work done, the recollection of high hopes attained, the evidence of daring dreams made real and fruitful of fame not yet to be. Some ten years before his death the poet of sixty-five could look on his completed version of all the Homeric poems, and say—

"The work that I was born to do is done.'

It was a great work, and one wrought in a great spirit; and if, as he says of Homer, not without evident and immediate reference to his own lot, 'like a man *verecundi ingenii* (which he witnesseth of himself), he lived unhonoured and needy till his death,' we may believe that he did not live dissatisfied or dejected. Unworthy indeed would the workman have been of his own work if from the contemplation of it he had been too poor in spirit or too covetous of reward to draw the consolation of a high content. This strong and sovereign solace against all the evils that can beset the failing age and fallen fortunes of a brave man he surely deserved, if ever man deserved, to have and to retain. His work was done; neither time nor trouble could affect that; neither age nor misfortune could undo it. He had lived long and worked hard, and the end of all the valiant labour and strenuous endurance that must have gone to the performance of his task had not been less than triumphant. He had added a monument to the temple which contains the glories of his native language, the godlike images and the costly relics of its past; he had built himself a massive and majestic memorial, where for all the flaws and roughness of the weatherbeaten work the great workmen of days unborn would gather to give honour to his name. He had kindled a fire which the changing winds of time were not to put out, the veering breath of taste and opinion was never to blow upon so hard but that some would return to warm themselves at its heat and to cheer themselves with its light. He showed what he could of Homer to the lifted eyes of Keats, and the strong and fiery reflection was to the greater poet as very dawn itself, the perfect splendour of Hellenic sunrise. Much of precious and undying praise has been worthily bestowed on it; but while anything of English poetry shall endure the sonnet of Keats will be the final word of comment, the final note of verdict on Chapman's Homer.

This of course was the sovereign labour of his life; and to this the highest of his other works can only be considered as bringing some addition of honour. That there is yet in these enough to serve as the foundation of a lasting fame I have made it the purpose of my present task to shew. But his name will always first recall neither the plays nor the poems which might well have sufficed for the work

and the witness of a briefer or less fruitful life; the great enterprise of which the firstfruits were given to the world in his fortieth year and the last harvest was garnered in his sixty-sixth must be the first and last claim of his memory on the reverence of all students who shall ever devote the best of their time and of their thought to loving research or to thankful labour in the full field of English poetry. The indomitable force and fire of Chapman's genius have given such breath and spirit to his Homeric poems that whatever their faults and flaws may be they are at least not those of other men's versions; they have a seed and salt of personal life which divide them from the class of translated works and remove them (it might wellnigh be said) into the rank of original poems. By the standard of original work they may be more fairly and more worthily judged than by the standard of pure translation: and upon their worth as tested by that standard the judgment of Coleridge and of Lamb has been passed once for all, without fear of appeal or danger of reversal while the language in which the poems were written and the judgment given shall endure. To all lovers of high poetry the great old version of our Homer-Lucan must be dear for its own sake and for that of the men who have loved and held it in honour; to those who can be content with fire for light and force for harmony it must give pleasure inconceivable by such as cannot but remember and repine for the lack of that sweet and equal exaltation of style which no English poet of his age, and Chapman less than any, could hope even faintly to reproduce or to recall. In his original poems the most turgid and barbarous writer of a time whose poets had almost every other merit in a higher degree than those Grecian gifts of perfect form, of perfect light, and of perfect measure, which are the marks of the Homeric poems no less than of the Sophoclean drama, he could not so put off his native sin of forced and inflated obscurity as to copy in the hot high colours of a somewhat strained and tattered canvass more than the outlines of the divine figures which his strong hand and earnest eye were bent to bring before his readers' sight. It is much that his ardour and vigour, his energy and devotion, should have done the noble and memorable work they have. That 'unconquerable quaintness' which Lamb was the first to point out as the one perpetual note of infirmity and imperfection in the great work of Chapman is more hopelessly alien from the quality of the original than any other defect but that of absolute weakness or sterility of spirit could be. Altering the verdict of Bentley on Pope, we may say that instead of a very pretty it is a very noble poem, but it must not be called Homer. Quaintness and he, to steal a phrase from Juliet, are many miles asunder. The temperament of Chapman had more in it of an Icelandic than a Hellenic poet's; and had Homer been no more than the mightiest of skalds or the Iliad than the greatest of sagas, Chapman would have been fitter to play the part of their herald or interpreter. His fiery and turbid style has in it the action rather of earthquakes and volcanos than of the oceanic verse it labours to represent; it can give us but the pace of a giant for echo of the footfall of a god; it can shew but the huge movements of the heaving earth, inflated and inflamed with unequal and violent life, for the innumerable unity and harmony, the radiant and buoyant

music of luminous motion, the simplicity and equality of passion and of power, the majestic monochord of single sound underlying as it were at the heart of Homeric verse the multitudinous measures of the epic sea.

The name of Chapman should always be held great; yet must it always at first recall the names of greater men. For one who thinks of him as the author of his best play or his loftiest lines of gnomic verse a score will at once remember him as the translator of Homer or the continuator of Marlowe. The most daring enterprise of a life which was full of daring aspiration and arduous labour was this of resuming and completing the 'mighty line' of *Hero and Leander*. For that poem stands out alone amid all the wide and wild poetic wealth of its teeming and turbulent age, as might a small shrine of Parian sculpture amid the rank splendour of a tropic jungle. But no metaphor can aptly express the rapture of relief with which you come upon it amid the poems of Chapman, and drink once more with your whole heart of that well of sweet water after the long draughts you have taken from such brackish and turbid springs as gush up among the sands and thickets of his verse. Faultless indeed this lovely fragment is not; it also bears traces of the Elizabethan barbarism, as though the great queen's ruff and farthingale had been clapped about the neck and waist of the Medicean Venus; but for all the strange costume we can see that the limbs are perfect still. The name of Marlowe's poem has been often coupled with that of the 'first heir' of Shakespeare's 'invention;' but with all reverence to the highest name in letters be it said, the comparison is hardly less absurd than a comparison of *Tamburlaine* with *Othello*. With all its overcrowding beauties of detail, Shakespeare's first poem is on the whole a model of what a young man of genius should not write on such a subject; Marlowe's is a model of what he should. Scarcely the art of Titian at its highest, and surely not the art of Shakespeare at its dawn, could have made acceptable such an inversion of natural rule as is involved in the attempted violation by a passionate woman of a passionless boy; the part of a Joseph, as no less a moralist than Henri Beyle has observed in his great work on *Love*, has always a suspicion about it of something ridiculous and offensive: but only the wretchedest of artists could wholly fail to give charm to the picture of such a nuptial night as that of Hero and Leander. The style of Shakespeare's first essay is, to speak frankly, for the most part no less vicious than the matter: it is burdened and bedizened with all the heavy and fantastic jewellery of Gongora and Marini; it is written throughout in the style which an Italian scholar knows as that of the *seicentisti*, and which the duncery of New Grubstreet in its immeasurable ignorance would probably designate as 'Della-Cruscan;' nay, there are yet, I believe, in that quarter rhymesters and libellers to be found who imagine such men as Guido Cavalcanti and Dante Alighieri to have been representative members of the famous and farinaceous academy. Not one of the faults chargeable on Shakespeare's beautiful but faultful poem can justly be charged on the only not faultless poem of Marlowe. The absence of all cumbrous jewels and ponderous embroideries from the sweet and limpid loveliness of its style is not more

noticeable than the absence of such other and possibly such graver flaws as deform and diminish the undeniable charms of *Venus and Adonis*. With leave or without leave of a much lauded critic who could see nothing in the glorified version or expansion by Marlowe of the little poem of Musæus but 'a paraphrase, in every sense of the epithet, of the most licentious kind,' I must avow that I want and am well content to want the sense, whatever it be, which would enable me to discern more offence in that lovely picture of the union of two lovers in body as in soul than I can discern in the parting of Romeo and Juliet. And if it be always a pleasure to read a page of Marlowe, to read it after a page of Chapman is to the capable student of high verse 'a pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king.' Yet there is not a little to be advanced in favour of Chapman's audacious and arduous undertaking. The poet was not alive, among all the mighty men then living, who could worthily have completed the divine fragment of Marlowe. As well might we look now to find a sculptor who could worthily restore for us the arms of the Venus of Melos—'Our Lady of Beauty,' as Heine said when lying at her feet stricken to death, 'who has no hands, and cannot help us.' For of narrative poets there were none in that generation of any note but Drayton and Daniel; and though these might have more of Marlowe's limpid sweetness and purity of style, they lacked the force and weight of Chapman. Nor is the continuation by any means altogether such as we might have expected it to be—a sequel by Marsyas to the song of Apollo. Thanks, as we may suppose, to the high ambition of the poet's aim, there are more beauties and fewer deformities than I have found in any of his other poems. There are passages indeed which at first sight may almost seem to support the otherwise unsupported tradition that a brief further fragment of verse from the hand of Marlowe was left for Chapman to work up into his sequel. This for instance, though somewhat over fantastic, has in it a sweet and genuine note of fancy:

> "Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
> And she supposed she saw in Neptune's skies
> How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine,
> For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
> Should be embathed, and swim in more heart's-ease
> Than there was water in the Sestian seas."

Here again is a beautiful example of the short sweet interludes which relieve the general style of Chapman's narrative or reflective verse:

> "For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
> In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
> The eye responsible, the golden hair,
> And none is held without the other fair;
> All spring together, all together fade;
> Such intermix'd affections should invade
> Two perfect lovers."

And this couplet has an exquisite touch of fanciful colour:

> "As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
> So did the lily and the hand their white."

That at least might have been written by Marlowe himself. But the poem is largely deformed by excrescences and aberrations, by misplaced morals and mistimed conceits; and at the catastrophe, perhaps half consciously oppressed and overcome by the sense that now indeed he must put forth all his power to utter something not unworthy of what the 'dead shepherd' himself might have spoken over the two dead lovers, he puts forth all his powers for evil and for error, and gives such a narrative of their end as might have sufficed to raise from his grave the avenging ghost of the outraged poet who has been supposed—but unless it was said in some riotous humour of jesting irony, the supposition seems to me incredible—to have commended to Chapman, in case of his death, the task thus ill discharged of completing this deathless and half-accomplished work of a genius 'that perished in its pride.'

The faults and weaknesses of strong men seem usually an integral part of the character or the genius we admire for its strength; and the faults ingrained in the work of Chapman were probably indivisible from the powers which gave that work its worth. Those blemishes not less than those beauties of which the student is at almost every other step compelled perforce to take note seem inevitable by a poet's mind of his peculiar bent and bias. There are superfluities which we would fain see removed, deformities which we would fain see straightened, in all but the greatest among poets or men; and these are doubtless in effect irremovable and incurable. Even the Atlantean shoulders of Jonson, fit to bear the weight of mightiest monarchies, have been hardly tasked to support and transmit to our own day the fame of his great genius, overburdened as it was with the twofold load of his theories on art and his pedantries of practice. And Chapman, though also a brother of the giant brood, had not the Herculean sinews of his younger friend and fellow-student. That weight which could but bend the back that carried the vast world of invention whose twin hemispheres are *Volpone* and the *Alchemist* was wellnigh enough to crush the staggering strength of the lesser Titan. His style reels and struggles under the pressure; he snorts and heaves as Typhœus beneath Etna, sending up at each huge turn and convulsion of his uneasy bulk some shower of blinding sparkles or volume of stifling vapour. But for all the discords and contortions of his utterance the presence is always perceptible of a giant, and of one issued from the lineage of the early gods. He alone, as far as I can see, among all the great men of his great age, had anything in common with Jonson for good or evil. It would not be accurate to lay the heaviest faults of either poet to the account of his learning. A weight of learning at least equal to that which bowed and deformed the genius of Jonson and of Chapman served but to give new shape and splendour to the genius of Milton and of Landor. To these it was but as a staff to guide and a crown to glorify their labours; a lantern by whose light they might walk, a wellspring from whose water they might draw draughts of fresh strength and rest. But by this light the two elder poets too often failed to walk straight and sure, drank too often from this fountain a heady or a narcotic draught.

One at least, and not he who had drunk deepest of the divine and dangerous spring, seems at times under its influence to move and speak as under some Circean transformation. The learning of Jonson, doubtless far wider and sounder than that of Chapman, never allowed or allured him to exchange for a turbid and tortuous jargon the vigorous purity of his own English spirit and style. Nevertheless, of these four illustrious men whom I suppose to have been the most deeply read in classical literature, with the exception probably of Gray and possibly of Coleridge, among all our poets of the past, the two great republicans as surely were not as the two distinguished royalists surely were pedants: and Chapman, being the lesser scholar, was naturally the greater pedant of the pair. As a dramatic poet he has assuredly never yet received his due meed of discerning praise; but assuredly no man of genius ever did so much, as though by perverse and prepense design, to insure a continuance of neglect and injustice. Had he allied himself with some enemy in a league against his own fame—had he backed himself against success for a wager, let his deserts be what they might—he could have done no more than he has done to make certain of the desired failure. With a fair share of comic spirit and invention, remarkable at least in a poet of such a grave and ambitious turn of genius, he has spiced and larded his very comedies with the thick insipid sauce of pedantic declamation. Their savourless interludes of false and forced humour may indeed be matched even in the greatest of Jonson's works; there is here hardly anything heavier than the voluminous foolery of Scoto of Mantua and the dolorous long-winded doggrel drivelled forth by that dreary trinity of dwarf, eunuch, and hermaphrodite, whom any patron of less patience than Volpone, with a tithe of his wit and genius, would surely have scourged out of doors long before they were turned forth to play by Mosca. But when on a fresh reading we skip over these blocks laid as if on purpose in our way through so magnificent a gallery of comic and poetic inventions, the monument of a mind so mighty, the palace of so gigantic a genius as Ben Jonson's, we are more than content to forget such passing and perishable impediments to our admiration of that sovereign intellect which has transported us across them into the royal presence of its ruling and informing power. The 'shaping spirit of imagination' proper to all great men, and varying in each case from all other, reforms of itself its own misshapen work, treads down and triumphs over its own faults and errors, renews its faltering forces and resumes its undiminished reign. But he who in so high a matter as the dramatic art can sin so heavily, and so triumphantly tread under the penalty of his transgression, must be great among the greatest of his fellows. Such, with all his excesses and shortcomings in the way of dramatic work, was Jonson; such certainly was not Chapman. The tragedy for example of *Chabot*, a noble and dignified poem in the main, and the otherwise lively and interesting comedy of *Monsieur d'Olive*, are seriously impaired by a worse than Jonsonian excess in the analysis and anatomy of 'humours.' The turncoat advocate and the mock ambassador bestride the action of the plays and oppress the attention of the reader with a more 'importunate

and heavy load' than that of Sinbad's old man of the sea. Another point of resemblance to Jonson on the wrong side is the absence or insignificance of feminine interest throughout his works. No poet ever showed less love or regard for women, less care to study or less power to paint them. With the exception of a couple of passages in his two best comedies, the wide field of Chapman's writings will be found wellnigh barren of any tender or noble trace of passion or emotion kindled between man and woman. These two passages stand out in beautiful and brilliant contrast to the general tone of the poet's mood; the praise of love has seldom been uttered with loftier and sweeter eloquence than in the well-known verses* which celebrate it as 'nature's second sun,' informing and educing the latent virtues in man 'as the sun doth colours;' the structure and cadence of the verse, the choice and fullness of the words, are alike memorable for the perfect power and purity, the strong simplicity and luminous completeness of workmanship which may be (too rarely) found and enjoyed in the poetry of Chapman. The passage in *The Gentleman Usher* (Act iv. Scene 3), which sets forth the excellence of perfect marriage, has less of poetic illustration and imaginative colour, but is a no less admirable model of clear and vigorous language applied to the fit and full expression of high thought and noble emotion. But as a rule we find the genius of Chapman at its best when furthest removed from female influence; as in the two plays of Biron and those nobler parts of the 'Roman tragedy' of *Cæsar and Pompey* in which Cato discourses on life and death. The two leading heroines of his tragic drama, Tamyra and Caropia, are but a slippery couple of sententious harlots, who deliver themselves in eloquent and sometimes in exalted verse to such amorous or vindictive purpose as the action of the play may suggest. Whether the secret of this singular defect in a dramatic poet were to be sought in coldness of personal temperament, in narrowness of intellectual interest, or simply in the accidental circumstances which may have given a casual direction to his life and thought, we need not now think to conjecture. He was ready enough to read lectures on love or lust, to expatiate with a dry scholastic sensuality on the details and influences of form and colour, to apply the terms and subtleties of metaphysical definition to the physical anatomy of beauty; indeed, one at least of his poems may be described as a study in philosophic vivisection applied by a lover to his mistress, in which analysis and synthesis of material and spiritual qualities in action and reaction of cause and effect meet and confound each other—to say nothing of the reader. But of pure passion and instinctive simplicity of desire or delight there is little more trace than of higher emotion or deeper knowledge of such things as belong alike to mind and body, and hold equally of the spirit and the flesh.

Here again we find that Jonson and Chapman stand far apart from their fellow men of genius. The most ambitious and the most laborious poets of their day, conscious of high aims and large capacities, they would be content with no crown that might be shared by others; they had each his own severe and haughty

* *All Fools*, act i. scene i.

scheme of study and invention, and sought for no excellence which lay beyond or outside it; that any could lie above, past the reach of their strong arms and skilful hands, past the scope of their keen and studious eyes, they would probably have been unable to believe or to conceive. And yet there were whole regions of high poetic air, whole worlds of human passion and divine imagination, which might be seen by humbler eyes than theirs and trodden by feebler feet, where their robust lungs were powerless to breathe, and their strenuous song fell silent. Not greater spirits alone, such as Marlowe's and Shakespeare's, but such lesser spirits as Decker's had the secret of ways unknown to them in the world of poetry, the key of chambers from which they were shut out. In Marlowe the passion of ideal love for the ultimate idea of beauty in art or nature found its perfect and supreme expression, faultless and unforced. The radiant ardour of his desire, the light and the flame of his aspiration, diffused and shed through all the forms of his thought and all the colours of his verse, gave them such shapeliness and strength of life as is given to the spirits of the greatest poets alone. He, far rather than Chaucer or Spenser, whose laurels were first fed by the dews and sunbeams of Italy and France, whose songs were full of sweet tradition from oversea, of memories and notes which 'came mended from their tongues,'— he alone was the true Apollo of our dawn, the bright and morning star of the full midsummer day of English poetry at its highest. Chaucer, Wyatt, and Spenser had left our language as melodious, as fluent, as flexible to all purposes of narrative or lyrical poetry as it could be made by the grace of genius; the supreme note of its possible music was reserved for another to strike. Of English blank verse, one of the few highest forms of verbal harmony or poetic expression, the genius of Marlowe was the absolute and divine creator. By mere dint of original and godlike instinct he discovered and called it into life; and at his untimely and unhappy death, more lamentable to us all than any other on record except Shelley's, he left the marvellous instrument of his invention so nearly perfect that Shakespeare first and afterwards Milton came to learn of him before they could vary or improve on it. In the changes rung by them on the keys first tuned by Marlowe we trace a remembrance of the touches of his hand; in his own cadences we catch not a note of any other man's. This poet, a poor scholar of humblest parentage, lived to perfect the exquisite metre invented for narrative by Chaucer, giving it (to my ear at least) more of weight and depth, of force and fullness, than its founder had to give; he invented the highest and hardest form of English verse, the only instrument since found possible for our tragic or epic poetry; he created the modern tragic drama; and at the age of thirty he went

"Where Orpheus and where Homer are."

Surely there are not more than two or three names in any literature which can be set above the poet's of whom this is the least that can in simple truth be said. There is no record extant of his living likeness; if his country should ever bear men worthy to raise a statue or a monument to his memory, he should stand before

them with the head and eyes of an Apollo looking homeward from earth into the sun : a face and figure, in the poet's own great phrase,

"Like his desire, lift upward and divine."

To all things alike we find applied in turn this fervour of ideal passion ; to the beauty of women, to the hunger after sway, to the thirst after knowledge, to the energy of friendship or ambition, to the energy of avarice or revenge. Sorrow and triumph and rapture and despair find in his poetry their most single and intense expression, extreme but not excessive ; the pleasures and the pains of each passion are clothed with the splendour and harmony of pure conceptions fitted with perfect words. There is the same simple and naked power of abstract outline in every stroke of every study which remains to us from his hand ; in the strenuous greed and fantastic hate of Barabas, in the hysteric ardours and piteous agonies of Edward, in the illimitable appetite of Tamburlaine for material rule and of Faustus for spiritual empire, and in the highest and haughtiest aspirations of either towards that ultimate goal of possession where he may lay hands on power unattainable and touch lips with beauty inexpressible by man, we trace the same ideal quality of passion. In the most glorious verses ever fashioned by a poet to express with subtle and final truth the supreme aim and the supreme limit of his art, the glory and the joy of his labour, the satisfaction and the insufficience of its triumph in the partial and finite expression of an infinite delight and an indefinite desire, Marlowe has summed up all that can be said or thought on the office and the object, the means and the end of this highest form of spiritual ambition, which for him was as it were shadowed forth in all symbols and reflected in all shapes of human energy, in all exaltations of the spirit, in all aspirations of the will. Being a poet of the first order, he was content to know and to accept the knowledge that ideal beauty lies beyond the most beautiful forms and ideal perfection beyond the most perfect words that art can imbue with life or inflame with colour ; an excellence that expression can never realize, that possession can never destroy. The nearer such an artist's work comes to this abstract perfection of absolute beauty, the more clearly will he see and the more gladly will he admit that it never can come so near as to close with it and find, as in things of meaner life, a conclusion set in the act of fruition to the sense of enjoyment, a goal fixed at a point attainable where the delight of spiritual desire may be consummated, and consumed in the moment of its consummation. A man of the second order of genius is of his nature less quick to apprehend the truth that

"If all the pens that ever poets held
Had fed the feeling of their masters' thoughts,"

and if one single and supreme poem could embody in distilled expression the spirit and the sense of

"every sweetness that inspired their hearts,
Their minds, and muses on admired themes,"

there would remain behind all things attainable and expressible in sound or form

or colour something that will not be expressed or attained, nor pass into the likeness of any perishable life; but though all were done that all poets could do,

> "Yet should there hover in their restless heads
> One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
> Which into words no virtue can digest."

No poet ever came nearer than Marlowe to the expression of this inexpressible beauty, to the incarnation in actual form of ideal perfection, to the embodiment in mortal music of immortal harmony; and he it is who has left on record and on evidence to all time the truth that no poet can ever come nearer. The lesser artist, with less liberty of action, will be the likelier of the two to show less loyalty of submission to the eternal laws of thought which find their full and natural expression in the eternal canons of art. In him we shall find that intellectual energy has taken what it can of the place and done what it can of the work proper to ideal passion. This substitution of an intellectual for an ideal end, of energetic mental action for passionate spiritual emotion as the means towards that end, is as good a test as may be taken of the difference in kind rather than in degree between the first and the second order of imaginative artists. By the change of instrument alone a critic of the higher class may at once verify the change of object. In almost every page of Chapman's noblest work we discern the struggle and the toil of a powerful mind convulsed and distended as by throes of travail in the effort to achieve something that lies beyond the proper aim and the possible scope of that form of art within which it has set itself to work. The hard effort of a strong will, the conscious purpose of an earnest ambition, the laborious obedience to a resolute design, is as perceptible in Jonson and Chapman as in Shakespeare and in Marlowe is the instinct of spiritual harmony, the loyalty and the liberty of impulse and of work. The lesser poets are poets prepense; the greater are at once poets of their own making and of nature's, equidistant in their line of life from the mere singing-bird and the mere student. Of the first order we may be sure that in any age or country the men that compose it must have been what they were, great as poets or artists, lyric or dramatic; of the second order we may well believe that in a different time or place the names which we find written in its catalogue might have been distinguished by other trophies than such as they now recall. And this, which may seem to imply a superiority of intellectual power, does actually imply the reverse. Those are not the greatest among men of whom we can reasonably conceive that circumstance might have made them as great in some different way from that in which they walked; those are not the highest poets or soldiers or statesmen whom it is possible or permissible to imagine as winning equal fame in some other field than their own, by the application to some other end of such energy and genius as made them great in the line which they were impelled to select at least as much by pressure of accident as by force of instinct, by the external necessity of chance as by the internal necessity of nature. Accident and occasion may be strongest with men of the second order; but with minds of the first rank that which we call the

impulse of nature is yet more strong than they. I doubt not that Jonson might in another age have sought and won distinction from the active life of soldiership or of statecraft; I take leave to doubt whether Shakespeare, had he sought it, would have won. I am not disinclined to admit the supposition that Chapman might have applied his power of moral thought and his interest in historic action to other ends than they ever served in literature or in life. But neither for his sake nor for ours am I disposed to regret that circumstance or destiny should have impelled or induced him to take instead that way of work which has given his memory a right to live with that of men who could never have taken another way than they took; which has made it honourable and venerable to all who have any reverence for English poetry or regard for English fame; which has set him for ever in the highest place among the servants and interpreters of Homer, and allowed us to inscribe in our imagination, as on the pedestal of a statue reared in thought to the father of our tragic verse, the name of George Chapman not too discreditably far beneath the name of Christopher Marlowe.

APPENDIX.

THE following list of passages extracted from Chapman's poems by the editor of the Elizabethan anthology published in 1600 under the name of *England's Parnassus, or the choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets*, was drawn up from my own copy of the original edition before I was aware that a similar list had been compiled by Mr. J. P. Collier to accompany and illustrate a private reprint of the book. From this source I learn that one extract given at p. 312 as from Chapman is in fact taken from the *Albion's England* of Warner; as indeed, though acquainted only with fragmentary excerpts from that poem, I had already conjectured that it must be. This is preceded by another extract signed with the name of Chapman, which according to Mr. Collier is discoverable in *Ovid's Banquet of Sense;* but after a second and third search through every turn and recess of that dense and torrid jungle of bad and good verses I have failed to light on this particular weed or flower. Five other extracts have baffled alike my own researches and the far more capable inquisition of even Mr. Collier's learning; nor have they proved traceable by the energy and enthusiasm of Chapman's latest editor, who has properly included them in his text as authentic fragments of unknown poems by the writer to whom four of them have been assigned by Robert Allot, the editor of *England's Parnassus*. The second of these five passages he ascribes to Spenser; Spenser's it undoubtedly is not; and as it is followed by an excerpt from Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, which is likewise bestowed on Spenser by the too hasty liberality of the old editor, we have some additional reason to rely on the unmistakeable evidence of the style, which bears immediate witness to the peculiar handiwork of Chapman. The last excerpt but one seems familiar to me, and is rather in the manner of

Greene or Peele and their fellows than of Chapman or any later poet; I cannot but think that a student more deeply read than I in the poems interspersed among the romances of Greene and Lodge might be able to trace both the two last passages of the five here fathered on Chapman to the hand of one or the other. They have the fluency or fluidity rather of the blank verse written by the smaller scholastic poets whom we may see grouped about the feet of Marlowe; the same facile profusion and effusion of classic imagery, the same equable elegance and graceful tenuity of style, crossed here and there by lines of really high and tender beauty. It may be thought that in that case they would have been as speedily and as surely tracked by Mr. Collier as were the verses transferred from Warner to Chapman; but the most learned and acute among scholars cannot always remember the right place for all things on which his eye must have lit in the course of a lifelong study; and I find in Mr. Collier's list two passages, one given at p. 22 of *England's Parnassus* under the heading 'Bliss,' the other at p. 108 under the heading 'Gifts,' marked as of unknown origin, of which the first occurs in the fifth sestiad of Chapman's *Hero and Leander*, the second in his *Shadow of Night*. These in the list that follows are assigned to their proper places. The number of the page referred to on the left is that in *England's Parnassus;* the number on the right refers to the page in which the same passage appears in this first edition of Chapman's collected poems.

List of Passages extracted from Chapman's Poems in England's Parnassus; or, the Choicest Flowers of our Modern Poets. 1600.

PAGE		PAGE
3.	The golden chain of Homer's high device	6
9.	Things senseless live by art, and rational die	77
12.	Sacred Beauty is the fruit of sight	29
15.	All excellence of shape is made for sight	33
	(In the next line E. P. reads: 'To be a beetle else were no defame.')	
16.	Rich Beauty, that each lover labours for	30, 31
,,	O Beauty, still thy empire swims in blood	31
17.	*Beauty enchasing love, love gaining beauty	29
,,	This Beauty fair† is an enchantment made	29
19.	Beauty (in) heaven and earth this grace doth win	76
20.	O Beauty, how attractive is thy power!	31
21.	So respected	
	Was Bashfulness in Athens	86
,,	Preferment seldom graceth Bashfulness	83

* E. P. has three misprints in this extract; 'gaining' for 'gracing,' 'conflict' for 'constant,' 'time content' for 'true content;' but in a later extract at p. 38 it gives the right reading, and cites the two first lines of the stanza following, which with the third and fourth are here omitted. It attempts however to correct two seeming errors in the fifth and sixth: reading 'is' for 'in' and 'thrones' for 'thorns;' but in the first instance the text will be found right if the punctuation be corrected by striking out the period at the end of the line preceding; and 'thorns' may be taken to mean the harsh doctrines of the stoics subsequently referred to. In the ninth line of this unlucky stanza E. P. misprints 'grave' for 'graven.'

† So E. P. for 'beauty's fair;' and in v. 5 reads 'fault' for 'fate,' and in v. 8 'god self-love' for 'good self-love.'

PAGE		PAGE
22.	Hard it is	
	To imitate a false and forgèd bliss	82
,,	Bliss not in height doth dwell	90
38.	All wealth and wisdom rests in true content*	29
40.	Action is fiery valour's sovereign good	85
47.	Round-headed Custom th' apoplexy is†	74
56.	In things without us no delight is sure	76
67.	Fierce lightning from her eyes	80
68.	Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends	80
108.	Good gifts are often given to men past good	13
110.	Kind Amalthea was transformed by Jove	5
120.	Good deeds in case that they be evil placed‡	?
141.	Many use temples to set godly faces	?
161.	The§ noblest born dame should industrious be	86
164.	Inchastity is ever prostitute	15
170.	They double life that dead things' grief sustain	77
172.	Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams	74
174.	Love is a wanton famine, rich in food	35
178.	Love laws and judges hath in fee	49
180.	Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes	87
181.	Trifling attempts no serious acts advance	77
183.	Pure love, said she, the purest grace pursues	34
196.	What doth make man without the parts of men	5
197.	Like as rude painters that contend to show	6
198.	Hymen that now is god of nuptial rights‖	82
,,	Before them on an altar be presented	86
,,	In Athens¶	
	The custom was that every maid did wear	86
208.	The mind hath in itself** a deity	15
,,	That mind most is beautiful and high	16
221.	We must in matters moral quite reject	32
230.	Too much desire to please pleasure divorces	28
260.	Like†† as a glass is an inanimate eye	74
271.	None is so poor of sense and eyne	
	To whom a soldier doth not shine	45
,,	No elegancie‡‡ can beautify	44
273.	Every good motion that the soul awakes	?
274.	As Phœbus throws	
	His beams abroad though he in clouds be closed	74
	(These two are attributed to Spenser in E. P.)	

* In this extract E. P. corrects 'Bend in our circle' to 'Bound;' a reading which seems to me preferable.

† This is the reading in E. P. of the line

'But custom, that the apoplexy is';

the two following lines are transcribed exactly as they stand in the third sestiad of *Hero and Leander*.

‡ This extract runs thus in E. P.;

'Good deeds, in case that they be evil placed,
Ill deeds are reckonèd, and soon disgraced.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad.'

The third line occurs in the third sestiad of *Hero and Leander* (p. 76).

§ So E. P. for 'And.' ‖ So E. P. for 'rites.'

¶ These two words are interpolated by the editor of E. P. ** So E. P. for 'herself.'

†† So E. P. for 'For;' and in the next verse 'outwardly' for 'inwardly.'

‡‡ So E. P. for 'elegance.'

PAGE		PAGE
285.	Time's golden thigh	
	Upholds the flowery body of the earth	72
292.	Virtue makes honour, as the soul doth sense	32
,,	Joy graven in sense like snow in water wastes	72
295.	Good vows are never broken with good deeds	76
,,	We know not how to vow till love unblind us	76
297.	Use makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing	32
303.	Wisdom and the sight of heavenly things	
	Shines not so clear as earthly vanities.	
	(*Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, vol. 1. p. 2.)	
305.	Best loves are lost for wit, when men blame fortune	32
308.	Words well placed move things were never thought	32
312.	Their virtues mount like billows to the skies	?
,,	Women were made for this intent, to put us into pain.	
	(Warner's *Albion's England*.)	
314.	Women never	
	Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever	83
,,	Women are most won when men merit least*	83
321.	Nothing doth the world so full of † mischief fill	82
324.	The gentle humorous night	
	Implies‡ her middle course, and the sharp east	?
355.	With a brace of silver hinds	9
356.	Nature's bright eyesight, and the world's fair soul	10
357.	Amongst this gamesome crew is seen	48
366.	In flowery season of the year	43
	(With two lines prefixed at bottom of preceding page—	
	The tenth of March when Aries received	
	Dan Phœbus' rays into his horned head).	
372.	Day's king, God of undaunted verse	81
379.	All suddenly a light of twenty hues	72, 73
395.	She lay, and seemed a flood of diamant	29, 30
	(Omitting 'Now Ovid's muse—to make me better.')	
399.	Their soft young cheek-balls to the eye	47
407.	To make the wondrous power of love appear.	36
409.	§Then cast she off her robe and stood upright	23
,,	Herewith she rose, like the autumnal star	31
417.	See where she issues in her beauty's pomp	?
,,	Her hair was loose, and 'bout her shoulders hung	?
422.	Like‖ as a taper burning in the dark.	31
,,	Now as when heaven is muffled with the vapours	33
424.	As when Jove at once from east to¶ west	33
464.	As she was looking in a glass	32
	(*Her* glass in the text.)	

* In the third line of this extract E. P. reads 'Love's *proper* lesson' instead of '*special*.'

† So E. P. The right reading of this beautiful couplet is

Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.—*Hero and Leander*, 5th sestiad.

(E. P. prints 'will' for ill.')

‡ This word alone would suffice to vindicate the authenticity of the fragment. It recurs perpetually in the poems of Chapman, who always uses it in the same peculiar and licentious manner.

§ In the third line of this stanza *England's Parnassus* reads 'her night' for 'the night', in the eighth 'choisefull' for 'charmful;' in the ninth 'varnishing' for 'vanishing.'

‖ So E. P. for 'and.' ¶ So E. P. for 'and.'

PAGE		PAGE
460.	In little time these ladies found	47
481.	(Misprinted 465). In that mead-proud-making grass	41, 42
485.	A soft enflowered bank embraced the fount	23
488.	Grim Melampus with the Ethiop's feet	13

There are thus in this anthology no less than eighty-one extracts ascribed to Chapman, besides two of which one is known and the other suspected to be the work of his hand; these are wrongly assigned to Spenser. At the time of this publication Chapman was in his forty-second year; he had published but two plays and three volumes of verse, the third being his continuation of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. Of the eighty-three passages numbered above, thirty-two are taken from this poem, twenty-five from *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*, ten from *The Shadow of Night*, eight from *The Contention of Phillis and Flora*, a quaint and sometimes a graceful version into the Elizabethan dialect of a Latin or more probably a quasi-Latin poem ascribed by Ritson to one of the most famous among mediæval masters; one is taken from the first scene of his first play, one is spurious, and six (including the passage wrongly referred in a former list to *Ovid's Banquet of Sense*), whether spurious or genuine, have yet to be traced to their true source. In his critical memoir of Marlowe (*Works*, vol. i. p. lvii. ed. 1850), Mr. Dyce observes that 'the editor of *England's Parnassus* appears never to have resorted to manuscript sources;' and if, as is of course most probable, the supposition of that great scholar and careful critic be well founded, we must conclude that these passages, as well as the more precious and exquisite fragment of a greater poet which called forth this remark from his editor, were extracted by Allot from some printed book or books long lost to human sight. One small but noticeable extract of two lines and a half descriptive of midnight is evidently I think from a lost play. The taste of the worthy person who compiled this first English anthology was remarkable apparently for its equal relish of good verse and bad; but we may be grateful that it was by no means confined to the more popular and dominant authors of his age, such as Spenser and Sidney; since his faculty of miscellaneous admiration has been the means of preserving many curious fragments of fine or quaint verse, and occasionally a jewel of such price as the fragment of Marlowe which alike for tone of verse and tune of thought so vividly recalls Shelley's poem, *The Question*, written in the same metre and spirit, that one is tempted to dream that some particles of the 'predestined plot of dust and soul' which had once gone to make up the elder must have been used again in the composition of the younger poet, who in fiery freedom of thought and speech was like no other of our greatest men but Marlowe, and in that as in his choice of tragic motive was so singularly like this one

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Commendatory Verses.

VERSES PREFIXED TO OVID'S BANQUET OF SENSE, 1595.

RICHARD STAPLETON TO THE AUTHOR.

PHŒBUS hath given thee both his bow and muse ;
With one thou slay'st the artisans of thunder,
And to thy verse dost such a sound infuse,
That gather'd storms therewith are blown in sunder.

The other decks her with her golden wings,
Spread beyond measure in thy ample verse ;
Where she, as in her bowers of laurel, sings
Sweet philosophic strains that fiends might pierce.

The soul of brightness in thy darkness shines,
Most new and dear, unstain'd with foreign graces ;
And when aspiring spirits shall reach thy lines,
They will not hear our treble-toned basses.
With boldness then thy able Poems use ;
Phœbus hath given thee both his bow and muse.

THO: WILLIAMS OF THE INNER TEMPLE.

ISSUE of Semele that will embrace
With fleshly arms the three-wing'd wife of thunder,
Let her sad ruin such proud thoughts abase,
And view aloof this verse in silent wonder.

If nearer your unhallow'd eyes will pierce
Then with the satyr kiss this sacred fire
To scorch your lips, that dearly taught thereby,
Your only soul's fit objects may aspire.

But you high spirits in this cloud of gold
Enjoy like Jove this bright Saturnian muse,
Your eyes can well the dazzling beams behold
This Pythian lightener freshly doth effuse ;
To daunt the baseness of that bastard train,
Whose twice-born judgments formless still remain.

ANOTHER.

UNGRATEFUL Farmers of the Muses' land,
That wanting thrift and judgment to employ it,
Let it manureless and unfenced stand,
Till barbarous cattle enter and destroy it.

Now the true heir is happily found out
Who framing it to enrich posterities,
Walls it with sprite-fill'd darkness round about,
Grass plants and sows, and makes it Paradise.

To which without the Parcæ's golden bow
None can aspire but stick in error's hell ;
A garland to engird a monarch's brow ;
Then take some pains to joy so rich a jewel.
Most prize is grasp'd in labour's hardest hand,
And idle souls can nothing rich command.

I. D. OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

ONLY that eye which for true love doth weep,
Only that heart which tender love doth pierce,
May read and understand this sacred verse,
For other wits too mystical and deep.

Between these hallow'd leaves Cupid doth keep
The golden lesson of his second artist,
For love till now hath still a master miss'd
Since Ovid's eyes were closed with iron sleep.

But now his waking soul in Chapman lives,
Which shows so well the passions of his soul,
And yet this muse more cause of wonder gives,
And doth more prophet-like love's art enrol.
For Ovid's soul now grown more old and wise,
Pours forth itself in deeper mysteries.

ANOTHER.

SINCE Ovid, Love's first gentle master, died,
He hath a most notorious truant been,
And hath not once in thrice five ages seen
That same sweet muse that was his first sweet guide;
But since Apollo, who was gratified
Once with a kiss, hunting on Cynthus' green,
By Love's fair mother, tender beauty's queen,
This favour unto her hath not envied,
That into whom she will she may infuse,
For the instruction of her tender son,
The gentle Ovid's easy supple muse,
Which unto thee, sweet Chapman, she hath done:
She makes in thee the spirit of Ovid move,
And calls thee second master of her love.

Futurum invisible.

TO MY HIGHLY VALUED MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN, FATHER OF OUR ENGLISH POETS.

I KNOW thee not, good George, but by thy pen,
For which I rank thee with the rarest men.
And in that rank I put thee in the front
Especially of poets of account,
Who art the treasurer of that company;
But in thy hand too little coin doth lie;
For, of all arts that now in London are
Poets get least in uttering of their ware.
But thou hast in thy head, and heart, and hand,
Treasures of art that treasure can command.
Ah would they could! then should thy wealth and wit
Be equal, and a lofty fortune fit.
But George, thou wert accursed, and so was I
To be of that most blessed company:
For if they most are blest that most are crost,
Then poets, I am sure, are blessed most.
Yet we with rhyme and reason trim the times,
Though they give little reason for our rhymes.
The reason is, else error blinds my wits,
They reason want to do what honour fits,
But let them do as please them, we must do
What Phœbus, Sire of Art, moves Nature to.

JO: DAVIES, of Hereford.*

TO GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE, it is thy genius innated,
Thou pick'st not flowers from another's field,
Stolen similes or sentences translated,
Nor seekest, but what thine own soil doth yield:
Let barren wits go borrow what to write,
'Tis bred and born with thee what thou inditest,
And our comedians thou out-strippest quite,
And all the hearers more than all delightest,
With unaffected style and sweetest strain,
Thy inambitious pen keeps on her pace,
And cometh near'st the ancient comic vein,
Thou hast beguiled us all of that sweet grace:
And were Thalia to be sold and bought,
No Chapman but thyself were to be sought.

THOMAS FREEMAN, Gent.†

* *The Scourge of Folly* (Lond. 1611).

† *Rvbbe and A great Cast* Epigrams: Lond. 1614.

PREFIXED TO CHAPMAN'S HESIOD, 1618.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN AND HIS TRANSLATED HESIOD.

CHAPMAN, we find by thy past-prized fraught
What wealth thou dost upon this land confer;
Th' old Grecian prophets hither that hast brought
Of their full words the true interpreter;
And by thy travel strongly hast exprest
The large dimensions of the English tongue,
Delivering them so well, the first and best
That to the world in numbers ever sung.
Thou hast unlock'd the treasury wherein
All art and knowledge have so long been hidden;
Which till the graceful Muses did begin
Here to inhabit, was to us forbidden.
In blest Elysium, in a place most fit,
Under that tree due to the Delphian god,
Musæus and that Iliad singer sit
And near to them that noble Hesiod,
Smoothing their rugged foreheads; and do smile,
After so many hundred years to see
Their Poems read in this far western isle,
Translated from their ancient Greek by thee;
Each his good Genius whispering in his ear,
That with so lucky and auspicious fate
Did still attend them whilst they living were,
And gave their verses such a lasting date.
Where, slightly passing by the Thespian spring,
Many long after did but only sup;
Nature, then fruitful, forth these men did bring,
To fetch deep rouses from Jove's plenteous cup.
In thy free labours, friend, then rest content,
Fear not Detraction, neither fawn on Praise;
When idle Censure all her force hath spent,
Knowledge can crown herself with her own bays.
Their lines that have so many lives outworn,
Clearly expounded, shall base Envy scorn.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

TO MY WORTHY AND HONOURED FRIEND, MR. GEORGE CHAPMAN, ON HIS TRANSLATION OF HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.

WHOSE work could this be, Chapman, to refine
Old Hesiod's ore, and give it us, but thine,
Who hadst before wrought in rich Homer's mine?

What treasure hast thou brought us! and what store
Still, still, dost thou arrive with at our shore,
To make thy honour and our wealth the more!

If all the vulgar tongues that speak this day
Were ask'd of thy discoveries, they must say,
To the Greek coast thine only knew the way.

Such passage hast thou found, such returns made,
As, now of all men, it is call'd thy trade;
And who make thither else rob or invade.

BEN: JONSON.

THE SHADOW OF NIGHT.

"Σκία νυκτὸς. *The Shadow of Night:* Containing Two Poeticall Hymnes, Deuised by G. C. Gent. *Versus mei habebunt aliquantum Noctis.*—Antilo. At London Printed by R. F for William Ponsonby. 1594"

The Shadow of Night.

[1594.]

TO

MY DEAR AND MOST WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER MATTHEW ROYDON.

IT is an exceeding rapture of delight in the deep search of knowledge (none knoweth better than thyself, sweet Matthew) that maketh men manfully indure the extremes incident to that Herculean labour: from flints must the Gorgonean fount be smitten. Men must be shod by Mercury, girt with Saturn's adamantine sword, take the shield from Pallas, the helm from Pluto, and have the eyes of Græa (as Hesiodus arms Perseus against Medusa) before they can cut off the viperous head of benumbing ignorance, or subdue their monstrous affections to most beautiful judgment.

How then may a man stay his marvailing to see passion-driven men, reading but to curtail a tedious hour, and altogether hidebound with affection to great men's fancies, take upon them as killing censures as if they were judgment's butchers, or as if the life of truth lay tottering in their verdicts.

Now what a supererogation in wit this is, to think Skill so mightily pierced with their loves, that she should prostitutely shew them her secrets, when she will scarcely be looked upon by others but with invocation, fasting, watching; yea, not without having drops of their souls like an heavenly familiar. Why then should our *Intonsi Catones* with their profit-ravished gravity esteem her true favours such questionless vanities, as with what part soever thereof they seem to be something delighted, they queamishly commend it for a pretty toy. Good Lord how serious and eternal are their idolatrous platts for riches! No marvel sure they here do so much good with them. And heaven no doubt will grovel on the earth (as they do) to imbrace them. But I stay this spleen when I remember, my good Matthew, how joyfully oftentimes you reported unto me, that most ingenious Darby, deep-searching Northumberland, and skill-embracing heir of Hunsdon had most profitably entertained learning in themselves, to the vital warmth of freezing science, and to the admirable lustre of their true nobility, whose high-deserving virtues may cause me hereafter strike that fire out of darkness, which the brightest Day shall envy for beauty. I should write more but my hasting out of town taketh me from the paper, so preferring thy allowance in this poor and strange trifle, to the passport of a whole City of others, I rest as resolute as Seneca, satisfying myself if but a few, if one, or if none like it.

By the true admirer of thy virtues and perfectly vowed friend,

G. CHAPMAN.

HYMNUS IN NOCTEM.

GREAT goddess, to whose throne in[1] Cynthian fires,
This earthly altar endless fumes expires ;
Therefore, in fumes of sighs and fires of grief,
To fearful chances thou send'st bold relief,
Happy, thrice happy type, and[2] nurse of death,
Who, breathless, feeds on nothing but our breath,
In whom must virtue and her issue live,
Or die for ever ;—now let humour give
Seas to mine eyes, that I may quickly weep
The shipwrack of the world : or let soft sleep
(Binding my senses) loose my working soul,
That in her highest pitch she may control
The court of skill, compact of mystery
Wanting but franchisement[3] and memory
To reach all secrets : then in blissful trance,
Raise her, dear night, to that perseverance,
That in my torture, she all Earth's may sing,
And force to tremble in her trumpeting
Heaven's crystal[4] temples ; in her powers implant
Skill of my griefs, and she can nothing want.

Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold
In Jove's artillery,* my words unfold,
To break the labyrinth of every ear,
And make each frighted soul come forth and hear.
Let them break hearts, as well as yielding airs,
That all men's bosoms (pierced with no affairs
But gain of riches) may be lanced wide,
And with the threats of virtue terrified.

Sorrow's dear sovereign, and the queen of rest,
That when unlightsome, vast, and indigest,
The formless matter of this world did lie,
Fill'd'st every place with thy divinity,
Why did thy absolute and endless sway
License heaven's torch, the sceptre of the day,
Distinguish'd intercession to thy throne,
That long before, all matchless ruled alone?
Why lett'st thou Order, orderless disperse
The fighting parents of this universe?
When earth, the air, and sea, in fire remain'd ;
When fire, the sea, and earth, the air contain'd ;
When air, the earth, and fire, the sea enclosed ;
When, sea, fire, air, in earth were indisposed ;
Nothing, as now, remain'd so out of kind,
All things in gross, were finer than refined,
Substance was sound within, and had no being ;
Now form gives being, all our essence seeming,
Chaos had soul without a body then.
Now bodies live without the souls of men,
Lumps being digested ; monsters in our pride.

And as a wealthy fount that hills did hide,
Let forth by labour of industrious hands,
Pours out her treasure through the fruitful strands,
Seemly divided to a hundred streams,
Whose beauties shed such profitable beams,
And make such Orphean music in their courses,
That cities follow their enchanting forces ;
Who running far, at length each pours her heart
Into the bosom of the gulfy desart,
As much confounded there and indigest,
As in the chaos of the hills comprest :
So all things now (extract out of the prime)
Are turn'd to chaos, and confound the time.

A step-dame Night of mind about us clings,
Who broods beneath her hell-obscuring wings,
Worlds of confusion, where the soul defamed,
The body had been better never framed,
Beneath thy soft and peaceful covert then
(Most sacred mother both of gods and men),
Treasures unknown, and more unprized did dwell ;

* See *Bussy D'Ambois*, (page 166) and *Cæsar and Pompey*, act ii.

But in the blind-born shadow of this hell,
This horrid step-dame, blindness of the mind,
Nought worth the sight, no sight, but worse than blind,
A Gorgon, that with brass and snaky brows
(Most harlot-like) her naked secrets shows ;
For in th' expansure, and distinct attire
Of light, and darkness, of the sea, and fire ;
Of air, and earth, and all, all these create,
First set and ruled, in most harmonious state,
Disjunction shows, in all things now amiss,
By that first order what confusion is :
Religious curb, that managed men in bounds,
Of public welfare, loathing private grounds
(Now cast away by self-love's paramours),
All are transform'd to Caledonian boars,
That kill our bleeding vines, displough our fields,
Rend groves in pieces ; all things nature yields
Supplanting : tumbling up in hills of dearth,
The fruitful disposition of the earth,
Ruin creates men : all to slaughter bent,
Like envy, fed with others' famishment.

And what makes men without the parts of men,
Or in their manhoods, less than childeren,
But manless natures? All this world was named
A world of him, for whom it first was framed,
Who (like a tender cheveril) shrunk with fire
Of base ambition, and of self-desire,
His arms into his shoulders crept for fear
Bounty should use them ; and fierce rape forbear,
His legs into his greedy belly run,
The charge of hospitality to shun.
In him the world is to a lump reversed
That shrunk from form, that was by form dispersed,
And in nought more than thankless avarice,
Not rendering virtue her deserved price :
Kind Amalthea was transferr'd by Jove,
Into his sparkling pavement, for her love,
Though but a goat, and giving him her milk ;
Baseness is flinty, gentry soft as silk,
In heavens she lives, and rules a living sign
In human bodies : yet not so divine,
That she can work her kindness in our hearts.

The senseless Argive ship, for her deserts,
Bearing to Colchos, and for bringing back
The hardy Argonauts, secure of wrack,
The fautor, and the god of gratitude,
Would not from number of the stars exclude.
A thousand such examples could I cite
To damn stone-peasants, that like Typhons fight
Against their Maker, and contend to be
Of kings, the abject slaves of drudgery.
Proud of their thraldom : love the kindest least,
And hate, not to be hated of the best.

If then we frame man's figure by his mind,
And that at first, his fashion was assign'd,
Erection in such god-like excellence
For his soul's sake, and her intelligence :
She so degenerate, and grown depress'd,
Content to share affections with a beast ;
The shape wherewith he should be now endued
Must bear no sign of man's similitude.
Therefore* Promethean poets with the coals
Of their most genial, more-than-human souls
In living verse, created men like these,
With shapes of Centaurs, Harpies, Lapithes,
That they in prime of erudition,
When almost savage vulgar men were grown,
Seeing themselves in those Pierian founts,
Might mend their minds, ashamed of such accounts :
So when ye hear thet sweetest Muse's son,
With heavenly rapture of his music won
Rocks, forests, floods, and winds to leave their course
In his attendance : it bewrays the force
His wisdom had, to draw men grown so rude
To civil love of art and fortitude,
And not for teaching others[5] insolence
Had he his date-exceeding excellence
With sovereign poets, but for use applied,
And in his proper acts exemplified.

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* He calls them Promethean poets in this high conceit, by a figurative comparison betwixt them, that as Prometheus with fire fetched from heaven, made men : so poets with the fire of their souls are said to create those Harpies and Centaurs, and thereof he calls their souls genial.

† Calliope is called the sweetest muse ; her name being by signification, *Cantus suavitas vel modulatio.*

And that in calming the infernal kind,
To wit, the perturbations of his mind,
And bringing his Eurydice from hell
(Which justice signifies) is proved well.
But if in right's observance any man
Look back, with boldness less than Orphean,
Soon falls he to the hell from whence he rose :
The fiction then would temperature dispose
In all the tender motives of the mind,
To make man worthy his hell-daunting kind.
The golden chain of Homer's high device
Ambition is, or cursed avarice,
Which all gods haling being tied to Jove,
Him from his settled height could never move :
Intending this, that though that powerful chain
Of most Herculean vigour to constrain
Men from true virtue, or their pristine states
Attempt a man that manless changes hates,
And is ennobled with a deathless love
Of things eternal, dignified above :
Nothing shall stir him from adorning still
This shape with virtue, and his power with will.

But as rude painters that contend to show
Beasts, fowls, or fish, all artless to bestow
On every side his native counterfeit,
Above his head, his name had need to set :
So men that will be men, in more than face
(As in their foreheads), should in actions place
More perfect characters, to prove they be
No mockers of their first nobility,
Else may they easily pass for beasts or fowls :
Souls praise our shapes, and not our shapes our souls.

And as when Chloris paints th' enamell'd meads,
A flock of shepherds to the bagpipe treads
Rude rural dances with their country loves :
Some afar off observing their removes,
Turns, and returns, quick footing, sudden stands,
Reelings aside, odd actions with their hands ;
Now back, now forwards, now lock'd arm in arm,
Not hearing music, think it is a charm,
That like loose froes at bacchanalian feasts,
Makes them seem frantic in their barren jests.
And being cluster'd in a shapeless crowd,
With much less admiration are allow'd ;
So our first excellence, so much abused,
And we (without the harmony was used,
When Saturn's golden sceptre struck the strings
Of civil government) make all our doings
Savour of rudeness and obscurity,
And in our forms show more deformity,
Than if we still were wrapt and smothered
In that confusion out of which we fled.

And as when hosts of stars attend thy flight,
Day of deep students, most contentful night,
The morning (mounted on the Muses'[6] steed)
Ushers the sun from[7] Vulcan's golden bed,
And then from forth their sundry roofs of rest,
All sorts of men, to sorted tasks address'd,
Spread this inferior element, and yield
Labour his due : the soldier to the field,
Statesmen to council, judges to their pleas,
Merchants to commerce, mariners to seas :
All beasts, and birds, the groves and forests range,
To fill all corners of this round Exchange,
Till thou (dear Night, O goddess of most worth)
Lett'st thy sweet seas of golden humour forth ;
And eagle-like dost with thy starry wings
[8]Beat in the fowls and beasts to Somnus' lodgings
And haughty Day to the infernal deep,
Proclaiming silence, study, ease, and sleep.
All things before thy forces put in rout,
Retiring where the morning fired them out.

So to the chaos of our first descent
(All days of honour and of virtue spent)
We basely make retreat, and are no less
Than huge impolish'd heaps of filthiness.
Men's faces glitter, and their hearts are black,
But thou (great mistress of heaven's gloomy rack)
Art black in face, and glitter'st in thy heart.
There is thy glory, riches, force, and art ;

Opposed earth beats black and blue thy face,
And often doth thy heart itself deface,
For spite that to thy virtue-famed train,
All the choice worthies that did ever reign
In eldest age, were still preferr'd by Jove,
Esteeming that due honour to his love.
There shine they: not to seamen guides alone,
But sacred precedents to every one.
There fix'd for ever, when the day is driven,
Almost four hundred times a year from heaven.
In hell then let her sit, and never rise,
Till morns leave blushing at her cruelties.

Meanwhile, accept, as followers of thy train
(Our better parts aspiring to thy reign),
Virtues obscured and banished the day,
With all the glories of this spongy sway,
Prison'd in flesh, and that poor flesh in bands
Of stone and steel, chief flowers of virtue's garlands.

O then most tender fortress of our woes,
That bleeding lie in virtue's overthrows,
Hating the whoredom of this painted light:
Raise thy chaste daughters, ministers of right,
The dreadful and the just Eumenides,
And let them wreak the wrongs of our disease,
Drowning the world in blood, and stain the skies
With their spilt souls, made drunk with tyrannies.

Fall, Hercules, from heaven, in tempests hurl'd,
And cleanse this beastly stable of the world:
[9]Or bend thy brazen bow against the sun,
As in Tartessus, when thou hadst begun
Thy task of oxen: heat in more extremes
Than thou wouldst suffer, with his envious beams.
Now make him leave the world to Night and dreams.
Never were virtue's labours so envied
As in this light: shoot, shoot, and stoop his pride.
Suffer no more his lustful rays to get
The earth with issue: let him still be set
In Somnus' thickets: bound about the brows,
With pitchy vapours, and with ebon boughs.

[10]Rich-taper'd sanctuary of the blest,
Palace of ruth, made all of tears, and rest,
To thy black shades and desolation
I consecrate my life; and living moan,
Where furies shall for ever fighting be,
And adders hiss the world for hating me,
Foxes shall bark, and night-ravens belch in groans,
And owls shall halloo my confusions:
There will I furnish up my funeral bed,
Strew'd with the bones and relics of the dead.
Atlas shall let th' Olympic burthen fall,
To cover my untombed face withal.
And when as well the matter of our kind,
As the material substance of the mind,
Shall cease their revolutions, in abode
Of such impure and ugly period,
As the old essence and insensive prime:
Then shall the ruins of the fourfold time,
Turn'd to that lump (as rapting torrents rise),
For ever murmur forth my miseries.

Ye living spirits then, if any live,
Whom like extremes do like affections give,
Shun, shun this cruel light, and end your thrall,
In these soft shades of sable funeral:
From whence with ghosts whom vengeance holds from rest,
Dog-fiends and monsters haunting the distress'd,
As men whose parents tyranny hath slain,
Whose sisters rape, and bondage do sustain.
But you that ne'er had birth, nor ever proved,
How dear a blessing 'tis to be beloved,
Whose friends' idolatrous desire of gold,
To scorn and ruin have your freedom sold:
Whose virtues feel all this, and show your eyes,
Men made of Tartar, and of villanies.
Aspire th' extraction, and the quintessence
Of all the joys in earth's circumference:
With ghosts, fiends, monsters: as men robb'd and rack'd,
Murther'd in life: from shades with shadows black'd:
Thunder your wrongs, your miseries and hells,
And with the dismal accents of your knells

Revive the dead, and make the living die
In ruth and terror of your tortury :
Still all the power of art into your groans,
Scorning your trivial and remissive moans,
Compact of fiction, and hyperboles
(Like wanton mourners cloy'd with too much ease),
Should leave the glasses of the hearers' eyes
Unbroken, counting all but vanities.
But paint, or else create in serious truth,
A body figured to your virtues' ruth,
That to the sense may show what damned sin,
For your extremes this chaos tumbles in.
But woe is wretched me, without a name :
Virtue feeds scorn, and noblest honour, shame :
Pride bathes in tears of poor submission,
And makes his soul the purple he puts on.

Kneel then with me, fall worm-like on the ground,
And from th' infectious dunghill of this round,
From men's brass wits and golden foolery,
Weep, weep your souls, into felicity :
Come to this house of mourning, serve the Night,
To whom pale Day (with whoredom soaked quite)
Is but a drudge, selling her beauty's use
To rapes, adulteries, and to all abuse.
Her labours feast imperial Night with sports,
Where loves are Christmass'd, with all pleasure's sorts ;
And whom her fugitive and far-shot rays
Disjoin, and drive into ten thousand ways,
Night's glorious mantle wraps in safe abodes,
And frees their necks from servile labour's loads :
Her trusty shadows succour men dismay'd,
Whom Day's deceitful malice hath betray'd :
From the silk vapours of her ivory port,
Sweet Protean dreams she sends of every sort :
Some taking forms of princes, to persuade
Of men deject, we are their equals made,
Some clad in habit of deceased friends,
For whom we mourn'd, and now have wish'd amends ;
And some (dear favour) lady-like attired,
With pride of beauty's full meridian fired :
Who pity our contempts, revive our hearts;
For wisest ladies love the inward parts.

If these be dreams, even so are all things else,
That walk this round by heavenly sentinels :
But from Night's port of horn she greets our eyes
With graver dreams inspired with prophecies,
Which oft presage to us succeeding chances,
We proving that awake, they show in trances.
If these seem likewise vain, or nothing are,
Vain things, or nothing come to virtue's share ;
For nothing more than dreams with us she finds :
Then since all pleasures vanish like the winds,
And that most serious actions not respecting
The second light, are worth but the neglecting,
Since day, or light, in any quality,
For earthly uses do but serve the eye ;
And since the eye's most quick and dangerous use,
Enflames the heart, and learns the soul abuse,
Since mournings are preferr'd to banquettings,
And they reach heaven, bred under sorrow's wings ;
Since Night brings terror to our frailties still,
And shameless Day, doth marble us in ill.

All you possess'd with indepressed spirits,
Endued with nimble, and aspiring wits,
Come consecrate with me, to sacred Night
Your whole endeavours, and detest the light.
Sweet Peace's richest crown is made of stars,
Most certain guides of honour'd mariners,
No pen can anything eternal write,
That is not steep'd in humour of the Night.

Hence beasts, and birds to caves and bushes then,
And welcome Night, ye noblest heirs of men,
Hence Phœbus to thy glassy strumpet's bed,
And never more let[11] Themis' daughters spread
The golden harness on thy rosy horse,
But in close thickets run thy oblique course.

See now ascends, the glorious bride of brides,
Nuptials, and triumphs, glittering by her sides,
Juno and Hymen do her train adorn,
Ten thousand torches round about them borne:
Dumb silence mounted on the Cyprian star,
With becks rebukes the winds before his car,
Where she advanced; beats down with cloudy mace,
The feeble light to black Saturnius' palace:
Behind her, with a brace[12] of silver hinds,
In ivory chariot, swifter than the winds,
Great[13] Hyperion's horned daughter drawn.
Enchantress-like deck'd in disparent lawn,
Circled with charms and incantations,
That ride huge spirits, and outrageous passions:
Music, and mood, she loves, but love she hates
(As curious ladies do, their public cates),
This train, with meteors, comets, lightenings,
The dreadful presence of our empress sings:
Which grant for ever (O eternal Night)
Till virtue flourish in the light of light.

Explicit Hymnus.

GLOSS.

[1] He calls these Cynthian fires, of Cynthius or the Sun, in whose beams the fumes and vapours of the earth are exhaled.—The earth being as an altar, and those fumes as sacrificing smokes, because they seem pleasing to her in resembling her, that the earth is called an altar, *Aratus in Astronomicis* testifies in these verses:

Αλλ' ἄρα και περὶ κειvο θυτήριον αρχαὶη νὺξ, &c.
Nox antiqua suo curru convolvitur Aram
Hanc circum, quæ signa dedit certissima nautis
Commiserata virûm metuendos undique casus.

In which verses the substance of the first four verses is expressed.

[2] Night is called the nurse or mother of Death by *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia*, in these verses repeating her other issue:

Nox peperit fatumque malum, Parcamque nigrantem
Et mortem et somnum, diversaque somnia: natos
Hos peperit, nulli dea nox conjuncta marito.

[3] Plato saith *dicere* is nothing else but *reminisci*.

[4] The heavenly abodes are often called celestial temples by *Homer et aliis*.

[5] Insolence is here taken for rareness or unwontedness.

[6] *Lycophron*, in *Alexandra*, affirms, the morning useth to ride upon *Pegasus* in his verses:

Aurora montem Phagium advolverat
Velocis altum nuper alis Pegasi.

[7] Vulcan is said by *Natalis Comes* in his *Mythologie*, to have made a golden bed for the Sun, wherein he swum sleeping till the morning.

[8] Quæ lucem pellis sub terras: *Orpheus*.

[9] Here he alludes to the fiction of Hercules, that in his labour at Tartessus fetching away the oxen, being (more than he liked) heat with the beams of the Sun, he bent his bow against him, &c. *Ut ait Pherecides in* 3. *lib. Historiarum*.

[10] This periphrasis of the Night he useth, because in her the blest (by whom he intends the virtuous), living obscurely, are relieved and quieted, according to those verses before of *Aratus*.

Commiserata virûm metuendos undique casus.

[11] Themis' daughters are the three hours—*viz.*, Dice, Irene, and Eunomia, begotten by Jupiter. They are said to make ready the horse and chariot of the Sun every morning *ut Orph.*

Et Jovis et Themidis Horæ de semine natæ, &c.

[12] Cynthia, or the Moon, is said to be drawn by two white hinds, *ut ait Callimachus:*

Aurea nam domitrix Tityi sunt arma Diana
Cuncta tibi et zona, et fuga quæ cervicibus aurea
Cervarum imponis currum cum ducis ad aureum.

[13] *Hesiodus*, in *Theogonia*, calls her the daughter of *Hyperion*, and *Thya*, *in his versibus:—*

Thia parit Solem magnum, Lunamque nitentem
Auroram quæ fert lucem mortalibus almam
Coelicolisque Deis cunctis, Hyperionis almi
Semine concepit, namque illos Thia decora.

So is she said to wear party-coloured garments: the rest intimates her magic authority.

For the rest of his own invention, figures and similes, touching their aptness and novelty, he hath not laboured to justify them, because he hopes they will be proved enough to justify themselves, and prove sufficiently authentical to such as understand them; for the rest, God help them, I cannot do as others, make day seem a lighter woman than she is, by painting her.

HYMNUS IN CYNTHIAM.

[1]NATURE'S bright eyesight, and the Night's fair soul,[2]
[3]That with thy triple forehead dost control
Earth, seas, and hell; and art in dignity
The greatest and swiftest planet in the sky.

Peaceful and warlike, and the[4] power of fate,
In perfect circle of whose sacred state
The circles of our hopes are compassed:
All wisdom, beauty, majesty, and dread,
Wrought in the speaking portrait of thy face.
Great Cynthia, rise out of thy [5]Latmian palace,
[6]Wash thy bright body in th' Atlantic streams,
Put on those robes that are most rich in beams;
And in thy all-ill-purging purity
(As if the shady[7] Cytheron did fry
In sightful fury of a solemn fire),
Ascend thy chariot, and make earth admire
Thy old swift changes, made a young fix'd prime,
O let thy beauty scorch the wings of time,
That fluttering he may fall before thine eyes,
And beat himself to death before he rise:
And as heaven's[8] genial parts were cut away
By Saturn's hands, with adamantine[9] harpey,
Only to show that since it was composed
Of universal matter, it enclosed
No power to procreate another heaven,
So since that adamantine power is given
To thy chaste hands, to cut off all desire
Of fleshly sports, and quench to Cupid's fire:
Let it approve: no change shall take thee hence,
Nor thy throne bear another inference;
For if the envious forehead of the earth
Lour on thy age, and claim thee as her birth,
Tapers nor torches, nor the forests burning,
Soul-winging music, nor tear-stilling mourning
(Used of old Romans and rude Macedons
In thy most sad and black discessions),
We know can nothing further thy recall,
When Night's dark robes (whose objects blind us all)
Shall celebrate thy changes' funeral.
But as in that thrice dreadful foughten field
Of ruthless Cannas, when sweet rule did yield
Her beauties' strongest proofs, and hugest love:
When men as many as the lamps above,
Arm'd Earth in steel, and made her like the skies,
That two Auroras did in one day rise.
Then with the terror of the trumpets' call,
The battles join'd as if the world did fall:
Continued long in life-disdaining fight,
Jove's thundering eagles feather'd like the night,
Hovering above them with indifferent wings,
Till Blood's stern daughter, cruel[10] Tyche, flings
The chief of one side, to the blushing ground,
And then his men (whom griefs and fears confound)
Turn'd all their cheerful hopes to grim despair,
Some casting off their souls into the air,
Some taken prisoners, some extremely maim'd,
And all (as men accursed) on fate exclaim'd.
So, gracious Cynthia, in that sable day,
When interposed earth takes thee away
(Our sacred chief and sovereign general),
As crimson a retreat, and steep a fall,
We fear to suffer from this peace and height,
Whose thankless sweet now cloys us with receipt.

[11]The Romans set sweet music to her charms,
To raise thy stoopings, with her airy arms:
Used loud resoundings with auspicious brass:
Held torches up to heaven, and flaming glass,
Made a whole forest but a burning eye,
T' admire thy mournful partings with the sky.
The Macedonians were so stricken dead,
With skill-less horror of thy changes dread;

They wanted hearts, to lift-up sounds, or fires,
Or eyes to heaven; but used their funeral tyres,
Trembled, and wept; assured some mischief's fury
Would follow that afflicting augury.

Nor shall our wisdoms be more arrogant
(O sacred Cynthia), but believe thy want
Hath cause to make us now as much afraid:
Nor shall Democrates, who first is said,
To read in nature's brows thy changes' cause,
Persuade our sorrows to a vain applause.

Time's motion, being like the reeling sun's,
Or as the sea reciprocally runs,
Hath brought us now to their opinions;
As in our garments, ancient fashions
Are newly worn; and as sweet poesy
Will not be clad in her supremacy
With those strange garments (Rome's hexameters),
As she is English; but in right prefers
Our native robes (put on with skilful hands
English heroics) to those antic garlands,
Accounting it no meed, but mockery,
When her steep brows already prop the sky,
To put on start-ups, and yet let it fall.
No otherwise (O queen celestial)
Can we believe Ephesia's state will be
But spoil with foreign grace, and change with thee
[12]The pureness of thy never-tainted life,
Scorning the subject title of a wife,
Thy body not composed in thy birth,
Of such condensed matter as the earth.
Thy shunning faithless men's society,
Betaking thee to hounds, and archery
To deserts, and inaccessible hills,
Abhorring pleasure in Earth's common ills,
Commit most willing rapes on all our hearts:
And make us tremble, lest thy sovereign parts
(The whole preservers of our happiness)
Should yield to change, eclipse, or heaviness.
And as thy changes happen by the site,
Near, or far distance, of thy father's* light,
Who (set in absolute remotion) reaves
Thy face of light, and thee all darken'd leaves:
So for thy absence to the shade of death
Our souls fly mourning, winged with our breath.

Then set thy crystal and imperial throne,
Girt in thy chaste and never-loosing[13] zone,
'Gainst Europe's Sun directly opposite,
And give him darkness that doth threat thy light.

O how accursed are they thy favour scorn![14]
Diseases pine their flocks, tares spoil their corn:
Old men are blind of issue, and young wives
Bring forth abortive fruit, that never thrives.

But then how bless'd are they thy favour graces,
Peace in their hearts, and youth reigns in their faces:
Health strengths their bodies, to subdue the seas,
And dare the Sun, like Theban Hercules,
To calm the furies, and to quench the fire:
As at thy altars, in thy Persic empire,
[15]Thy holy women walk'd with naked soles
Harmless, and confident, on burning coals:
The virtue-temper'd mind, ever preserves,
Oils, and expulsatory balm that serves
To quench lust's fire in all things it anoints,
And steels our feet to march on needles' points:
And 'mongst her arms hath armour to repel
The cannon and the fiery darts of hell:
She is the great enchantress that commands
Spirits of every region, seas, and lands,
Round heaven itself, and all his sevenfold heights,
Are bound to serve the strength of her conceits.
A perfect type of thy Almighty state,
That hold'st the thread, and rulest the sword of fate.

Then you that exercise the virgin court
Of peaceful Thespia, my muse consort,
Making her drunken with [16]Gorgonean dews,
And therewith all your ecstasies infuse,

* *Eurip. in Phœnisses*, calls her the daughter, not sister, of the Sun.

O clarissimi filia Solis Luna aurei circuli lumen, &c.

That she may reach the topless starry brows
Of steep Olympus, crown'd with freshest boughs
Of Daphnean laurel, and the praises sing
Of mighty Cynthia: truly figuring
(As she is Hecate) her sovereign kind,
And in her force, the forces of the mind:
An argument to ravish and refine
An earthly soul, and make it mere divine.
Sing then withal, her palace brightness bright,
The dazzle-sun perfections of her light;
Circling her face with glories, sing the walks,
Where in her heavenly magic mood she stalks.
Her arbours, thickets, and her wondrous game,
(A huntress, being never match'd in fame),
Presume not then ye flesh-confounded souls,
That cannot bear the full Castalian bowls,
Which sever mounting spirits from the senses,
To look in this deep fount for thy pretences:
The juice more clear than day, yet shadows night,
Where humour challengeth no drop of right:
But judgment shall display, to purest eyes
With ease, the bowels of these mysteries.

See then this planet of our lives descended
To rich [17]Ortygia, gloriously attended,
Not with her fifty ocean nymphs; nor yet
Her twenty foresters: but doth beget
By powerful charms, delightsome servitors
Of flowers and shadows, mists and meteors:
Her rare Elysian palace she did build
With studied wishes, which sweet hope did gild
With sunny foil, that lasted but a day:
For night must needs importune her away.
The shapes of every wholesome flower and tree
She gave those types of her felicity.
And Form herself she mightily conjured
Their priceless values might not be obscured,
With disposition baser than divine,
But make that blissful court of hers to shine
With all accomplishment of architect,
That not the eye of Phœbus could detect.
Form then, 'twixt two superior pillars framed
This tender building, Pax Imperii named,
Which cast a shadow like a Pyramis,
Whose basis in the plain or back part is
Of that quaint work: the top so high extended,
That it the region of the moon transcended:
Without, within it, every corner fill'd
By beauteous form, as her great mistress will'd.
[18]Here as she sits, the thunder-loving Jove
In honours past all others shows his love,
Proclaiming her in complete Empery,
Of whatsoever the Olympic sky
With tender circumvecture doth embrace,
The chiefest planet that doth heaven enchase.
Dear goddess, prompt, benign, and bounteous,
That hears all prayers, from the least of us
Large riches gives, since she is largely given,
And all that spring from seed of earth and heaven
She doth command: and rules the fates of all,
Old Hesiod sings her thus celestial.
And now to take the pleasures of the day,
Because her night-star soon will call away,
She frames of matter intimate before
(To wit, a white and dazzling meteor),
A goodly nymph, whose beauty, beauty stains
Heavens with her jewels; gives all the reins
Of wished pleasance; frames her golden wings,
But them she binds up close with purple strings,
Because she now will have her run alone,
And bid the base to all affection.
And Euthimya is her sacred name,
Since she the cares and toils of earth must tame:
Then straight the flowers, the shadows and the mists
(Fit matter for most pliant humourists),
She hunters makes: and of that substance hounds
Whose mouths deaf heaven, and furrow earth with wounds,
And marvel not a nymph so rich in grace
To hounds' rude pursuits should be given in chase.
For she could turn herself to every shape
Of swiftest beasts, and at her pleasure 'scape;
Wealth fawns on fools; virtues are meat for vices,
Wisdom conforms herself to all Earth's guises,

Good gifts are often given to men past good,
And Noblesse stoops sometimes beneath his blood.

The hounds that she created, vast, and fleet
Were grim Melampus, with th' Ethiop's feet,
White Leucon; all-eating Pamphagus,
Sharp-sighted Dorceus, wild Oribasus,
Storm-breathing Lelaps, and the savage Theron,
Wing'd-footed Pterelas, and hind-like Ladon,
Greedy Harpyia, and the painted Stycté,
Fierce Trigis, and the thicket-searcher Agre,
The black Melaneus, and the bristled Lachne,
Lean-lustful Cyprius, and big-chested Aloe.
These and such other now the forest ranged,
And Euthimya to a panther changed,
Holds them sweet chase; their mouths they freely spend,
As if the earth in sunder they would rend.
Which change of music liked the goddess so,
That she before her foremost nymph would go,
And not a huntsman there was eagerer seen
In that sport's love (yet all were wondrous keen)
Than was their swift and windy-footed queen.
But now this spotted game did thicket take,
Where not a hound could hunger'd passage make:
Such proof the covert was, all arm'd in thorn,
With which in their attempts the dogs were torn,
And fell to howling in their happiness:
As when a flock of school-boys, whom their mistress
Held closely to their books, gets leave to sport,
And then like toil-freed deer, in headlong sort,
With shouts, and shrieks, they hurry from the school.
Some strew the woods, some swim the silver pool:
All as they list to several pastimes fall,
To feed their famish'd wantonness withal.
When straight, within the woods some wolf or bear,
The heedless limbs of one doth piecemeal tear,
Affrighteth other, sends some bleeding back,
And some in greedy whirl-pits suffer wrack.
So did the bristled covert check with wounds
The licorous haste of these game-greedy hounds.

In this vast thicket (whose description's task
The pens of furies, and of fiends would ask:
So more than human-thoughted horrible)
The souls of such as lived implausible,
In happy empire of this goddess' glories,
And scorn'd to crown her fanes with sacrifice,
Did ceaseless walk; exspiring fearful groans,
Curses and threats for their confusions.
Her darts, and arrows, some of them had slain,
Others her dogs eat, painting her disdain,
After she had transform'd them into beasts:
Others her monsters carried to their nests,
Rent them in pieces, and their spirits sent
To this blind shade, to wail their banishment.
The huntsmen hearing (since they could not hear)
Their hounds at fault; in eager chase drew near,
Mounted on lions, unicorns, and boars,
And saw their hounds lie licking of their sores,
Some yearning at the shroud, as if they chid
Her stinging tongues, that did their chase forbid:
By which they knew the game was that way gone.
Then each man forced the beast he rode upon,
T' assault the thicket; whose repulsive thorns
So gall'd the lions, boars, and unicorns,
Dragons, and wolves; that half their courages
Were spent in roars, and sounds of heaviness:
Yet being the princeliest, and hardiest beasts,
That gave chief fame to those Ortygian forests,

And all their riders furious of their sport,
A fresh assault they gave, in desperate sort:
And with their falchions made their ways in wounds,
The thicket open'd, and let in the hounds.
But from her bosom cast prodigious cries,
Wrapt in her Stygian fumes of miseries:
Which yet the breaths of these courageous steeds
Did still drink up, and clear'd their venturous heads:
As when the fiery coursers of the sun,
Up to the palace of the morning run,
And from their nostrils blow the spiteful day:
So yet those foggy vapours made them way.
But pressing further, saw such cursed sights,
Such Ætnas fill'd with strange tormented sprites,
That now the vaporous object of the eye
Out-pierced the intellect in faculty.
Baseness was nobler than Nobility:
For ruth (first shaken from the brain of Love,
And love the soul of virtue) now did move,
Not in their souls (spheres mean enough for such),
But in their eyes; and thence did conscience touch
Their hearts with pity, where her proper throne
Is in the mind, and there should first have shone:
Eyes should guide bodies, and our souls our eyes,
But now the world consists on contraries.
So sense brought terror, where the mind's presight
Had saved that fear, and done but pity right,
But servile fear, now forged a wood of darts
Within their eyes, and cast them through their hearts:
Then turn'd they bridle, then half slain with fear,
Each did the other backwards overbear,
As when th' Italian Duke, a troop of horse
Sent out in haste against some English force,
From stately-sited sconce-torn Nimiguen,
Under whose walls the [19]Wall most Cynthian,
Stretcheth her silver limbs loaded with wealth,
Hearing our horse were marching down by stealth.
(Who looking for them) war's quick artisan,
Fame-thriving Vere, that in those countries wan
More fame than guerdon; ambuscadoes laid
Of certain foot, and made full well appaid
The hopeful enemy, in sending those
The long-expected subjects of their blows
To move their charge; which straight they give amain,
When we retiring to our strength again,
The foe pursues, assured of our lives,
And us within our ambuscado drives;
Who straight with thunder of the drums and shot,
Tempest their wraths on them that wist it not.
Then (turning headlong) some escaped us so,
Some left to ransom, so to overthrow,
In such confusion did this troop retire,
And thought them cursed in that game's desire:
Out flew the hounds, that there could nothing find,
Of the sly panther, that did beard the wind,
Running into it full, to clog the chase,
And tire her followers with too much solace.
And but the superficies of the shade,
Did only sprinkle with the scent she made,
As when the sunbeams on high billows fall,
And make their shadows dance upon a wall,
That is the subject of his fair reflectings.
Or else; as when a man in summer evenings,
Something before sunset, when shadows be
Rack'd with his stooping, to the highest degree,
His shadow climbs the trees, and scales a hill,*
While he goes on the beaten passage still:
So slightly touch'd the panther with her scent,
This irksome covert, and away she went,
Down to a fruitful island sited by,
Full of all wealth, delight, and empery,
Ever with child of curious architect,
Yet still deliver'd; paved with dames select,
On whom rich feet in foulest boots might tread,
And never foul them: for kind Cupid spread
Such perfect colours on their pleasing faces,
That their reflects clad foulest weeds with graces.

* Simile ad eandem explicat.

Beauty strikes fancy blind ; pied show deceives us,
Sweet banquets tempt our healths, when temper leaves us,
Inchastity is ever prostitute,
Whose trees we loathe, when we have pluck'd their fruit.

Hither this panther fled, now turn'd a boar,
More huge than that th' Ætolians plagued so sore,
And led the chase through noblest mansions,
Gardens and groves, exempt from paragons,
In all things ruinous, and slaughtersome,
As was that scourge to the Ætolian kingdom :
After as if a whirlwind drave them on,
Full cry, and close, as if they all were one
The hounds pursue, and fright the earth with sound,
Making her tremble ; as when winds are bound
In her cold bosom, fighting for event :
With whose fierce ague all the world is rent.

But Day's arm (tired to hold her torch to them)
Now let it fall within the Ocean stream,
The goddess blew retreat, and with her blast,
Her morn's creation did like vapours waste :
The winds made wing into the upper light,
And blew abroad the sparkles of the night.
Then (swift as thought) the bright Titanides,
Guide and great sovereign of the marble seas,
With milk-white heifers, mounts into her sphere,
And leaves us miserable creatures here.

Thus nights, fair days, thus griefs do joys supplant :
Thus glories graven in steel and adamant
Never supposed to waste, but grow by wasting
(Like snow in rivers fall'n), consume by lasting.
O then thou great [20]elixir of all treasures
From whom we multiply our world of pleasures,
Descend again, ah, never leave the earth,
But [21] as thy plenteous humours gave us birth,
So let them drown the world in night and death
Before this air, leave breaking with thy breath.

Come, goddess, come ; [22] the double father'd son,
Shall dare no more amongst thy train to run,
Nor with polluted hands to touch thy veil :
His death was darted from the scorpion's tail,
For which her form to endless memory,
With other lamps, doth lend the heavens an eye,
And he that show'd such great presumption,
Is hidden now, beneath a little stone.

If [23] proud Alpheus offer force again,
Because he could not once thy love obtain,
Thou and thy nymphs shall stop his mouth with mire,
And mock the fondling, for his mad aspire.
Thy glorious temple, [24]great Lucifera,
That was the study of all Asia,
Two hundred twenty summers to erect,
Built by Chersiphrone thy architect,
In which two hundred twenty columns stood,
Built by two hundred twenty kings of blood,
Of curious beauty, and admired height,
Pictures and statues, of as praiseful sleight,
Convenient for so chaste a goddess' fane
(Burnt by Herostratus), shall now again
Be re-exstruct, and this Ephesia be
Thy country's happy name, come here with thee,
As it was there so shall it now be framed,
And thy fair virgin-chamber ever named.
And as in reconstruction of it there,
There ladies did no more their jewels wear,
But frankly contribute them all to raise
A work of such a chaste religious praise :
So will our ladies ; for in them it lies,
To spare so much as would that work suffice.
Our dames well set their jewels in their minds,
Insight illustrates ; outward bravery blinds,
The mind hath in herself a deity,
And in the stretching circle of her eye
All things are compass'd, all things present still,
Will framed to power, doth make us what we will.
But keep your jewels, make ye braver yet,
Elysian ladies ; and (in riches set,
Upon your foreheads) let us see your hearts ;
Build Cynthia's temple in your virtuous parts,
Let every jewel be a virtue's glass :
And no Herostratus shall ever rase
Those holy monuments : but pillars stand,
Where every Grace and Muse shall hang her garland.

The mind in that we like, rules every limb,
Gives hands to bodies, makes them make them trim ;
Why then in that the body doth dislike,
Should not [25]his sword as great a veney strike?
The bit and spur that monarch ruleth still,
To further good things and to curb the ill,
He is the Ganymede, the bird of Jove,
Rapt to her sovereign's bosom for his love,
His beauty was it, not the body's pride,
That made him great Aquarius stellified.
And that mind most is beautiful and high,
And nearest comes to a Divinity,
That furtherest is from spot of Earth's delight,
Pleasures that lose their substance with their sight,
Such one, Saturnius ravisheth to love,
And fills the cup of all content to Jove.

If wisdom be the mind's true beauty then,
And that such beauty shines in virtuous men,
If those sweet Ganymedes shall only find,
† * * * * * *
Love of Olympus, are those wizards wise,
That nought but gold, and his dejections prize?
This beauty hath a fire upon her brow,
That dims the sun of base desires in you,
And as the cloudy bosom of the tree,
Whose branches will not let the summer see
His solemn shadows ; but do entertain
Eternal winter : so thy sacred train,
Thrice mighty Cynthia, should be frozen dead,
To all the lawless flames of Cupid's godhead.
To this end let thy beams' divinities
For ever shine upon their sparkling eyes,
And be as quench to those pestiferent fires,
That through their eyes impoison their desires.
Thou never yet wouldst stoop to base assault,
Therefore those poets did most highly fault,
That feign'd thee [26]fifty children by Endymion,
And they that write thou hadst but three alone,

† It appears that a line has slipped out here.—Ed.

Thou never any hadst, but didst affect,
Endymion for his studious intellect.
Thy soul-chaste kisses were for virtue's sake,
And since his eyes were evermore awake,
To search for knowledge of thy excellence,
And all astrology : no negligence
Or female softness fed his learned trance,
Nor was thy veil once touch'd with dalliance.
Wise poets feign thy godhead properly
The thresholds of men's doors did fortify,
And therefore built they thankful altars there,
Serving thy power in most religious fear.
Dear precedent for us to imitate,
Whose doors thou guard'st against imperious fate,
Keeping our peaceful households safe from sack,
And free'st our ships when others suffer wrack.
Thy [27]virgin chamber then that sacred is,
No more let hold an idle Salmacis,
Nor let more sleights Cydippe injury :
Nor let black Jove, possess'd in Sicily,
Ravish more maids, but maids subdue his might,
With well-steel'd lances of thy watchful sight.

[28]Then in thy clear and icy pentacle,
Now execute a magic miracle :
Slip every sort of poison'd herbs and plants,
And bring thy rabid mastiffs to these haunts.
Look with thy fierce aspect, be terror-strong,
Assume thy wondrous shape of half a furlong :
Put on thy feet of serpents, viperous hairs,
And act the fearfull'st part of thy affairs :
Convert the violent courses of thy floods,
Remove whole fields of corn, and hugest woods,
Cast hills into the sea, and make the stars
Drop out of heaven, and lose thy mariners.
So shall the wonders of thy power be seen,
And thou for ever live the planets' queen.

Explicit Hymnus.

Omnis ut umbra.

GLOSS.

[1] He gives her that *periphrasis—viz.*, Nature's bright eyesight, because that by her store of humours issue is given to all birth: and thereof is she called *Lucina*, and *Illythia*, quia præest parturientibus cum invocaretur, and gives them help: which Orpheus in a Hymn of her praise expresseth and calls her besides Prothyrea, *ut sequitur*:—

Κλῦθί μοι, ὦ πολύσεμνε θεα, &c.
Audi me veneranda Dea, cui nomina multa:
Prægnantum adjutrix, parientum dulce levamen,
Sola puellarum servatrix, solaque prudens:
Auxilium velox teneris Prothyræa puellis.

And a little after, he shows her plainly to be Diana, *Ilythia*, and *Prothyræa*, in these verses:

Solam animi requiem te clamant parturientes.
Sola potes diros partus placare labores
Diana, Ilythia gravis, sumus et Prothyræa.

[2] He calls her the soul of the Night, since she is the purest part of her according to common conceit.

[3] *Orpheus* in these verses of *Argonauticis*, saith she is thrice-headed, as she is Hecate, Luna, and Diana, *ut sequitur*.

Cumque illis Hecate properans horrenda cucurrit
Cui trinum caput est, genuit quam Tartarus olim.

The rest above will not be denied.

[4] That she is called the power of fate, read *Hesiodus* in *Theogonia* when he gives her more than this commendation in these verses:

Jupiter ingentes illi largitur honores,
Muneraque imperium terræque marisque profundi:
Cunctorumque simul, quæ cœlum amplectitur altum,
Admittitque preces facilis Dea, prompta, benigna:
Divitias præbet, quid ei concessa potestas,
Imperat hæc cunctis, qui sunt è semine nati:
Et Terræ et Coeli, cunctorum fata gubernat.

[5] In Latmos she is supposed to sleep with Endymion, *ut Catullus*:—

Ut triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans,
Dulcis amor Gyro devocet Aerio.

[6] Homer, with a marvellous poetical sweetness, saith she washes her before she apparels herself in the Atlantic Sea. And then shows her apparel, as in these verses in Oceano Lavacri.

Rursus Atlanteis, in lymphis membra lavata,
Vestibus induta, et nitidis Dea Luna micantes:
Curru junxit equos celeres, quibus ardua colla.

[7] Cytheron, as Menander saith, was a most fair boy, and beloved of Tisiphone, who, since she could not obtain his love, she tears from her head a serpent, and threw it at him, which stinging him to death, the gods in pity turned him to a hill of that name first called *Asterius*, full of woods, where in all poets have affirmed wild beasts live, and use it often to express their haunts, or store of woods, whereupon he invokes Cynthia to rise in such brightness, as if it were all on fire.

[8] This is expounded as followeth by Gyraldus Lilius. The application most fitly made by this author.

[9] *Harpe* should be written thus, not with a y, yet here he useth it, lest some not knowing what it means, read it for a *harp*, having found this grossness in some scholars. It was the sword of Perseus used to cut off Medusa's head.

[10] Fortune is called *Tyche*, as witnesseth *Pausanias* in *Messeniacis*, who affirms her to be one of the daughters likewise of Oceanus, which was playing with Proserpine when Dis ravished her.

Una omnes vario per prata comantia flore,
Candida Leucippe, Phænoque, Electraque Ianthe.
Melobosisque Tyche, Ocyrhoe præsignis ocellis.

And Orpheus in a hymn to *Fortuna*, saith she is the daughter of blood, *ut in his, sanguine prognatam, Vi et inexpugnabile numen.*

[11] Plutarch writes thus of the Romans and Macedons in *Paulus Æmilius*.

[12] These are commonly known to be the properties of Cynthia.

[13] This Zone is said to be the girdle of Cynthia. And therefore when maids lost their maidenheads, amongst the Athenians, they used to put off their girdles. And after custom made it a phrase *zonam solvere*, to lose their maidenheads, *ut Apolo. lib.* 1.

Prima soluta mihi est, postremaque zona quid ipsa
Invidit multos natos Lucinæ miselle.

[14] These are the verses of Callimachus translated to effect:—

O miseri, quibus ipsa gravem tu concipis iram, &c.

[15] This Strabo testifieth *Libro duodecimo*.

[16] *Pegasus* is called *Gorgoneus*; since poets feign that when *Perseus* smote off *Medusa's* head, *Pegasus* flew from the wound: and therefore the Muses' fount which he made with his hoof, is called *Gorgon*.

[17] Ortygia is the country where she was brought up.

[18] These are the verses of Hesiodus before.

[19] The *Wall* is a most excellent river in the Low Countries, parting with another river called the *Maze*, near a town in Holland called Gurckham, and runs up to Guelderland, under the walls of Nimiguen. And these like *similes*, in my opinion, drawn from the honourable deeds of our noble countrymen, clad in comely

habit of poesy, would become a poem as well as further-fetched grounds, if such as be poets nowadays would use them.

[20] The Philosopher's Stone, or Philosophica Medicina, is called the great Elixir, to which he here alludes.

[21] This of our birth is explained before.

[22] The double-fathered son is *Orion*, so called since he was the son of Jove and Apollo, born of their seed enclosed in a bull's hide, which abhorreth not from philosophy (according to poets' intentions) that one son should have two fathers: for in the generation of elements it is true, since *omnia sint in omnibus*. He offering violence, was stung of a scorpion to death, for which the scorpion's figure was made a sign in heaven, as *Nicander* in *Theriacis* affirms:

Grandine signatum Titanis at inde puella,
Scorpion immisit qui cuspide surgat acuta:
Bæoto ut meditata necem fuit Orioni,
Impuris ausus manibus quia prendere peplum.
Ille Deæ est talum percussit Scorpius illi
Sub parvo lapide occultus vestigia propter.

[23] Alpheus taken with the love of Cynthia, not answered with many repulses, pursued her to her company of virgins, who mocking him, cast mire in his face, and drave him away. Some affirm him to be a flood, some the son of *Parthenia*, some the waggoner of Pelops, &c.

[24] *Lucifera* is her title, and *Ignifera*: given by Euripides, in *Iphigenia in Tauris*.

[25] The beauty of the mind being signified in *Ganymede*, he here by *prosopopoeia*, gives a man's shape unto it.

[26] *Pausanias* in *Eliacis*, affirms it: others that she had but three—*viz.*, *Pæon*, which Homer calls the gods physician, *Epeus* and *Ætolus*, &c. Cicero saith she had none, but only for his love to the study of astrology gave him chaste kisses.

[27] Her temple in *Ephesus* was called her virgin chamber.

[28] All these are proper to her as she is Hecate.

Explicit Comment.

OVID'S BANQUET OF SENSE.

"*Ouid's Banquet of Sence. A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie, and his amorous Zodiacke.* With a translation of a Latine coppie, written by a Fryer, Anno Dom. 1400. Quis leget hæc? Nemo Hercule Nemo, vel duo vel nemo: Persius. At London, Printed by I. R. for Richard Smith. Anno Dom. 1595."

"*Ovid's Banqvet of Sence. With A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophy; and His Amorous Zodiack.* Quis leget hæc? Nemo Hercule Nemo, vel duo vel nemo: Persius. London. Printed by B. A. and T. F. and are to be sold by R. Horseman, at his shop in the Strand neere unto Yorke House. 1639."

Ovid's Banquet of Sense.

[1595.]

TO

THE TRULY LEARNED AND MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MASTER MATTHEW ROYDON.

SUCH is the wilful poverty of judgments, sweet Matthew, wandering like passportless men, in contempt of the divine discipline of Poesy, that a man may well fear to frequent their walks. The profane multitude I hate, and only consecrate my strange poems to those searching spirits, whom learning hath made noble, and nobility sacred; endeavouring that material oration, which you call *Schema;* varying in some rare fiction, from popular custom, even for the pure sakes of ornament and utility; this of Euripides exceeding sweetly relishing with me; *Lentem coquens ne quicquam dentis addito.*

But that Poesy should be as pervial as oratory, and plainness her special ornament, were the plain way to barbarism, and to make the ass run proud of his ears, to take away strength from lions, and give camels horns.

That *Energia*, or clearness of representation, required in absolute poems, is not the perspicuous delivery of a low invention; but high and hearty invention expressed in most significant and unaffected phrase. It serves not a skilful painter's turn to draw the figure of a face only to make known who it represents; but he must limn, give lustre, shadow, and heightening; which though ignorants will esteem spiced, and too curious, yet such as have the judicial perspective will see it hath motion, spirit, and life.

There is no confection made to last, but it is admitted more cost and skill than presently-to-be-used simples; and in my opinion, that which being with a little endeavour searched, adds a kind of majesty to Poesy, is better than that which every cobbler may sing to his patch.

Obscurity in affection of words and indigested conceits, is pedantical and childish; but where it shroudeth itself in the heart of his subject, uttered with fitness of figure and expressive epithets, with that darkness will I still labour to be shadowed. Rich minerals are digged out of the bowels of the earth, not found in the superficies and dust of it; charms made of unlearned characters are not consecrate by the Muses, which are divine artists, but by Euippe's daughters, that challenged them with mere nature, whose breasts I doubt not had been well worthy commendation, if their comparison had not turned them into pyes.

Thus (not affecting glory for mine own slight labours, but desirous others should be more worthily glorious, nor professing sacred Poesy in any degree), I thought good to submit to your apt judgment, acquainted long since with the true habit of Poesy; and now, since your labouring wits endeavour heaven-high thoughts of Nature, you have actual means to sound the philosophical conceits, that my new pen so seriously courteth.

I know that empty and dark spirits will complain of palpable night; but those that beforehand have a radiant and light-bearing intellect, will say they can pass through Corinna's garden without the help of a lantern.

Your own most worthily

and sincerely affected,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE ARGUMENT.

OVID, newly enamoured of Julia, daughter to Octavius Augustus Cæsar, after by him called Corinna, secretly conveyed himself into a garden of the Emperor's court, in an arbour whereof Corinna was bathing, playing upon her lute and singing; which Ovid overhearing was exceedingly pleased with the sweetness of her voice, and to himself uttered the comfort he conceived in his sense of Hearing.

Auditus.

Then the odours she used in her bath breathing a rich savour, he expressed the joy he felt in his sense of Smelling.

Olfactus.

Thus growing more deeply enamoured in great contentment with himself, he ventures to see her in the pride of her nakedness; which doing by stealth, he discovered the comfort he conceived in Seeing, and the glory of her beauty.

Visus.

Not yet satisfied, he useth all his art to make known his being there without her offence; or, being necessarily offended, to appease her, which done, he entreats a kiss, to serve for satisfaction of his Taste, which he obtains.

Gustus.

Tactus.

Then proceeds he to entreaty for the fifth sense, and there is interrupted.

NARRATIO.

THE Earth from heavenly light conceived heat,
Which mixed all her moist parts with her dry,
When with right beams the Sun her bosom beat,
And with fit food her plants did nutrify.
They which to Earth as to their mother cling,
In forked roots now sprinkled plenteously
With her warm breath, did hasten to the spring,
Gather their proper forces and extrude
All power but that with which they stood endued.

Then did Cyrrhus* fill his eyes with fire,
Whose ardour curl'd the foreheads of the trees,
And made his green-love burn in his desire;
When youth and ease, collectors of love's fees,
Enticed Corinna to a silver spring,
Enchasing a round bower which with it sees,*
As with a diamant doth an amell'd ring,
Into which eye most pitifully stood,
Niobe shedding tears that were her blood.

Stone Niobe, whose statue to this fountain,
In great Augustus Cæsar's grace was brought,
From Sypilus, the steep Mygdonian mountain;
That statue 'tis, still weeps for former thought,
Into this spring Corinna's bathing place,
So cunningly to optic reason wrought
That afar off it show'd a woman's face,

* *Cyrrhus* is a surname of the sun, from a town called *Cyrrha*, where he was honoured.

* By prosopopœia, he makes the fountain the eye of the round arbour, as a diamant seems to be the eye of a ring; and therefore says, the arbour sees with the fountain.

Heavy and weeping; but more nearly view'd
Nor weeping, heavy, nor a woman show'd.

In summer only wrought her ecstasy,
And that her story might be still observed,
Octavius caused in curious imagery
Her fourteen children should at large be carved,
Their fourteen breasts with fourteen arrows gored;
And set by her, that for her seed so starved,
To a stone sepulchre herself deplored;
In ivory were they cut, and on each breast,
In golden elements their names imprest.

Her sons were Sypilus, Agenor, Phœdimus,
Ismenus, Argus, and Damasicthen,
The seventh call'd, like his grandsire, Tantalus.
Her daughters were the fair Astiochen,
Chloris, Næera, and Pelopie,
Phaeta, proud Phthia, and Eugigen;
All these apposed to violent Niobe,
Had looks so deadly sad, so lively done,
As if Death lived in their confusion.

Behind their mother two pyramides,
Of freckled marble, through the arbour view'd,
On whose sharp brows, Sol and Tytanides,
In purple and transparent glass were hew'd,
Through which the sunbeams on the statues staying,
Made their pale bosoms seem with blood imbrued,
Those two stern planets' rigours still bewraying
To these dead forms came living beauty's essence,
Able to make them startle with her presence.

In a loose robe of tinsel forth she came,
Nothing but it betwixt her nakedness
And envious light. The downward-burning flame
Of her rich hair did threaten new access
Of venturous Phaeton to scorch the fields;
And thus to bathing came our poet's goddess,
Her handmaids bearing all things pleasure yields
To such a service; odours most delighted,
And purest linen which her looks had whited.

Then cast she off her robe and stood upright,
As lightning breaks out of a labouring cloud;
Or as the morning heaven casts off the night,
Or as that heaven cast off itself, and show'd
Heaven's upper light, to which the brightest day
Is but a black and melancholy shroud;
Or as when Venus strived for sovereign sway
Of charmful beauty in young Troy's desire,
So stood Corinna, vanishing her 'tire.

A soft enflower'd bank embraced the fount;
Of Chloris' ensigns, an abstracted field
Where grew melanthy, great in bees' account,
Amareus, that precious balm doth yield,
Enamell'd pansies, used at nuptials still,
Diana's arrow, Cupid's crimson shield,
Ope-morn, night-shade, and Venus' navil,
Solemn violets, hanging head as shamed,
And verdant calaminth, for odour famed.

Sacred nepenthe, purgative of care,
And sovereign rumex, that doth rancour kill,
Sya and hyacinth, that furies wear,
White and red jasmines, merry, meliphil,
Fair crown-imperial, emperor of flowers,
Immortal amaranth, white aphrodil,
And cup-like twillpants, strow'd in Bacchus' bowers.
These cling about this nature's naked gem,
To taste her sweets, as bees do swarm on them.

And now she used the fount where Niobe,
Tomb'd in herself, pour'd her lost soul in tears
Upon the bosom of this Roman Phœbe;
Who, bathed and odour'd, her bright limbs she rears,
And drying her on that disparent round,
Her lute she takes to enamour heavenly ears,
And try, if with her voice's vital sound,
She could warm life through those cold statues spread,
And cheer the dame that wept when she was dead.

And thus she sung, all naked as she sat,
Laying the happy lute upon her thigh,

Not thinking any near to wonder at
The bliss of her sweet breast's divinity.

THE SONG OF CORINNA.

'Tis better to contemn than love,
And to be fair than wise,
For souls are ruled by eyes:
And Jove's *bird seized by* Cypris' *dove*
It is our grace and sport to see,
Our beauty's sorcery,
That makes, like destiny,
Men follow us the more we flee;
That sets wise glosses on the fool,
And turns her cheeks to books,
Where wisdom sees in looks,
Derision, laughing at his school,
Who, loving, proves profaneness holy,
Nature our fate, our wisdom folly.

While this was singing, Ovid young in love
With her perfections, never proving yet
How merciful a mistress she would prove,
Boldly embraced the power he could not let,
And, like a fiery exhalation,
Follow'd the sun he wish'd might never set;
Trusting herein his constellation,
Ruled by love's beams, which Julia's eyes erected,
Whose beauty was the star his life directed.

And having drench'd his ancles in those seas,
He needs would swim, and cared not if he drown'd,
Love's feet are in his eyes; for if he please
The depth of beauty's gulfy flood to sound,
He goes upon his eyes, and up to them
At the first step he is; no shadier ground
Could Ovid find; but in love's holy stream
Was past his eyes, and now did wet his ears,
For his high sovereign's silver voice he hears.

Whereat his wit assumed fiery wings,
Soaring above the temper of his soul;
And he the purifying rapture sings
Of his ears' sense, takes full the Thespian bowl,
And it carouseth to his mistress' health,
Whose sprightful verdure did dull flesh control;
And his conceit he crowneth with the wealth
Of all the muses in his pleased senses,
When with the ears' delight he thus commences:—

"Now, Muses, come, repair your broken wings,
Pluck'd and profaned by rustic ignorance,
With feathers of these notes my mistress sings;
And let quick verse her drooping head advance
From dungeons of contempt to smite the stars;
In Julia's tunes, led forth by furious trance,
A thousand muses come to bid you wars.
Dive to your spring, and hide you from the stroke,
All poets' furies will her tunes invoke.

"Never was any sense so set on fire
With an immortal ardour, as mine ears;
Her fingers to the strings doth speech inspire
And number'd laughter, that the descant bears
To her sweet voice, whose species through my sense,
My spirits to their highest function rears;
To which impress'd with ceaseless confluence,
It useth them, as proper to her power,
Marries my soul, and makes itself her dower.

"Methinks her tunes fly guilt, like Attic bees,
To my ears' hives with honey tried to air;
My brain is but the comb, the wax, the lees,
My soul the drone that lives by their affair.
O so it sweets, refines and ravisheth.
And with what sport they sting in their repair:
Rise then in swarms and sting me thus to death,
Or turn me into swound, possess me whole
Soul to my life, and essence to my soul.

"Say, gentle Air, O does it not thee good,
Thus to be smit with her correcting voice?
Why dance ye not, ye daughters of the wood?
Wither for ever, if not now rejoice.
Rise stones, and build a city with her notes,
And notes infuse with your most Cynthian noise,
To all the trees, sweet flowers, and crystal floats,
That crown and make this cheerful garden quick,
Virtue, that every touch may make such music.

"O that as man is call'd a little world,
The world might shrink into a little man,
To hear the notes about this garden hurl'd,
That skill dispersed in tunes so Orphean
Might not be lost in smiting stocks and trees,
That have no ears, but grown as it began
Spread their renowns as far as Phœbus sees
Through earth's dull veins; that she like heaven might move
In ceaseless music, and be fill'd with love.

"In precious incense of her holy breath,
My love doth offer hecatombs of notes
To all the gods, who now despise the death
Of oxen, heifers, wethers, swine, and goats.
A sonnet in her breathing sacrificed,
Delights them more than all beasts' bellowing throats,
As much with heaven as with my hearing prized,
And as guilt atoms in the sun appear,
So greet these sounds the grissels of mine ear.

"Whose pores do open wide to their regreet,
And my implanted air, that air embraceth,
Which they impress; I feel their nimble feet.
Tread my ears' labyrinth; their sport amazeth,
They keep such measure; play themselves and dance,
And now my soul in Cupid's furnace blazeth,
Wrought into fury with their dalliance:
And as the fire the parched stubble burns,
So fades my flesh and into spirit turns.

"Sweet tunes, brave issue, that from Julia come,
Shook from her brain, arm'd like the queen of Ire,
For first* conceived in her mental womb,
And nourish'd with her soul's discursive fire,
They grew into the power of her thought;
She gave them downy plumes from her attire,
And then to strong imagination brought,
That to her voice; wherein most movingly
She, blessing them with kisses, lets them fly;

"Who fly rejoicing; but, like noblest minds,
In giving others life, themselves do die,
Not able to endure earth's rude unkinds
Bred in my sovereign's parts too tenderly.
O that as intellects* themselves transite,
To each intelligible quality,
My life might pass into my love's conceit,
Thus to be form'd in words, her tunes, and breath,
And with her kisses sing itself to death.

"This life were wholly sweet, this only bliss,
Thus would I live to die, thus sense were feasted,
My life that in my flesh a chaos is
Should to a golden world be thus digested;
Thus should I rule her face's monarchy
Whose looks in several empires are invested,
Crown'd now with smiles, and then with modesty,
Thus in her tunes' division I should reign,
For her conceit does all, in every vein.

"My life then turn'd to that, t' each note and word,
Should I consort her look, which sweeter sings,
Where songs of solid harmony accord,
Ruled with love's rule, and prick'd with all his stings;
Thus should I be her notes beforet they be,
While in her blood they sit with fiery wings,
Not vapour'd in her voice's 'stillery.

* In this allusion to the birth of Pallas, he shows the conceit of her sonnet, both for matter and note; and by metaphor he expresseth how she delivered her words and tunes, which was by commission of the order philosophers set down in apprehension of our knowledge and affection of our senses; for first they affirm, the species of every object propagates itself by our spirits to our common sense; that delivers it to the imaginative part; that to the cogitative; the cogitative to the passive intellect; the passive intellect to that which is called *Dianoia*, or *Discursus;* and that delivers it up to the mind, which order he observes in her utterance.

* The philosopher saith, *Intellectus in ipsa intellegibilia transit*, upon which is grounded this invention, that in the same manner his life might pass into his mistress's conceit; intending his intellectual life or soul; which by this analogy should be *Intellectus*, and her conceit, *Intelligibilis.*

† This hath reference to the order of her utterance, expressed before.

Nought are these notes, her breast so sweetly frames,
But motions, fled out of her spirit's flames.

"For as when steel and flint together smit,
With violent action spit forth sparks of fire,
And make the tender tinder burn with it;
So my love's soul doth lighten her desire
Upon her spirits in her notes'* pretence,
And they convey them, for distinct attire,
To use the wardrobe of the common sense;
From whence in veils of her rich breath they fly,
And feast the ear with this felicity.

"Methinks they raise me from the heavy ground,
And move me swimming in the yielding air;
As Zephyr's flowery blasts do toss a sound,
Upon their wings will I to heaven repair,
And sing them so, gods shall descend and hear,
Ladies must be adored that are but fair,
But apt besides with art to tempt the ear
In notes of nature, is a goddess' part,
Though oft men's nature's notes please more than Art.

"But here are Art and Nature both confined,
Art casting Nature in so deep a trance
That both seem dead because they be divined.
Buried is heaven in earthly ignorance,
Why break not men then strumpet Folly's bounds,
To learn at this pure virgin utterance?
No, none but Ovid's ears can sound these sounds,
Where sing the hearts of Love and Poesy;
Which make my muse so strong, she works too high."

Now in his glowing ears her tunes did sleep,
And as a silver bell, with violent blow
Of steel or iron, when his sounds most deep
o from his sides and air's soft bosom flow,
A great while after murmurs at the stroke,
Letting the hearer's ears his hardness know,
So chid the air to be no longer broke;
And left the accents panting in his ear,
Which in this banquet his first service were.

Herewith, as Ovid something nearer drew *Olfactus.*
Her odours, odour'd with her breath and breast
Into the censer of his savour flew,
As if the phœnix hasting to her rest
Had gather'd all th' Arabian spicery
T' embalm her body in her tomb, her nest,
And there lay burning 'gainst Apollo's eye;
Whose fiery air straight piercing Ovid's brain,
Inflamed his muse with a more odorous vein.

And thus he sung, "Come, sovereign odours, come
Restore my spirits now in love consuming,
Wax hotter, air, make them more favoursome,
My fainting life with fresh-breathed soul perfuming.
The flames of my disease are violent,
And many perish on late helps presuming,
With which hard fate must I yet stand content,
As odours put in fire most richly smell,
So men must burn in love that will excel.

"And as the air is rarefied with heat,
But thick and gross with summer-killing cold,
So men in love aspire perfection's seat,
When others, slaves to base desires, are sold.
And if that men near Ganges lived by scent
Of flowers and trees, more I a thousandfold
May live by these pure fumes that do present
My mistress' quickening and consuming breath
Where her wish flies with power of life and death.

"Methinks, as in these liberal fumes I burn,
My mistress' lips be near with kiss-entices,
And that which way soever I can turn,
She turns withal, and breathes on me her spices,

* So is this likewise referred to the order above-said, for the more perspicuity.

As if too pure for search of human eyes,
She flew in air disburthening Indian prizes,
And made each earthly fume to sacrifice.
With her choice breath fell Cupid blows his fire,
And after, burns himself in her desire.

"Gentle and noble are their tempers framed,
That can be quicken'd with perfumes and sounds,
And they are cripple-minded, gout-wit lamed,
That lie like fire-fit blocks, dead without wounds,
Stirr'd up with nought but hell-descending gain,
The soul of fools that all their soul confounds,
The art of peasants and our nobles' stain,
The bane of virtue and the bliss of sin,
Which none but fools and peasants glory in.

"Sweet sounds and odours are the heavens on earth
Where virtues live, of virtuous men deceased,
Which in such like receive their second birth
By smell and hearing* endlessly increased.
They were mere flesh were not with them delighted,
And every such is perish'd like a beast,
As all they shall that are so foggy-sprighted:
Odours feed love, and love clear heaven discovers,
Lovers wear sweets then—sweetest minds be lovers.

"Odour in heat and dryness is consite;
Love, then a fire, is much thereto affected;
And as ill smells do kill his appetite,
With thankful savours it is still protected.
Love lives in spirits; and our spirits be
Nourish'd with odours, therefore love refected;
And air, less corpulent in quality
Than odours are, doth nourish vital spirits,
Therefore may they be proved of equal merits.

"O sovereign odours; not of force to give
Food to a thing that lives nor let it die,
But to add life to that did never live;
Nor to add life, but immortality.
Since they partake her heat that like the fire
Stolen from the wheels of Phœbus' waggonry,
To lumps of earth can manly life inspire,
Else be these fumes the lives of sweetest dames
That, dead, attend on her for novel frames.

"Rejoice, blest clime, thy air is so refined,
That while she lives no hungry pestilence
Can feed her poison'd stomach with thy kind;
But as the unicorn's pregredience
To venom'd pools doth purge them with his horn,
And after him the desert's residence
May safely drink, so in the wholesome morn
After her walk, who there attends her eye,
Is sure that day to taste no malady."

Thus was his course of odours sweet and slight,
Because he long'd to give his sight assay,
And as in fervour of the summer's height,
The sun is so ambitious in his sway;
He will not let the night an hour be placed,
So in this Cupid's night—oft seen in day,
Now spread with tender clouds these odours cast—
Her sight, his sun so wrought in his desires,
His savour vanish'd in his visual fires.

So vulture love on his increasing liver,
And fruitful entrails eagerly did feed,
And with the golden'st arrow in his quiver,
Wounds him with longings that like torrents bleed.
To see the mine of knowledge that enrich'd
His mind with poverty, and desperate need.
A sight that with the thought of sight bewitch'd;
A sight taught magic his deep mystery
Quicker in danger than Diana's* eye.

* By this allusion, drawn from the effects of sounds and odours, he intimates the eternity of virtue, saying the virtues of good men live in them, because they stir up pure inclinations to the like, as if infused in perfumes and sounds; besides, he infers that such as are neither delighted with sounds (intending by sounds all utterance of knowledge, as well as musical affections) nor with odours (which properly dry the brain and delight the instruments of the soul, making them the more capable of her faculties) such, saith he, perish without memory.

* Allusion to the transformation of Acteon with the sight of Diana.

Stay, therefore, Ovid; venture not; a sight
May prove thy rudeness more than show thee loving;
And make thy mistress think thou think'st her light,
Which thought with lightest dames is nothing moving.
The slender hope of favour thou hast yet,
Should make thee fear, such gross conclusions proving:
Besides, the thicket Flora's hands hath set
To hide thy theft, is thin and hollow-hearted;
Not meet to have so high a charge imparted.

And should it keep thy secrets, thine own eye
Would fill thy thoughts so full of lightenings
That thou must pass through more extremity,
Or stand content to burn beneath their wings.
Her honour 'gainst thy love in wager laid,
Thou would'st be prick'd with other senses' stings,
To taste, and feel, and yet not there be stay'd:
These casts he cast and more, his wits more quick
Than can be cast by wit's arithmetic.

Forward and back and forward went he thus,
Like wanton* Thamysis that hastes to greet
The brackish court of old Oceanus;
And as by London's bosom she doth fleet,
Casts herself proudly through the bridge's twists,
Where, as she takes again her crystal feet,
She curls her silver hair like amourists,
Smoothes her bright cheeks, adorns her brow with ships,
And, empress-like, along the coast she trips.

Till coming near the sea, she hears him roar,
Tumbling her churlish billows in her face,
Then, more dismay'd than insolent before,
Charged to rough battle for his smooth embrace,
She croucheth close within her winding banks,
And creeps retreat into her peaceful palace;
Yet straight high-flowing in her female pranks
Again she will be wanton, and again,
By no means staid, nor able to contain.

So Ovid with his strong affections striving,
Mask'd in a friendly thicket near her bower,
Rubbing his temples, fainting and reviving,
Fitting his garments, praying to the hour,
Backwards and forwards went, and durst not venture
To tempt the tempest of his mistress' lour,
Or let his eyes her beauty's ocean enter
At last with prayer he pierceth Juno's ear,
Great goddess of audacity and fear.

"Great goddess of audacity and fear,
Queen of Olympus, Saturn's eldest seed,
That dost the sceptre over Samos bear,
And rulest all nuptial rites with power and meed,
Since thou in nature art the mean to mix
Still sulphur humours, and canst therefore speed
Such as in Cyprian sports their pleasures fix,
Venus herself, and Mars by thee embracing,
Assist my hopes, me and my purpose gracing.

"Make love within me not too kind but, pleasing,
Exiling aspen fear out of his forces,
My inward sight with outward seeing, easing,
And if he please further to stretch his courses,
Arm me with courage to make good his charges;
Too much desire to please, pleasure divorces,
Attempts, and not entreats, get ladies' largess.
Wit is with boldness prompt, with terror daunted,
And grace is sooner got of dames than granted.

This said, he charged the arbour *Virus.*
with his eye,
Which pierced it through, and at her breasts reflected,
Striking him to the heart with ecstasy;
As do the sunbeams 'gainst the earth prorected,
With their reverberate vigour mount in flames,

* A simile expressing the manner of his mind's contention in the desire of her sight and fear of her displeasure.

And burn much more than where they were directed,
He saw th' extraction of all fairest dames:
The fair of beauty, as whole countries come
And show their riches in a little room.

Here Ovid sold his freedom for a look,
And with that look was ten times more enthrall'd,
He blush'd, look'd pale, and like a fever shook,
And as a burning* vapour being exhaled,
Promised by Phœbus' eye to be a star,
Heaven's walls denying to be further scaled,
The force dissolves that drew it up so far:
And then it lightens 'gainst his death and falls,
So Ovid's power, this powerful sight appals.

This beauty's fair is an enchantment made
By Nature's witchcraft, tempting men to buy,
With endless shows, what endlessly will fade,
Yet promise chapmen all eternity;
But like to goods ill got, a fate it hath,
Brings men enrich'd therewith to beggary,
Unless th' enricher be as rich in faith,
Enamour'd, like good self-love, with her own,
Seen in another, then 'tis heaven alone.

For sacred beauty is the fruit of sight,
The courtesy that speaks before the tongue,
The feast of souls, the glory of the light,
Envy of age, and everlasting young,
Pity's commander, Cupid's richest throne,
Music entranced, never duly sung,
The sum and court of all proportion;
And that I may dull speeches best afford
All rhetoric's flowers in less than in a word.

Then in the truest wisdom can be thought
Spite of the public axiom worldings hold,
That nothing wisdom is that getteth nought,
This all-things-nothing, since it is no gold.
Beauty enchasing love, love gracing beauty,
To such as constant sympathies enfold,
To perfect riches doth a sounder duty
Than all endeavours, for by all consent,
All wealth and wisdom rests in true content.

Contentment is our heaven, and all our deeds
Bend in that circle, seld' or never closed,
More than the letter in the word precedes,
And to conduce that compass is reposed.
More force and art in beauty join'd with love
Than thorns with wisdom, joys of them composed
Are arms more proof 'gainst any grief we prove
Than all their virtue-scorning misery,
Or judgments graven in stoic gravity.

But as weak colour always is allow'd
The proper object of a human eye,
Though light be with a far more force endow'd
In stirring up the visual faculty,
This colour being but of virtuous light
A feeble image; and the cause doth lie
In th' imperfection of a human sight,
So this for love and beauty, love's cold fire
May serve for my praise, though it merit higher.

With this digression we will now return
To Ovid's prospect in his fancy's storm.
He thought he saw the arbour's bosom burn,
Blazed with a fire wrought in a lady's form;
Where silver pass'd the least; and Nature's vaunt
Did such a precious miracle perform,
She lay, and seem'd a flood of diamant
Bounded in flesh; as still as Vesper's hair,
When not an aspen-leaf is stirr'd with air.

She lay* at length, like an immortal soul
At endless rest in blest Elysium;
And then did true felicity enrol
So fair a lady figure of her kingdom.
Now Ovid's muse as in her tropic shined,
And he, struck dead, was mere heaven-born become,
So his quick verse in equal height was shrined;

* This simile expresseth the cause and substance of those exhalations which vulgarly are called falling stars: so Homer and Virgil call them *stellas cadentes*, Homer comparing the descent of Pallas among the Trojans to a falling star.

* The amplification of this simile is taken from the blissful state of souls in Elysium, as Virgil feigns; and expresseth a regenerate beauty in all life and perfection, not intimating any rest of death. But in peace of that eternal spring, he pointeth to that life of life—this beauty-clad naked lady.

Or else blame me as his submitted debtor,
That never mistress had to make me better.

Now as she lay attired in nakedness,
His eye did carve him on that feast of feasts;
"Sweet* fields of life which Death's foot dare not press,
Flower'd with th' unbroken waves of my love's breasts,
Unbroke by depth of those her beauty's floods;
See where, with bent of gold curl'd into nests
In her head's grove, the spring-bird lameat broods;
Her body doth present those fields of peace,
Where souls are feasted with the soul of ease.

"To prove which paradise that nurseth these,
See, see the golden rivers that renown it;
Rich Gehon, Tigris, Phison, Euphrates,
Two from her bright Pelopian shoulders crown it.
And two out of her snowy hills do glide,
That with a deluge of delights do drown it;
The highest two their precious streams divide
To ten pure floods that do the body duty,
Bounding themselves in length but not in beauty.

"These† wind their courses through the painted bowers,
And raise such sounds in their inflection
As ceaseless start from Earth fresh sorts of flowers,
And bound that book of life with every section.
In these the muses dare not swim for drowning,
Their sweetness poisons with such blest infection,
And leaves the only lookers on them swooning,
These forms so decks, and colour makes so shine
That gods for them would cease to be divine.

"Thus though my love be no Elysium
That cannot move from her prefixed place;
Yet have her feet no power from thence to come,
For where she is, is all Elysian grace.
And as those happy men are sure of bliss,
That can perform so excellent a race,
As that Olympiad where her favour is,
So she can meet them, blessing them the rather,
And give her sweets, as well as let men gather.

"Ah! how should I be so most happy then
T' aspire that place, or make it come to me?
To gather, or be given, the flower of women?
Elysium must with virtue gotten be,
With labours of the soul and continence,
And these can yield no joy with such as she,
She is a sweet Elysium, for the sense,
And nature doth not sensual gifts infuse
But that with sense she still intends their use.

"The sense is given us to excite the mind,
And that can never be by sense excited,
But first the sense must her contentment mind,
We therefore must procure the sense delighted,
That so the soul may use her faculty;
Mine eye then to this feast hath her invited,
That she might serve the sovereign of mine eye,
She shall bid Time, and Time so feasted never
Shall grow in strength of her renown for ever.

"Betwixt mine eye and object, certain lines
Move in the figure of a pyramis,
Whose chapter in mine eye's gray apple shines
The base within my sacred object is;
On this will I inscribe in golden verse
The marvels reigning in my sovereign's bliss,
The arcs of sight and how her arrows pierce:
This in the region of the air shall stand
In Fame's brass court, and all her trumps command.

"Rich Beauty, that each lover labours for,
Tempting as heaps of new-coin'd glowing gold—

* He calls her body (as it were divided with her breasts) the fields of Paradise, and her arms and legs the famous rivers in it.

† He intends the office her fingers in attiring her touching this of their courses, in their inflection following, their playing upon an instrument.

Rack'd of some miserable treasurer—
Draw his desires, and them in chains enfold,
Urging him still to tell it, and conceal it,
But beauty's treasure never can be told,
None can peculiar joy, yet all must steal it.
O Beauty! this same bloody siege of thine
Starves me that yield, and feeds me till I pine.

"And as a taper burning in the dark—
As if it threaten'd every watchful eye
That viewing burns it—makes that eye his mark
And hurls gilt darts at it continually,
Or as it envied, any eye but it
Should see in darkness, so my mistress' beauty
From forth her secret stand, my heart doth hit;
And like the dart of Cephalus doth kill
Her perfect lover, though she mean no ill.

Thus, as the innocence of one betray'd
Carries an Argus with it, though unknown,
And fate to wreak the treachery bewray'd;
Such vengeance hath my mistress' beauty shown
On me, the traitor to her modesty,
So unassail'd, I quite am overthrown,
And in my triumph bound in slavery.
O Beauty! still thy Empire swims in blood,
And in thy peace war stores himself with food.

O Beauty, how attractive is thy power!
For as the life's heat clings about the heart,
So all men's hungry eyes do haunt thy bower.
Reigning in Greece, Troy swam to thee in Art,
Removed to Troy, Greece follow'd thee in fears;
Thou drew'st each sireless sword, each childless dart,
And pull'd'st the towers of Troy about thine ears;
Shall I then muse that thus thou drawest me?
No, but admire, I stand thus far from thee."

Herewith she rose like the autumnal star,
Fresh burnish'd in the lofty ocean flood,
That darts his glorious influence more far
Than any lamp of bright Olympus' brood;
She lifts her lightning arms above her head,
And stretcheth a meridian from her blood,
That slept awake in her Elysian bed:
Then knit she up, lest loose, her glowing hair
Should scorch the centre and incense the air.

Thus when her fair heart-binding hands had tied
Those liberal tresses, her high frontier part
She shrunk in curls, and curiously plied
Into the figure of a swelling heart;
And then with jewels of device, it graced:
One was a sun graven at his even's depart,
And under that a man's huge shadow* placed,
Wherein was writ, in sable charactery,
Decrescente nobilitate, crescunt obscuri.

Another was an eye in sapphire set,
And close upon it, a fresh laurel spray,
The skilful posie was: *Medio† caret,*
To show not eyes but means must truth display.
The third was an Apollo‡ with his team
About a dial and a world in way.
The motto was, *Teipsum et orbem,*
Graven in the dial; these exceeding rare
And other like accomplements she ware.

Not Tigris, Nilus, nor swift Euphrates,
Quoth Ovid now, can more subdue my flame,
I must through hell adventure to displease,
To taste and touch, one kiss may work the same:
If more will come, more then much more I will;
Each natural agent doth his action frame,
To render that he works on like him still:
The fire on water working doth induce
Like quality unto his own in use.

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* At the sun going down, shadows grow longest, whereupon this emblem is devised.

† Sight is one of the three senses that hath his medium extrinsically, which now supposed wanting, lets the sight by the close apposition of the laurel; the application whereof hath many constructions.

‡ The sun hath as much time to compass a dial as the world, and therefore the world is placed in the dial, expressing the conceit of the impress morally, which hath a far higher intention.

But heaven in her a sparkling temper blew—
As love in me—and so will soon be wrought.
Good wits will bite at baits most strange and new,
And words well placed, move things were never thought;
What goddess is it Ovid's wits shall dare,
And he disgrace them with attempting nought?
My words shall carry spirits to ensnare,
The subtlest hearts affecting suits importune,
"Best loves are lost for wit when men blame fortune."

Narratio. With this, as she was looking in her glass,
She saw therein* a man's face looking on her;
Whereat she started from the frighted grass
As if some monstrous serpent had been shown her:
Rising as when, the sun in Leo's sign,
Auriga with the heavenly goat upon her,
Shows her horn'd forehead with her kids divine,
Whose rise kills vines, heaven's face with storms disguising
No man is safe at sea, the Hædy rising.

So straight wrapt she her body in a cloud
And threaten'd tempests for her high disgrace,
Shame from a bower of roses did unshroud
And spread her crimson wings upon her face;
When running out poor Ovid humbly kneeling
Full in the arbour's mouth, did stay her race
And said, "Fair nymph, great goddess, have some feeling
Of Ovid's pains; but hear, and your dishonour
Vainly surmised, shall vanish with my horror."

"Traitor to ladies' modesties," said she,
"What savage boldness harden'd thee to this?
Or what base reckoning of my modesty?
What should I think thy facts' proud reason is?"
"Love, sacred madam, love exhaling me—
Wrapt in his sulphur, to this cloud of his
Made my affections his artillery,
Shot me at you his proper citadel
And losing all my forces, here I fell."

"This gloss is common, as thy rudeness strange
Not to forbear these private times," quoth she,
"Whose fixed rites none should presume to change,
Not where there is adjudged inchastity;
Our nakedness should be as much conceal'd
As our accomplishments desire the eye:
It is a secret not to be reveal'd,
But as virginity, and nuptials clothed,
And to our honour all to be betrothed.

"It is a want, where our abundance lies,
Given a sole dower t'enrich chaste Hymen's bed,
A perfect image of our purities
And glass by which our actions should be dress'd.
That tells us honour is as soon defiled,
And should be kept as pure, and incompress'd.
But sight attainteth it: for Thought, Sight's child,
Begetteth sin; and Nature bides defame,
When light and lawless eyes bewray our shame."

"Dear mistress," answer'd Ovid, "to direct
Our actions, by the straitest rule that is,
We must in matters moral quite reject
Vulgar opinion, ever led amiss,
And let autentic Reason be our guide,
The wife of Truth, and Wisdom's governess:
The nature of all actions must be weigh'd,
And as they then appear, breed love or loathing:
Use makes things nothing huge, and huge things nothing.

"As in your sight, how can sight simply being
A sense receiving essence to his flame,
Sent from his object, give it harm by seeing

* Ovid standing behind her, his face was seen in the glass.

Whose action* in the seer hath his frame?
All excellence of shape is made for sight.
Else, to be like a beast were no defame;
Hid beauties lose their ends, and wrong their right.
And can kind love, where no harm's kind can be,
Disgrace with seeing that is given to see?

"'Tis I, alas! and my heart-burning eye
Do all the harm, and feel the harm we do:
I am no basilisk, yet harmless I
Poison with sight, and mine own bosom too;
So am I to myself a sorceress
Bewitch'd with my conceits in her I woo:
But you unwrong'd and all dishonourless,
No ill dares touch, affliction, sorcery,
One kiss of yours can quickly remedy.

"I could not times observe, as others might,
Of cold affects and watery tempers framed,
Yet well assured the wonder of your sight
Was so far off from seeing you defamed
That ever in the fane of memory
Your love shall shine by it, in me inflamed.
Then let your power be clad in lenity,
Do not, as others would, of custom storm,
But prove your wit as pregnant as your form.

"Nor is my love so sudden since my heart
Was long love's Vulcan, with his pants' unrest,
Hammering the shafts bred this delightsome smart:
And as when Jove at once from east and west,
Cast off two eagles, to discern the sight
Of this world's centre, both his birds join'd breast
In Cynthian Delphos, since Earth's navel hight:
So casting off my ceaseless thoughts to see
My heart's true centre, all do meet in thee.

"Cupid that acts in you, suffers in me
To make himself one triumph-place of twain,
Into your tunes and odours turned he,
And through my senses flew into my brain
Where† rules the Prince of sense whose throne he takes,
And of my motions' engines framed a chain
To lead me where he list; and here he makes
Nature, my* fate, enforce me; and resigns
The reins of all to you in whom he shines.

"For yielding love then, do not hate impart,
Nor let mine eye, your careful harbinger
That hath purvey'd your chamber in my heart,
Be blamed for seeing who it lodged there;
The freër service merits greater meed,
Princes are served with unexpected cheer,
And must have things in store before they need:
Thus should fair dames be wise and confident,
Not blushing to be noted excellent."

Now, as when Heaven is muffled with the vapours,
His long since just divorced wife the Earth,
In Envy's breaths, to mask his spurry tapers
From the unrich abundance of her birth,
When straight the western issue of the air
Beats with his flowery wings those brats of dearth,
And gives Olympus leave to show his fair,
So fled th' offended shadows of her cheer,
And show'd her pleased countenance full as clear.

Which for his fourth course made our Poet court her, &c.

"This motion of my soul, my fantasy *Gustus.*
Created by three senses put in act.
Let justice nourish with thy sympathy,
Putting my other senses into fact, Alterationem pati est sentire.
If now thou grant not, now changed that offence;
To suffer change doth perfect sense compact:
Change then, and suffer for the use of sense,
We live not for ourselves, the ear, and eye,
And every sense must serve society.

* Actio cernendi in homine vel animali, vidente collocanda est.—ARISTOT.

† In cerebro est principium sentiendi, et inde nervi, qui instrumenta sunt motus voluntarii oriuntur.

* Natura est uniuscujusque Fatum, ut THEOPHR.

"To furnish then this banquet where the taste
Is never used, and yet the cheer divine
The nearest mean, dear mistress, that thou hast
To bless me with it, is a kiss of thine,
Which grace shall borrow organs of my touch
T'advance it to that inward* taste of mine,
Which makes all sense, and shall delight as much.
Then with a kiss, dear life, adorn thy feast,
And let, as banquets should, the last be best."

Corinna. I see unbidden guests are boldest still,
And well you show how weak in soul you are,
That let rude sense subdue your reason's skill,
And feed so spoilfully on sacred fare:
In temper of such needless feasts as this,
We show more bounty still the more we spare,
Chiefly where birth and state so different is:
Air too much rarefied breaks forth in fire,
And favours too far urged do end in ire.

Ovid. The difference of our births, imperial dame,
Is herein noted with too trivial eyes
For your rare wits; that should your choices frame
To state of parts, that most doth royalize,
Not to commend mine own; but that in yours
Beyond your birth, are peril's sovereignties
Which, urged, your words had struck with sharper powers;
'Tis for mere look-like ladies, and for men
To boast of birth that still be childeren,

"Running to father straight to help their needs;
True dignities and rites of reverence,
Are sown in minds, and reap'd in lively deeds,
And only policy makes difference
'Twixt states, since virtue wants due imperance
Virtue makes honour, as the soul doth sense,
And merit far exceeds inheritance,
The Graces fill love's cup, his feasts adorning
Who seeks your service now, the Graces scorning."

"Pure love," said she, "the purest grace sues,
And there is contact not by application
Of lips or bodies, but of bodies' virtues,
As in our elemental nation
Stars by their powers, which are their heat and light,
Do heavenly works, and that which hath probation
By virtual contact hath the noblest plight,
Both for the lasting and affinity
It hath with natural divinity."

Ovid replied: "In this thy virtual presence,
Most fair Corinna, thou canst not effuse
The true and solid parts of thy pure essence,
But dost thy superficial beams produce
Of thy rich substance; which because they flow
Rather from form than from the matter's use,
Resemblance only of thy body show
Whereof they are thy wondrous species,
And 'tis thy substance must my longings ease.

"Speak then, sweet air, that givest our speech event,
And teach my mistress tractability,
That art to motion most obedient,
And though thy nature swelling be and high,
And occupiest so infinite a space,
Yet yield'st to words, and art condensed thereby
Past nature press'd into a little place;
Dear sovereign, then, make air thy rule in this,
And me thy worthy servant with a kiss."

"Ovid," said she, "I am well pleased to yield:
Bounty by virtue cannot be abused:
Nor will I coyly lift Minerva's shield
Against Minerva, honour is not bruised
With such a tender pressure as a kiss,
Nor yielding soon to words, though seldom used,
Niceness in civil favours folly is:
Long suits make never good a bad detection,
Nor yielding soon makes bad a good affection.

* He intends the common sense, which is *centrum sensibus et speciebus*, and calls it last, because it doth *sapere in effectione sensuum.*

"To some, I know, and know it for a fault,
Order and reverence are repulsed in scaling,
When pride and rudeness enter with assault,
Consents to fall are worse to get than falling;
Willing resistance takes away the will,
And too much weakness 'tis to come with calling;
Force, in these frays, is better man than skill,
Yet I like skill, and, Ovid, if a kiss
May do thee so much pleasure, here it is."

Her moving towards him made Ovid's eye
Believe the firmament was coming down
To take him quick to immortality,
And that th' Ambrosian kiss set on the crown;
She spake in kissing, and her breath infused
Restoring syrup to his taste, in swoon:
And he imagined Hebe's hands had bruised
A banquet of the gods into his sense,
Which fill'd him with this furious influence.

"The motion of the heavens that did beget
The golden age, and by whose harmony
Heaven is preserved, in me on work is set;
All instruments of deepest melody,
Set sweet in my desires to my love's liking;
With this sweet kiss in me, their tunes apply
As if the best musician's hands were striking;
This kiss in me hath endless music closed,
Like Phœbus' lute on Nisus' towers imposed.

"And as a pebble cast into a spring,
We see a sort of trembling circles rise,
One forming other in their issuing,
Till over all the fount they circulize;
So this perpetual-motion-making kiss
Is propagate through all my faculties,
And makes my breast an endless fount of bliss,
Of which, if gods could drink, their matchless fare
Would make them much more blessed than they are.

"But* as when sounds do hollow bodies beat,
Air gather'd there, compress'd and thickened,
The self-same way she came doth make retreat,
And so effects the sound re-echoed,
Only in part because she weaker is
In that reddition, than when first she fled;
So I, alas! faint echo of this kiss,
Only reiterate a slender part
Of that high joy it worketh in my heart.

"And thus with feasting, love is famish'd more,
Without my touch are all things turned to gold,
And till I touch I cannot joy my store;
To purchase others, I myself have sold;
Love is a wanton famine, rich in food,
But with a richer appetite controll'd:
An argument in figure and in mood,
Yet hates all arguments; disputing still
For sense 'gainst reason with a senseless will.

"Then, sacred madam, since *Tactus.*
my other senses
Have in your graces tasted such content,
Let wealth not to be spent fear no expenses,
But give thy bounty true eternizement;
Making my sense's ground-work, which is feeling,
Effect the other, endless, excellent,
Their substance with flint-softening softness stealing;
Then let me feel, for know, sweet beauty's queen,
Dames may be felt, as well as heard or seen.

"For if we be allow'd to serve the Ear
With pleasing tunes, and to delight the Eye
With gracious shows, the Taste with dainty cheer,
The Smell with odours, is't immodesty
To serve the senses' Emperor, sweet Feeling,
With those delights that fit his empery?
Shall subjects free themselves and bind their king?
Minds taint no more with bodies' touch & tire,
Than bodies nourish with the mind's desire.

* Qua ratione fiat Eccho.

"The mind then clear, the body may be used,
Which perfectly your touch can spiritualize;
As by the great elixir is transfused
Copper to gold, then grant that deed of prize;
Such as transform into corrupt effects
What they receive from nature's purities,
Should not wrong them that hold her due respects;
To touch your quickening side then give me leave,
Th' abuse of things must not the use bereave."

Herewith, even glad his arguments to hear,
Worthily willing to have lawful grounds
To make the wondrous power of heaven appear
In nothing more than her perfections found,
Close to her navel she her mantle wrests,
Slacking it upwards, and the folds unwound,
Showing Latona's twins, her plenteous breasts,
The sun and Cynthia in their triumph-robes
Of lady-skin, more rich than both their globes.

Whereto she bade blest Ovid put his hand;
He, well acknowledging it much too base
For such an action, did a little stand,
Ennobling it with titles full of grace,
And conjures it with charge of reverend verse
To use with piety that sacred place,
And through his Feeling's organ to disperse
Worth to his spirits, amply to supply
The pureness of his flesh's faculty.

And thus he said: "King of the king of senses,
Engine of all the engines under heaven,
To health and life defence of all defences,
Bounty by which our nourishment is given,
Beauty's beautifier, kind acquaintance-maker,
Proportion's oddness that makes all things even,
Wealth of the labourer, wrong's revengement taker,
Pattern of concord, lord of exercise,
And figure of that power the world did guise:

"Dear hand, most duly honoured in this,
And therefore worthy to be well employ'd,
Yet know that all that honour nothing is,
Compared with that which now must be enjoy'd;
So think in all the pleasures these have shown
Liken'd to this, thou wert but mere annoy'd,
That all hands' merits in thyself alone
With this one touch, have more than recompence,
And therefore feel with fear and reverence.

"See Cupid's Alps, which now thou must go over,
Where snow that thaws the sun doth ever lie,
Where thou may'st plain and feelingly discover
The world's fore-past, that flow'd with milk and honey;
Where—like an empress seeing nothing wanting
That may her glorious child-bed beautify—
Pleasure herself lies big with issue panting;
Ever deliver'd, yet with child still growing,
Full of all blessing, yet all bliss bestowing."

This said, he laid his hand upon her side,
Which made her start like sparkles from a fire,
Or like Saturnia from th' Ambrosian pride
Of her morn's slumber, frighted with admire,
When Jove laid young Alcides to her breast,
So startled she, not with a coy retire,
But with the tender temper she was blest,
Proving her sharp, undull'd with handling yet,
Which keener edge on Ovid's longings set.

And feeling still he sigh'd out this effect;
"Alas! why lent not heaven the soul a tongue?
Nor language, nor peculiar dialect,
To make her high conceits as highly sung?
But that a fleshly engine must unfold
A spiritual notion: birth from princes sprung,
Peasants must nurse, free virtue wait on gold,
And a profess'd, though flattering enemy,
Must plead my honour and my liberty.

"O, nature! how dost thou defame in this
Our human honours, yoking men with beasts,
And noblest minds with slaves; thus beauty's bliss,
Love and all virtues that quick spirit feasts

Surfeit on flesh; and thou that banquet'st minds,
Most bounteous mistress, of thy dull-tongued guests
Reap'st not due thanks; thus rude frailty binds
What thou givest wings; thus joys I feel in thee
Hang on my lips and will not utter'd be.

"Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,
The sense wherewith he feels him deified,
The object whereto all his actions tend,
In all his blindness his most pleasing guide,
For thy sake will I write the Art of Love,
Since thou dost blow his fire and feed his pride,
Since in thy sphere his health and life doth move,
For thee I hate who hate society,
And such as self-love makes his slavery.

"In these dog-days how this contagion smothers
The purest blood with virtue's diet fined,
Nothing their own, unless they be some other's
Spite of themselves, are in themselves confined,
And live so poor they are of all despised,
Their gifts held down with scorn should be divined,
And they like mummers mask, unknown, unprized:
A thousand marvels mourn in some such breast,
Would make a kind and worthy patron blest.

"To me, dear sovereign, thou art patroness,
And I, with that thy graces have infused,
Will make all fat and foggy brains confess
Riches may from a poor verse be deduced:
And that gold's love shall leave them grovelling here,
When thy perfections shall to heaven be mused,
Deck'd in bright verse, where angels shall appear,
The praise of virtue, love, and beauty singing,
Honour to noblesse, shame to avarice bringing."

Here Ovid, interrupted with the view
Of other dames, who then the garden painted,
Shrouded himself, and did as death eschew
All note by which his love's fame might be tainted:
And as when mighty Macedon had won
The monarchy of earth, yet when he fainted,
Grieved that no greater action could be done,
And that there were no more worlds to subdue.
So love's defects, love's conqueror did rue.

But as when expert painters have display'd
To quickest life a monarch's royal hand,
Holding a sceptre, there is yet bewray'd
But half his fingers; when we understand
The rest not to be seen; and never blame
The painter's art, in nicest censures scann'd.
So in the compass of this curious frame
Ovid well knew there was much more intended,
With whose omission none must be offended.

Intentio, animi actio.

Explicit convivium.

A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy.

I.

MUSES that sing Love's sensual empery,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires,
You that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store yee,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory,
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory,
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love, and honour's complete history;
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
But dwell in darkness; for your God is blind.

II.

But dwell in darkness, for your God is blind,
Humour pours down such torrents on his eyes;
Which, as from mountains, fall on his base kind,
And eat your entrails out with ecstasies.
Colour, whose hands for faintness are not felt,
Can bind your waxen thoughts in adamant;
And with her painted fires your heart doth melt,
Which beat your souls in pieces with a pant.
But my love is the cordial of souls,
Teaching by passion what perfection is,
In whose fix'd beauties shine the sacred scroll,
And long-lost records of your human bliss,
Spirit to flesh, and soul to spirit giving,
Love flows not from my liver but her living.

III.

Love flows not from my liver but her living,
From whence all stings to perfect love are darted
All power, and thought of prideful ust depriving
Her life so pure and she so spotless-hearted.
In whom sits beauty with so firm a brow,
That age, nor care, nor torment can contract it;
Heaven's glories shining there, do stuff allow,
And virtue's constant graces do compact it.
Her mind—the beam of God—draws in the fires
Of her chaste eyes, from all earth's tempting fuel;
Which upward lifts the looks of her desires,
And makes each precious thought in her a jewel.
And as huge fires compress'd more proudly flame,
So her close beauties further blaze her fame.

IV.

So her close beauties further blaze her fame;
When from the world, into herself reflected;
She lets her shameless glory in her shame,
Content for heaven to be of earth rejected.
She thus depress'd, knocks at Olympus' gate,
And in th' untainted temple of her heart
Doth the divorceless nuptials celebrate
'Twixt God and her; where love's profaned dart
Feeds the chaste flames of Hymen's firmament,
Wherein she sacrificeth, for her part;
The robes, looks, deeds, desires and whole descent
Of female natures, built in shops of art,
Virtue is both the merit and reward
Of her removed and soul-infused regard.

V.

Of her removed and soul-infused regard,
With whose firm species, as with golden lances,
She points her life's field, for all wars prepared,
And bears one chanceless mind, in all mischances;
Th'inverted world that goes upon her head,
And with her wanton heels doth kick the sky,
My love disdains, though she be honoured,
And without envy sees her empery

Loathes all her toys, and thoughts cupidinine,
Arranging in the army of her face
All virtue's forces, to dismay loose eyne,
That hold no quarter with renown or grace.
War to all frailty; peace of all things pure,
Her look doth promise and her life assure.

VI.

Her look doth promise and her life assure;
A right line forcing a rebateless point,
In her high deeds, through everything obscure,
To full perfection; not the weak disjoint
Of female humours; nor the Protean rages
Of pied-faced fashion, that doth shrink and swell,
Working poor men like waxen images,
And makes them apish strangers where they dwell,
Can alter her, titles of primacy,
Courtship of antic gestures, brainless jests,
Blood without soul of false nobility,
Nor any folly that the world infests
Can alter her who with her constant guises
To living virtues turns the deadly vices.

VII.

To living virtues turns the deadly vices;
For covetous she is of all good parts,
Incontinent, for still she shows entices
To consort with them sucking out their hearts,
Proud, for she scorns prostrate humility,
And gluttonous in store of abstinence,
Drunk with extractions still'd in fervency
From contemplation, and true continence,
Burning in wrath against impatience,
And sloth itself, for she will never rise
From that all-seeing trance, the band of sense,
Wherein in view of all souls' skill she lies.
No constancy to that her mind doth move,
Nor riches to the virtues of my love.

VIII.

Nor riches to the virtues of my love,
Nor empire to her mighty government;
Which fair analysed in her beauties' grove,
Shows Laws for care, and Canons for content;
And as a purple tincture given to glass,
By clear transmission of the sun doth taint
Opposed subjects; so my mistress' face
Doth reverence in her viewers' brows depaint,
And like the pansy, with a little veil,
She gives her inward work the greater grace;
Which my lines imitate, though much they fail
Her gifts so high, and times' conceit so base;
Her virtues then above my verse must raise her,
For words want art, and Art wants words to praise her.

IX.

For words want art, and Art wants words to praise her;
Yet shall my active and industrious pen
Wind his sharp forehead through those parts that raise her,
And register her worth past rarest women.
Herself shall be my Muse; that well will know
Her proper inspirations; and assuage—
With her dear love—the wrongs my fortunes show,
Which to my youth bind heartless grief in age.
Herself shall be my comfort and my riches,
And all my thoughts I will on her convert;
Honour, and error, which the world bewitches,
Shall still crown fools, and tread upon desert,
And never shall my friendless verse envy
Muses that Fame's loose feathers beautify.

X.

Muses that Fame's loose feathers beautify,
And such as scorn to tread the theatre,
As ignorant: the seed of memory
Have most inspired, and shown their glories there
To noblest wits, and men of highest doom,
That for the kingly laurel bent affair
The theatres of Athens and of Rome,
Have been the crowns, and not the base impair.
Far, then, be this foul cloudy-brow'd contempt
From like-plumed birds: and let your sacred rhymes
From honour's court their servile feet exempt,
That live by soothing moods, and serving times:
And let my love adorn with modest eyes,
Muses that sing Love's sensual emperies.

Lucidius olim.

The Amorous Zodiac.

I.

I NEVER see the sun, but suddenly
My soul is moved with spite and jealousy
Of his high bliss, in his sweet course discern'd:
And am displeased to see so many signs,
As the bright sky unworthily divines,
Enjoy an honour they have never earn'd.

II.

To think heaven decks with such a beauteous show,
A harp, a ship, a serpent, or a crow;
And such a crew of creatures of no prices,
But to excite in us th' unshamefaced flames,
With which, long since, Jove wrong'd so many dames,
Reviving in his rule their names and vices.

III.

Dear mistress, whom the Gods bred here below,
T' express their wondrous power, and let us know
That before thee they nought did perfect make;
Why may not I—as in those signs, the sun—
Shine in thy beauties, and as roundly run,
To frame, like him, an endless Zodiac.

IV.

With thee I'll furnish both the year and sky,
Running in thee my course of destiny:
And thou shalt be the rest of all my moving,
But of thy numberless and perfect graces,
To give my moons their full in twelve months' spaces,
I choose but twelve in guerdon of my loving.

V.

Keeping even way through every excellence,
I'll make in all an equal residence
Of a new Zodiac; a new Phœbus guising,
When, without altering the course of nature,
I'll make the seasons good, and every creature
Shall henceforth reckon day, from my first rising.

VI.

To open then the spring-time's golden gate,
And flower my race with ardour temperate,
I'll enter by thy head, and have for house
In my first month, this heaven Ram-curled tress,
Of which Love all his charm-chains doth address,
A sign fit for a spring so beauteous.

VII.

Lodged in that fleece of hair, yellow and curl'd,
I'll take high pleasure to enlight the world,
And fetter me in gold, thy crisps implies
Earth, at this spring, spongy and languorsome
With envy of our joys in love become,
Shall swarm with flowers, and air with painted flies.

VIII.

Thy smooth embow'd brow, where all grace I see,
My second month, and second house shall be;
Which brow, with her clear beauties shall delight
The Earth, yet sad, and overture confer
To herbs, buds, flowers, and verdure-gracing Ver,
Rendering her more than Summer exquisite.

IX.

All this fresh April, this sweet month of Venus,
I will admire this brow so bounteous;

This brow, brave court of love and virtue builded ;
This brow, where Chastity holds garrison ;
This brow that blushless none can look upon,
This brow, with every grace and honour gilded.

X.

Resigning that, to perfect this my year,
I'll come to see thine eyes, that now I fear ;
Thine eyes, that, sparkling like two twin-born fires,
Whose looks benign, and shining sweets do grace
May's youthful month with a more pleasing face ;
Justly the 'Twins'-sign hold in my desires.

XI.

Scorch'd with the beams these sister-flames eject,
The living sparks thereof, Earth shall effect;
The shock of our join'd fires the summer starting :
The season by degrees shall change again,
The days their longest durance shall retain ;
The stars their amplest light and ardour darting.

XII.

But now, I fear, that throned in such a shrine,
Playing with objects, pleasant and divine,
I should be moved to dwell there thirty days.
O no, I could not in so little space
With joy admire enough their plenteous grace,
But ever live in sunshine of their rays.

XIII.

Yet this should be in vain, my forced will
My course design'd, begun, shall follow still ;
So forth I must, when forth this month is wore,
And of the neighbour signs be born anew,
Which sign, perhaps, may stay me with the view,
More to conceive, and so desire the more.

XIV.

It is thy nose, stern to thy bark of love,
Or which, pine-like, doth crown a flowery grove,
Which nature strived to fashion with her best,
That she might never turn to show more skill,
And that the envious fool, used to speak ill,
Might feel pretended fault choked in his breast.

XV.

The violent season in a sign so bright,
Still more and more, become more proud of light,
Should still incense me in the following sign ;
A sign, whose sight desires a gracious kiss,
And the red confines of thy tongue it is,
Where, hotter than before, mine eyes would shine.

XVI.

So glow those corals, nought but fire respiring,
With smiles or words, or sighs her thoughts attiring ;
Or, be it she a kiss divinely frameth ;
Or that her tongue shoots forward, and retires,
Doubling, like fervent Sirius, summer's fires,
In Leo's month, which all the world enflameth.

XVII.

And now to bid the Boreal signs adieu,
I come to give thy virgin-cheeks the view
To temper all my fire, and tame my heat,
Which soon will feel itself extinct and dead,
In those fair courts with modesty dispread,
With holy, humble, and chaste thoughts replete.

XVIII.

The purple tinct thy marble cheeks retain,
The marble tinct thy purple cheeks doth stain.
The lilies duly equall'd with thine eyes,
The tinct that dyes the morn with deeper red
Shall hold my course a month if, as I dread,
My fires to issue want not faculties.

XIX.

To balance now thy more obscured graces,
'Gainst them the circle of thy head enchases—
Twice three months used, to run through twice three houses—
To render in this heaven my labour lasting,
I haste to see the rest, and with one hasting,
The dripping time shall fill the Earth carouses.

XX.

Then by the neck my autumn I'll commence,
Thy neck, that merits place of excellence
Such as this is, where with a certain sphere,
In balancing the darkness with the light,
It might so weigh with scales of equal weight,
Thy beauties seen with those do not appear.

XXI.

Now past my month t' admire for built most pure
This marble pillar and her lineature,
I come t' inhabit thy most gracious teats—
Teats that feed Love upon the white rhiphees,
Teats where he hangs his glory and his trophies,
When victor from the gods' war he retreats.

XXII.

Hid in the vale 'twixt these two hills confined,
This vale the nest of loves, and joys divined,
Shall I enjoy mine ease; and fair be pass'd
Beneath these parching Alps; and this sweet cold
Is first, this month, heaven doth to us unfold;
But there shall I still grieve to be displaced.

XXIII.

To sort from this most brave and pompous sign,
Leaving a little my ecliptic line
(Less superstitious than the other sun),
The rest of my autumnal race I'll end
To see thy hand, whence I the crown attend,
Since in thy past parts I have slightly run.

XXIV.

Thy hand, a lily gender'd of a rose
That wakes the morning, hid in night's repose:
And from Apollo's bed the veil doth twine,
That each where doth th' Idalian minion guide
That bends his bow; that ties, and leaves untied
The silver ribands of his little ensign.

XXV.

In fine, still drawing to th' Antarctic pole,
The tropic sign I'll run at for my goal;
Which I can scarce express with chastity,
I know in heaven 'tis called Capricorn;
And with the sudden thought my case takes horn,
So, heaven-like, Capricorn the name shall be.

XXVI.

This, wondrous fit, the wintry solstice seazeth,
Where darkness greater grows and day decreaseth,
Where rather I would be in night than day;
But when I see my journeys do increase,
I'll straight despatch me thence, and go in peace
To my next house, where I may safer stay.

XXVII.

This house alongst thy naked thighs is found,
Naked of spot; made fleshy, firm, and round,
To entertain love's friends with feeling sport;
These Cupid's secret mysteries enfold,
And pillars are that Venus' fane uphold,
Of her dear joys the glory and support.

XXVIII.

Sliding on thy smooth thighs to this month's end;
To thy well-fashion'd calves I will descend,
That soon the last house I may apprehend,
Thy slender feet, fine slender feet that shame
Thetis' sheen feet, which poets so much fame;
And here my latest season I will end.

L' ENVOY.

XXIX.

Dear mistress, if poor wishes heaven would hear,
I would not choose the empire of the water;
The empire of the air, nor of the earth,
But endlessly my course of life confining,
In this fair Zodiac for ever shining,
And with thy beauties make me endless mirth.

XXX.

But gracious love, if jealous heaven deny
My life this truly-blest variety,
Yet will I thee through all the world disperse;
If not in heaven, amongst those braving fires,
Yet here thy beauties, which the world admires,
Bright as those flames shall glister in my verse.

The Amorous Contention of Phillis and Flora,

Translated out of a Latin Copy written by a Friar, Anno 1400.*

I.

In flowery season of the year,
And when the firmament was clear,
When Tellus' herbals painted were
With issue of disparant cheer;

II.

When th' usher to the morn did rise
And drive the darkness from the skies,
Sleep gave their visual liberties
To Phillis' and to Flora's eyes.

III.

To walk these ladies liked best
(For sleep rejects the wounded breast),
Who jointly to a mead address'd
Their sportance with the place to feast.

IV.

Thus made they amorous excess,
Both virgins and both princesses;
Fair Phillis wore a liberal tress,
But Flora hers in curls did dress.

V.

Nor in their ornamental grace,
Nor in behaviour were they base,
Their years and minds in equal place
Did youth and his effects embrace.

VI.

A little yet unlike they prove,
And somewhat hostilely they strove;
A clerk did Flora's humour move,
But Phillis liked a soldier's love.

VII.

For stature and fresh beauty's flowers,
There grew no difference in their dowers;
All things were free to both their powers
Without and in their courtly bowers.

VIII.

One vow they made religiously,
And were of one society;
And only was their impary
The form of either's fantasy.

IX.

Now did a gentle timely gale
A little whisper through the dale,
Where was a place of festival
With verdant grass adorned all:

X.

And in that mead-proud-making grass,
A river like to liquid glass
Did with such soundful murmur pass,
That with the same it wanton was.

XI.

Hard by this brook, a pine had seat,
With goodly furniture complete,
To make the place in state more great,
And lessen the inflaming heat.

* Ritson thinks that Chapman was mistaken both as to the author and as to the age of the original, which was certainly written in or before the 13th century, and probably by Walter de Mapes; a much purer version than he appears to have made use of being extant in a manuscript of that age in the Harleian Collection. No. 978, fo. 115.

Chapman's translation was republished in 1598 under the title of "*Phillis and Flora, the sweete & civill contention of two amorous Ladyes, translated out of Latine* by R. S., Esquire." Chapman therefore, says Ritson, seems to have been most cavalierly treated by this respectable *Esquire*.

In the original edition Chapman has printed the Latin text (*Certamen inter Phillidem & Floram*) at the end of his own version.—Ed.

XII.

Which was with leaves so beautified,
And spread his breast so thick and wide,
That all the sun's estranged pride
Sustain'd repulse on every side.

XIII.

Queen Phillis by the ford did sit,
But Flora far removed from it,
The place in all things sweet was fit,
Where th' herbage did their seats admit.

XIV.

Thus while they opposite were set,
And could not their effects forget,
Love's arrows and their bosoms met,
And both their hearts did passion fret.

XV.

Love close and inward shrouds his fires,
And in faint words firm sighs expires,
Pale tinctures change their cheeks' attires,
But modest shame entombs their ires.

XVI.

Phillis did Flora sighing take,
And Flora did requital make;
So both together part the stake,
Till forth the wound and sickness brake.

XVII.

In this changed speech they long time stay'd,
The process all on love they laid,
Love in their hearts their looks bewray'd:
At last, in laughter, Phillis said:—

XVIII.

"Brave soldier, Paris, my heart's seizure,
In fight, or in his peaceful leisure:
The soldier's life is life's chief treasure,
Most worth the love-queen's household pleasure."

XIX.

While she her war-friend did prefer,
Flora look'd coy, and laugh'd at her,
And did this adverse speech aver;
"Thou might'st have said, I love a beggar.

XX.

"But what doth Alcibiades,
My love? past all in worth's excess,
Whom Nature doth with all gifts bless:
O only clerks' lives, happiness!"

XXI.

This hard speech Phillis hardly takes,
And thus she Flora's patience crakes:
"Thou lovest a man pure love forsakes,
That God his godless belly makes.

XXII.

"Rise, wretch, from this gross ecstasy,
A clerk sole epicure think I;
No elegance can beautify
A shapeless lump of gluttony.

XXIII.

"His heart sweet Cupid's tents rejects
That only meat and drink affects:
O Flora, all men's intellects
Know soldiers' vows shun those respects.

XXIV.

"Mere helps for need his mind sufficeth,
Dull sleep and surfeits he despiseth;
Love's Trump his temples exerciseth,
Courage and love his life compriseth.

XXV.

"Who with like band our loves combineth?
Even nature's law thereat repineth.
My love in conquest's palm-wreaths shineth,
Thine feast deforms, mine fight refineth."

XXVI.

Flora her modest face enrosed,
Whose second smile more fair disclosed:
At length with moving voice she loosed
What Art in her stored breast reposed.

XXVII.

"Phillis, thy fill of speech thou hast,
Thy wit with pointed wings is graced,
Yet urgest not a truth so vast
That hemlocks lilies have surpass'd.

XXVIII.

"Ease-loving clerks thou hold'st for deer,
Servants to sleep and belly cheer:
So Envy honour would enphere,
But give me ear, I'll give thee answer.

XXIX.

"So much enjoys this love of mine,
He ne'er envies or hers or thine,
Household-stuff, honey, oil, corn, wine,
Coin, jewels, plate, serve his design.

XXX.

"Such pleasing store have Clerks by-lying,
As none can feign their dignifying:
There Love clasps his glad wings in flying,
Love ever firm, love never dying.

XXXI.

"Love's stings in him are still sustain'd,
Yet is my love nor pined nor pain'd,
Joy hath no part in him restrain'd
To whom his love bears thoughts unfeign'd.

XXXII.

"Pallid and lean is thy elected,
Poor, scarce with clothes or skin contected,
His sinews weak, his breast dejected,
For nothing caused, makes nought effected.

XXXIII.

"Approaching need is love's mere hell,
Soldiers want gifts to woo loves well:
But clerks give much, and still heaps swell,
Their rents and riches so excel."

XXXIV.

"Right well thou know'st," Phillis replied,
"What in both arts and lives abide,
Likely and cleanly thou hast lied;
But thus our difference is not tried.

XXXV.

"When holy-day the whole world cheers,
A clerk a solemn countenance bears,
His crown is shaven, black weeds he wears,
And looks as he would still shed tears.

XXXVI.

"None is so poor of sense or eyne
To whom a soldier doth not shine,
At ease, like spriteless beasts, lives thine,
Helms and barb'd horse do wear out mine.

XXXVII.

"Mine low with arms makes for-towers lie,
And when on foot, he fight doth try,
While his fair Squire his horse holds by,
Mine thinks on me and then they die.

XXXVIII.

"He turns, fight past, and foes inchased,
And looks on me with helm unlaced,
Lifts his strong limbs, and breast strait-graced
And says, 'Kiss-bless me, O heart-placed.'"

XXXIX.

Flora her wrath in pants did spy,
And many a dart at her let fly:
"Thou canst not make with heaven reach'd cry
A camel pierce a needle's eye.

XL.

"False goes for true, for honey gall,
To make a clerk a soldier's thrall:
Doth love to soldiers courage call?
No, but the need they toil withal.

XLI.

"Good Phillis, would thy love were wise,
No more the truth to contrarise;
Hunger and thirst bow soldiers' thighs,
In which death's path and Pluto's lies.

XLII.

"Sharp is the wasting bane of war,
The lot is hard, and straineth far,
The life in stooping doubts doth jar,
To get such things as needful are.

XLIII.

"Knew'st thou the guise, thou would'st not say,
Shaven hair shamed clerks, or black array,
Worn higher honours to display,
And that all states they over-sway.

XLIV.

"All things should to my clerk incline,
Whose crown sustains th'imperial sign,
He rules, and pays such friends as thine,
And lay must stoop to men divine.

XLV.

" Thou say'st that sloth a clerk disguiseth,
Who, I confess, base works despiseth,
But when from cares his free mind riseth,
Heaven's course and Nature's he compriseth.

XLVI.

" Mine purple decks, thine mail bedighteth,
Thine lives in war, mine peace delighteth,
Old acts of princes he reciteth,
All of his friend, thinks, seeks, and writeth.

XLVII.

" What Venus can, or Love's wing'd Lord,
First knows my clerk and brings me word,
Music in cares doth mine afford,
Thine lives by rapine and the sword."

XLVIII.

Here speech and strife had both their ending,
Phillis ask'd judgment, all suspending,
Much stir they made, yet ceased contending,
And sought a judge in homewards wending.

XLIX.

With countenances that equal been,
With equal majesty beseen,
With equal voice and equal spleen,
These ladies warr'd upon the green.

L.

Phillis a white robe beautified,
Flora wore one of two hues dyed,
Phillis upon a mule did ride,
And Flora back'd a horse of pride.

LI.

The mule was that which being create,
Neptune did feed and subjugate ;
Which after fair Adonis' fate,
He Venus sent to cheer her state.

LII.

This she, the Queen of Iberine,
Phillis' fair mother did resign,
Since she was given to works divine,
Whence Phillis had the mule in fine.

LIII.

Who of the trappings asks, and bit,
The mule, though silver, champing it,
Know all things were so richly fit,
As Neptune's honour might admit.

LIV.

Then Phillis no decorum wanted,
But rich and beauteous, all eyes daunted,
Nor Flora's virtue less enchanted,
Who on a wealthy palfrey vaunted ;

LV.

Tamed with his reins, won heaven for lightness,
Exceeding fair, and full of witness ;
His breast Art deck'd with divers brightness,
For jet-black mix'd with swan's pure whiteness.

LVI.

Young and in dainty shape digested,
His looks with pride, not rage invested,
His mane thin-hair'd, his neck high-crested,
Small ear, short head, and burly-breasted.

LVII.

His broad back stoop'd to this clerk's-loved,
Which with his pressure nought was moved,
Straight-legg'd, large-thigh'd, and hollow-hooved,
All Nature's skill in him was proved.

LVIII.

An ivory seat on him had place,
A hoop of gold did it embrace,
Graven ; and the poitrail did enchase
A stone, that star-like gave it grace.

LIX.

Inscription there allured the eye
With many a wondrous mystery
Of ancient things, made novelty
That never man did yet descry.

LX.

The God of Rhetoric's nuptial bower,
Adorn'd with every heavenly power,
The contract and the marriage-hour,
And all the most unmeasured dower.

LXI.

No place was there that figured nought,
That could through all the work be sought,
But more excess of marvels wrought
Than might inceed a human thought.

LXII.

The skill of Mulciber alone
Engraved that admirable throne,
Who looking steadfastly thereon,
Scarce thought his hand such art had shown.

LXIII.

The trappings wrought he not with ease,
But all his pain employ'd to please,
And left, to go in hand with these,
The targe of great Æacides.

LXIV.

A stirrup for her feet to press,
And bridle-bosses he did address,
And added reins, in worth's excess,
Of his sweet spouse's golden tress.

LXV.

Thus on their famous cavalry
These prince-born damsels seem'd to fly:
Their soft young cheek-balls to the eye
Are of the fresh vermilion dye.

LXVI.

So lilies out of scarlet peer,
So roses bloom in Lady Vere,
So shoot two wanton stars yfere,
In the eternal-burning sphere.

LXVII.

The child-god's graceful paradise
They jointly purpose to invise,
And lovely emulations rise,
In note of one another's guise.

LXVIII.

Phillis to Flora laughter led,
And Flora Phillis answered:
Phillis a merlin managed,
A spar-hawk Flora carried.

LXIX.

In little time these ladies found
A grove with every pleasure crown'd,
At whose sweet entry did resound
A Ford, that flower'd that holy ground.

LXX.

From thence the sweet-breathed winds convey
Odours from every myrtle-spray
And other flowers: to whose array
A hundred harps and timbrels play.

LXXI.

All pleasures study can invent
The dames' ears instantly present,
Voices in all sorts different,
The four parts and the diapent.

LXXII.

To tunes that from those voices fly
With admirable harmony,
The timbrel, harp, and psaltery
Rejoice in rapting symphony.

LXXIII.

There did the viol's voice abound,
In music angelic profound,
There did the fife dispreden round
His voice in many a variant sound.

LXXIV.

All birds with tuneful bosoms sing,
The blackbird makes the woods to ring,
The thrush, the jay, and she in spring
Rues the past rape of Thrace's king.

LXXV.

Their sweet notes to the music plying,
Then all the different flowers descrying,
The odours in abundance flying
Proved it the Bower of Love soft-lying.

LXXVI.

The virgins somewhat enter'd here,
And sprinkled with a little fear,
Their hearts before that held love dear,
In Cupid's flames increased were.

LXXVII.

And while each winged forester
Their proper rumours did prefer,
Each virgin's mind made wait on her
Applauses apt and singular.

LXXVIII.

Deathless were he could there repose;
Each path his spicy odour strows,
Of myrrh and cinnamon there grows,
And of our blessed Lady's rose.

LXXIX.

Each tree hath there his several bliss,
In fruits that never season miss:
Men may conceive how sweet love is
By that celestial court of his.

LXXX.

The dancing companies they see
Of young men and of maidens free,
Whose bodies were as bright in blee
As stars' illustrate bodies be.

LXXXI.

In which so marvellous a guise
Of unexpected novelties,
These virgins' bosoms through their eyes
Are daunted with a quick surprise.

LXXXII.

Who stay their royal steeds outright,
And almost from their seats alight,
Forgetting their endeavours quite
With that proud rumour's sweet affright.

LXXXIII.

But when sad Philomel did strain
Her rapeful-ruing breast again,
These damsels hearing her complain,
Are reinflamed in every vein.

LXXXIV.

About the centre of the spring
A sacred place is where they sing,
And use their supreme worshipping
Of love's mere-darting fiery king.

LXXXV.

There many a two-shaped company
Of Fauns, Nymphs, Satyrs, meet and ply
The timbrel and the psaltery
Before Love's sacred majesty.

LXXXVI.

There bear they goblets big with wine,
And coronets of flowers combine,
There Nymphs and Fauns demi-divine
Doth Bacchus teach to foot it fine.

LXXXVII.

Who keep true measure with their feet
That to the instruments do fleet,
But old Silenus plays not sweet
In consort, but indents the street.

LXXXVIII.

The spring sleep did his temples load
As on a long-ear'd ass he rode,
Laughter's excess to see him nod,
Dissolved the bosom of the god.

LXXXIX.

Fresh cups he ever calls upon
In sounds of imperfection,
With age and Bacchus overgone,
They stop his voice's Organon.

XC.

Amongst this gamesome crew is seen,
The issue of the Cyprian Queen
Whose head and shoulders feather'd been,
And as the stars his countenance sheen.

XCI.

In his left hand his bow he bare,
And by his side his quiver ware;
In power he sits past all compare,
And with his flames the world doth dare.

XCII.

A sceptre in his hand he held,
With Chloris' native flowers, until'd,
And nectar's deathless odours still'd
From his bright locks the sun did gild.

XCIII.

The triple Graces there assist,
Sustaining with their breasts commist,
And knees that Tellus' bosom kiss'd
The chalice of this amorist.

XCIV.

These virgins now approached near,
And worshipped, exempt from fear,
Love's god; who was environ'd there
With youth, that honour'd styles did bear.

XCV.

Their joy is super-excellent
To see a court so confluent,
Whom Cupid seeing, their intent
He doth with greeting intervent.

XCVI.

He asks the cause for which they came;
They confidently tell the same,
And he gives praise to either dame
That durst so great a war proclaim.

XCVII.

To both he spake to make some pause,
Until their honourable cause
Profoundly weigh'd in every clause,
Might be explain'd with all applause.

XCVIII.

He was a god, which well they know,
Rehearsal needs it not bestow;
They light, and rest, and plainly show
Where love strives love will master grow.

XCIX.

Love, laws and judges hath in fee,
Nature and Use his judges be,
To whom his whole court's censures flee,
Since past and things to come they see.

C.

These do the heart of justice try,
And show the court's severity,
In judgment and strong custom's eye,
The clerk is fitt'st for venery.

CI.

'Gainst which the virgins nothing strove.
Since Love's high voice did it approve,
So both to their abodes remove,
But as at first rest firm in love.

Explicit Rhithmus Phillidis et Floræ.

To the author of Nennio.*

ACCEPT, thrice noble Nennio, at his hand
That cannot bid himself welcome at home,
A thrice due welcome to our native strand,
Italian, French, and English now become.

Thrice noble, not in that used epethite,
But noble first, to know whence noblesse sprung,
Then in thy labour bringing it to light,
Thirdly, in being adorned with our tongue.
And since so like itself thy land affords
The right of noblesse to all noble parts,
I wish our friend, giving thee English words,
With much desert of love in English hearts,
As he hath made one strange an Englishman,
May make our minds in this, Italian.

Ex tenebris.

* Printed with Sonnets by Spenser, Daniel, &c., in "Nennio, or a Treatise of Nobility: Written in Italian by John Baptista Nenna, Done into English by William Iones, Gent. 1595."

De Guiana, carmen Epicum.*

WHAT work of honour and eternal name
For all th' world to envy, and us t'achieve,
Fills me with fury, and gives armed hands
To my heart's peace, that else would gladly turn
My limbs and every sense into my thoughts
Rapt with the thirsted action of my mind?
O Clio, Honour's Muse, sing in my voice;
Tell th' attempt, and prophesy the exploit
Of his Eliza-consecrated sword,
That in this peaceful charm of England's sleep
Opens most tenderly her aged throat,
Offering to pour fresh youth through all her veins,
That flesh of brass and ribs of steel retains.

Riches, and conquest, and renown I sing,
Riches with honour, conquest without blood,
Enough to seat the monarchy of earth,
Like to Jove's eagle, on Eliza's hand.
Guiana, whose rich feet are mines of gold,
Whose forehead knocks against the roof of stars,
Stands on her tip-toes at fair England looking,
Kissing her hand, bowing her mighty breast,
And every sign of all submission making,
To be her sister, and the daughter both
Of our most sacred maid; whose barrenness
Is the true fruit of virtue, that may get,
Bear and bring forth anew in all perfection,
What heretofore savage corruption held
In barbarous Chaos; and in this affair
Become her father, mother, and her heir.

Then most admired sovereign, let your breath
Go forth upon the waters, and create
A golden world in this our iron age,
And be the prosperous forewind to a fleet,
That seconding your last, may go before it,
In all success of profit and renown;
Doubt not but your election was divine,
As well by fate as your high judgment order'd,
To raise him with choice bounties, that could add
Height to his height; and like a liberal vine,
Not only bear his virtuous fruit aloft,
Free from the press of squint-eyed Envy's feet,
But deck his gracious prop with golden bunches,
And shroud it with broad leaves of rule o'ergrown
From all black tempests of invasion.

Those conquests that like general earthquakes shook
The solid world, and made it fall before them,
Built all their brave attempts on weaker grounds
And less persuasive likelihoods than this;
Nor was there ever princely fount so long
Pour'd forth a sea of rule with so free course,
And such ascending majesty as you;
Then be not like a rough and violent wind,
That in the morning rends the forests down,
Shoves up the seas to heaven, makes earth to tremble,
And tombs his wasteful bravery in the even;
But as a river from a mountain running,
The further he extends, the greater grows,
And by his thrifty race strengthens his stream,
Even to join battle with th' imperious sea,
Disdaining his repulse, and in despight
Of his proud fury, mixeth with his main,
Taking on him his title and commands:

* Prefixed to "*A Relation of the second Voyage to Guiana.* Perfourmed and written in the yeare 1596. By Lawrence Keymis, Gent. Imprinted at London by Thomas Dawson, dwelling at the three Cranes in the Vintree, and are there to be solde. 1596."

So let thy sovereign Empire be increased,
And with Iberian Neptune part the stake,
Whose trident he the triple world would make.

You then that would be wise in wisdom's spite,
Directing with discredit of direction,
And hunt for honour, hunting him to death;
With whom before you will inherit gold,
You will lose gold, for which you lose your souls;
You that choose nought for right, but certainty,
And fear that value will get only blows,
Placing your faith in Incredulity;
Sit till you see a wonder, Virtue rich;
Till Honour having gold, rob gold of honour,
Till as men hate desert that getteth nought,
They loathe all getting that deserves not aught;
And use you gold-made men as dregs of men;
And till your poison'd souls, like spiders lurking,
In sluttish chinks, in mists of cobwebs hide
Your foggy bodies, and your dunghill pride.

O Incredulity! the wit of fools,
That slovenly will spit on all things fair,
The coward's castle, and the sluggard's cradle,
How easy 'tis to be an infidel!

But you patrician spirits that refine
Your flesh to fire, and issue like a flame
On brave endeavours, knowing that in them
The tract of heaven in morn-like glory opens,
That know you cannot be the kings of earth,
Claiming the rights of your creation,
And let the mines of earth be kings of you;
That are so far from doubting likely drifts,
That in things hardest y'are most confident.
You that know death lives where power lives unused,
Joying to shine in waves that bury you,
And so make way for life even through your graves;
That will not be content like horse to hold
A threadbare beaten way to home affairs;
But where the sea in envy of your reign,
Closeth her womb as fast as 'tis disclosed,
That she like avarice might swallow all,
And let none find right passage through her rage;
There your wise souls, as swift as Eurus lead,
Your bodies through, to profit and renown,
And scorn to let your bodies choke your souls
In the rude breath and prison'd life of beasts;
You that herein renounce the course of earth,
And lift your eyes for guidance to the stars,
That live not for yourselves, but to possess
Your honour'd country of a general store;
In pity of the spoil rude self-love makes
Of them whose lives and yours one air doth feed,
One soil doth nourish, and one strength combine;
You that are blest with sense of all things noble,
In this attempt your complete worths redouble.

But how is Nature at her heart corrupted,
(I mean even in her most ennobled birth)
How in excess of sense is sense bereft her!
That her most lightning-like effects of lust
Wound through her flesh, her soul, her flesh unwounded;
And she must need incitements to her good,
Even from that part she hurts. O! how most like
Art thou, heroic author of this act,
To this wrong'd soul of nature; that sustain'st
Pain, charge, and peril for thy country's good,
And she, much like a body numb'd with surfeits,
Feels not thy gentle applications,
For the health, use, and honour of her powers.
Yet shall my verse through all her ease-lock'd ears,
Trumpet the noblesse of thy high intent,
And if it cannot into act proceed,
The fault and bitter penance of the fault,
Make red some other's eyes with penitence,
For thine are clear; and what more nimble spirits
Apter to bite at such unhooked baits,
Gain by our loss; that must we needs confess,

Thy princely valour would have purchased us,
Which shall be fame eternal to thy name,
Though thy contentment in thy grave desires
Of our advancement, fail deserved effect,
O how I fear thy glory which I love,
Lest it should dearly grow by our decrease.
Natures that stick in golden-gravell'd springs,
In muck-pits cannot 'scape their swallowings.

But we shall forth, I know; gold is our fate,
Which all our acts doth fashion and create.

Then in the Thespiad's bright prophetic fount,
Methinks I see our Liege rise from her throne,
Her ears and thoughts in steep amaze erected
At the most rare endeavour of her power;
And now she blesseth with her wonted graces,
Th' industrious knight, the soul of this exploit,
Dismissing him to convoy of his stars.
And now for love and honour of his worth,
Our twice-born nobles bring him, bridegroom-like,
That is espoused for virtue to his love,
With feasts and music, ravishing the air,
To his Argolian fleet, where round about
His bating colours English valour swarms,
In haste, as if Guianian Orenoque
With his fell waters fell upon our shore.
And now a wind as forward as their spirits
Sets their glad feet on smooth Guiana's breast,
Where, as if each man were an Orpheus,
A world of savages fall tame before them,
Storing their theft-free treasuries with gold;
And there doth plenty crown their wealthy fields,
There Learning eats no more his thriftless books,
Nor Valour, estridge-like, his iron arms.
There Beauty is no strumpet for her wants,
Nor Gallic humours putrefy her blood;
But all our youth take Hymen's lights in hand,
And fill each roof with honour'd progeny;
There makes society adamantine chains,
And joins their hearts with wealth whom wealth disjoin'd.
There healthful recreations strow their meads,
And make their mansions dance with neighbourhood,
That here were drown'd in churlish avarice.
And there do palaces and temples rise
Out of the earth, and kiss the enamour'd skies,
Where new Britannia humbly kneels to heaven,
The world to her, and both at her blest feet,
In whom the circles of all Empire meet.

TO

MY ADMIRED AND SOUL-LOVED FRIEND, MASTER OF ALL ESSENTIAL AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE,

M. HARRIOTS.*

To you, whose depth of soul measures the height
And all dimensions of all works of weight,
Reason being ground, structure and ornament,
To all inventions grave and permanent,
And your clear eyes, the spheres where reason moves;
This artizan, this God of rational loves,
Blind Homer, in this Shield, and in the rest
Of his seven books, which my hard hand hath dress'd
In rough integuments, I send for censure,
That my long time and labours' deep extensure,
Spent to conduct him to our envious light,
In your allowance may receive some right
To their endeavours; and take virtuous heart,
From your applause, crown'd with their own desert.
Such crowns suffice the free and royal mind,
But these subjected hang-byes of our kind,
These children that will never stand alone,
But must be nourish'd with corruption,
Which are our bodies: that are traitors born
To their own crowns, their souls; betray'd to scorn,
To gaudy insolence and ignorance,
By their base flesh's frailties, that must dance
Profane attendance at their states and birth,
That are mere servants to this servile earth;
These must have other crowns for meeds than merits,
Or starve themselves, and quench their fiery spirits.
Thus as the soul upon the flesh depends,
Virtue must wait on wealth; we must make friends
Of the unrighteous mammon, and our sleights
Must bear the forms of fools or parasites.
Rich mine of knowledge, O that my strange muse,
Without this body's nourishment could use
Her zealous faculties, only t' aspire,
Instructive light from your whole sphere of fire;
But woe is me, what zeal or power so ever,
My free soul hath, my body will be never
Able t' attend; never shall I enjoy
The end of my hapless birth; never employ
That smother'd fervour that in loathed embers
Lies swept from light, and no clear hour remembers.
O, had your perfect eye organs to pierce
Into that chaos whence this stifled verse
By violence breaks; where, glow-worm-like, doth shine
In nights of sorrow, this hid soul of mine;
And how her genuine forms struggle for birth,
Under the claws of this foul panther earth:
Then under all those forms you should discern
My love to you, in my desire to learn.
Skill and the love of skill, do ever kiss;
No band of love so strong as knowledge is;
Which who is he, that may not learn of you,
Whom learning doth with his light's throne endow?

* Appended to "*Achilles' Shield.* Translated as the other seven Bookes of Homer, out of his eighteenth booke of Iliades. By George Chapman Gent. London. 1598."

What learned fields pay not their flowers
t' adorn
Your odorous wreath? Compact, put on,
and worn
By apt and adamantine industry,
Proposing still demonstrate verity
For your great object, far from plodding
gain,
Or thirst of glory; when, absurd and vain,
Most students in their whole instruction
are,
But in traditions more particular;
Leaning like rotten houses, on out beams,
And with true light fade in themselves
like dreams.
True learning hath a body absolute,
That in apparent sense itself can suit,
Not hid in airy terms, as if it were
Like spirits fantastic, that put men in fear,
And are but bugs form'd in their foul con-
ceits,
Nor made for sale, glazed with sophistic
sleights,
But wrought for all times proof, strong to
bid prease
And shiver ignorants, like Hercules,
On their own dung-hills; but our formal
clerks,
Blown for profession, spend their souls in
sparks,
Framed of dismember'd parts that make
most show,
And like to broken limbs of knowledge go,
When thy true wisdom by thy learning
won,
Shall honour learning while there shines a
sun;
And thine own name in merit, far above
Their tympanies of state, that arms of love,
Fortune, or blood shall lift to dignity;
Whom though you reverence and your
empery
Of spirit and soul, be servitude they think
And but a beam of light broke through a
chink
To all their waterish splendour; and much
more
To the great sun, and all things they
adore,
In staring ignorance; yet your self shall
shine
Above all this in knowledge most divine,
And all shall homage to your true worth
owe,
You comprehending all, that all, not you.
And when thy writings that now Error's
night
Chokes earth with mists, break forth like
eastern light,
Showing to every comprehensive eye
High sectious brawls becalm'd by unity,
Nature made all transparent, and her
heart
Gript in thy hand, crushing digested Art
In flames unmeasured, measured out of it,
On whose head for a crown thy soul shall
sit,
Crown'd with heaven's inward brightness
showing clear
What true man is, and how like gnats
appear,
O fortune-glossed pompists, and proud
misers,
That are of arts such impudent despisers;
Then past anticipating dooms and scorns,
Which for self-grace each ignorant suborns,
Their glowing and amazed eyes shall see
How short of thy soul's strength my weak
words be;
And that I do not like our poets prefer
For profit, praise, and keep a squeaking
stir
With call'd-on muses to unchild their
brains
Of wind and vapour: lying still in pains
Of worthy issue; but as one profess'd
In nought but truth's dear love the soul's
true rest.
Continue then your sweet judicial kind-
ness
To your true friend, that though this lump
of blindness,
This scornful, this despised, inverted world,
Whose head is fury-like with adders
curl'd
And all her bulk a poison'd porcupine,
Her stings and quills darting at worths
divine,
Keep under my estate with all contempt,
And make me live even from myself
exempt.
Yet if you see some gleams of wrestling
fire
Break from my spirit's oppression, showing
desire
To become worthy to partake your skill,—
Since virtue's first and chief step is to
will,—
Comfort me with it, and prove you affect
me,
Though all the rotten spawn of earth
reject me.
For though I now consume in poesy,
Yet Homer being my root I cannot die.
But lest to use all poesy in the sight
Of grave philosophy show brains too light
To comprehend her depth of mystery,
I vow 'tis only strong necessity

Governs my pains herein, which yet may use
A man's whole life without the least abuse.
And though to rhyme and give a verse smooth feet,
Uttering to vulgar palates passions sweet
Chance often in such weak capricious spirits,
As in nought else have tolerable merits,
Yet where high Poesy's native habit shines,
From whose reflections flow eternal lines,
Philosophy retired to darkest caves
She can discover: and the proud world's braves
Answer in anything but impudence
With circle of her general excellence.
For ample instance Homer more than serveth,
And what his grave and learned Muse deserveth,
Since it is made a courtly question now,
His competent and partless judge be you;
If these vain lines and his deserts arise
To the high searches of your serious eyes
As he is English: and I could not choose
But to your name this short inscription use,
As well assured you would approve my pain
In my traduction; and besides this vein
Excuse my thoughts as bent to others' aims
Might my will rule me, and when any flames
Of my press'd soul break forth to their own show,
Think they must hold engraven regard of you.
Of you in whom the worth of all the graces
Due to the mind's gifts, might embrue the faces
Of such as scorn them, and with tyrannous eye
Contemn the sweat of virtuous industry.
But as ill lines new fill'd with ink undried
An empty pen with their own stuff applied
Can blot them out: so shall their wealth-burst wombs
Be made with empty pen their honours' tombs.

HERO AND LEANDER.

"*Hero and Leander:* Begun by Christopher Marloe; and finished by George Chapman. *Ut Nectar, Ingenium.* At London Printed by Felix Kingston, for Paule Linley, and are to be solde in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Blacke-beare. 1598."

[The Fragment of this poem left by Marlowe had been published separately earlier in the same year. This Chapman has here divided into two Sestyads, prefixing Arguments to them as well as to his own Sequel.

The edition cited above is the first containing Chapman's continuation. Besides the interesting and characteristic Dedication to Lady Walsingham, omitted in all subsequent issues, and now first reprinted, it has enabled us to remove several corruptions, and to supply several omissions in the received text of the poem.

The existence of this edition was entirely unknown to the late Mr. Dyce, or to any of the Editors of Marlowe. For the opportunity of using it we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Charles Edmonds, the well-known bibliopole of Birmingham, through whose sagacity two copies were discovered a few years ago in the lumber-room of the ancient family-seat of the Ishams, Lamport Hall, Northamptonshire.

Five later editions published in Chapman's lifetime (in 1600, 1606, 1609, 1613 and 1629) have been collated with the above in preparing the present text.]

Hero and Leander.

[1598.]

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO

THE RIGHT-WORSHIPFUL

SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM, KNIGHT.

SIR,—We think not ourselves discharged of the duty we owe to our friend when we have brought the breathless body to the earth; for, albeit the eye there taketh his ever farewell of that beloved object, yet the impression of the man that hath been dear unto us, living an after life in our memory, there putteth us in mind of farther obsequies due unto the deceased. And namely of the performance of whatsoever we may judge shall make to his living credit and to the effecting of his determinations prevented by the stroke of death. By these meditations (as by an intellectual will) I suppose myself executor to the unhappily deceased author of this poem; upon whom knowing that in his lifetime you bestowed many kind favours, entertaining the parts of reckoning and worth which you found in him, with good countenance and liberal affection, I cannot but see so far into the will of him dead, that whatsoever issue of his brain should chance to come abroad, that the first breath it should take might be the gentle air of your liking; for, since his self had been accustomed thereunto, it would prove more agreeable and thriving to his right children than any other foster countenance whatsoever. At this time seeing that this unfinished Tragedy happens under my hands to be imprinted, of a double duty, the one to yourself, the other to the deceased, I present the same to your most favourable allowance, offering my utmost self now and ever to be ready at your worship's disposing.

E. B.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

Hero's description and her love's:
The fane of Venus, where he moves
His worthy love-suit, and attains;
Whose bliss the wrath of Fates restrains
For Cupid's grace to Mercury:
Which tale the author doth imply.

On Hellespont, guilty of true love's blood,
In view and opposite two cities stood,
Sea-borderers, disjoin'd by Neptune's might;
The one Abydos, the other Sestos hight.
At Sestos Hero dwelt; Hero the fair,
Whom young Apollo courted for her hair,
And offer'd as a dower his burning throne,
Where she should sit for men to gaze upon.
The outside of her garments were of lawn,
The lining purple silk, with gilt stars drawn;
Her wide sleeves green, and border'd with a grove,
Where Venus in her naked glory strove
To please the careless and disdainful eyes
Of proud Adonis, that before her lies;

Her kirtle blue, whereon was many a stain,
Made with the blood of wretched lovers slain.
Upon her head she ware a myrtle wreath,
From whence her veil reach'd to the ground beneath.
Her veil was artificial flowers and leaves,
Whose workmanship both man and beast deceives.
Many would praise the sweet smell as she past,
When 'twas the odour which her breath forth cast;
And there for honey bees have sought in vain,
And, beat from thence, have lighted there again.
About her neck hung chains of pebble stone,
Which, lighten'd by her neck, like diamonds shone.
She ware no gloves; for neither sun nor wind
Would burn or parch her hands, but, to her mind,
Or warm or cool them, for they took delight
To play upon those hands, they were so white.
Buskins of shells, all silver'd, used she,
And branch'd with blushing coral to the knee;
Where sparrows perch'd, of hollow pearl and gold,
Such as the world would wonder to behold:
Those with sweet water oft her handmaid fills,
Which, as she went, would chirup through the bills.
Some say, for her the fairest Cupid pined,
And, looking in her face, was strooken blind.
But this is true; so like was one the other,
As he imagined Hero was his mother;
And oftentimes into her bosom flew,
About her naked neck his bare arms threw,
And laid his childish head upon her breast,
And, with still panting rock, there took his rest.
So lovely fair was Hero, Venus' nun,
As Nature wept, thinking she was undone,
Because she took more from her than she left,
And of such wondrous beauty her bereft:
Therefore, in sign her treasure suffer'd wrack,
Since Hero's time hath half the world been black.
Amorous Leander, beautiful and young
(Whose tragedy divine Musæus sung),
Dwelt at Abydos; since him dwelt there none
For whom succeeding times make greater moan.
His dangling tresses, that were never shorn,
Had they been cut, and unto Colchos borne,
Would have allured the venturous youth of Greece
To hazard more than for the golden fleece.
Fair Cynthia wish'd his arms might be her sphere;
Grief makes her pale, because she moves not there.
His body was as straight as Circe's wand;
Jove might have sipt out nectar from his hand.
Even as delicious meat is to the taste,
So was his neck in touching, and surpass'd
The white of Pelops' shoulder: I could tell ye,
How smooth his breast was, and how white his belly;
And whose immortal fingers did imprint
That heavenly path with many a curious dint,
That runs along his back; but my rude pen
Can hardly blazon forth the loves of men,
Much less of powerful gods: let it suffice
That my slack Muse sings of Leander's eyes;
Those orient cheeks and lips, exceeding his
That leapt into the water for a kiss
Of his own shadow, and, despising many,
Died ere he could enjoy the love of any.
Had wild Hippolytus Leander seen,
Enamour'd of his beauty had he been:
His presence made the rudest peasant melt,
That in the vast uplandish country dwelt;
The barbarous Thracian soldier, moved with nought,
Was moved with him, and for his favour sought.
Some swore he was a maid in man's attire,
For in his looks were all that men desire;
A pleasant-smiling cheek, a speaking eye,
A brow for love to banquet royally;
And such as knew he was a man, would say,
"Leander, thou art made for amorous play:
Why art thou not in love, and loved of all?
Though thou be fair, yet be not thine own thrall."

The men of wealthy Sestos every year,
For his sake whom their goddess held so dear,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis, kept a solemn feast;
Thither resorted many a wandering guest
To meet their loves: such as had none at all,
Came lovers home from this great festival;
For every street, like to a firmament,
Glister'd with breathing stars, who, where they went,
Frighted the melancholy earth, which deem'd
Eternal heaven to burn, for so it seem'd,
As if another Phaëton had got
The guidance of the sun's rich chariot.
But, far above the loveliest, Hero shined,
And stole away th' enchanted gazer's mind;
For like sea-nymphs' inveigling harmony,
So was her beauty to the standers-by;
Nor that night-wandering, pale, and watery star
(When yawning dragons draw her thirling car
From Latmus' mount up to the gloomy sky,
Where, crown'd with blazing light and majesty,
She proudly sits) more overrules the flood
Than she the hearts of those that near her stood.
Even as when gaudy nymphs pursue the chase,
Wretched Ixion's shaggy-footed race,
Incensed with savage heat, gallop amain
From steep pine-bearing mountains to the plain,
So ran the people forth to gaze upon her,
And all that view'd her were enamour'd on her:
And as in fury of a dreadful fight,
Their fellows being slain or put to flight,
Poor soldiers stand with fear of death dead-strooken,
So at her presence all surprised and tooken,
Await the sentence of her scornful eyes;
He whom she favours lives, the other dies:
There might you see one sigh, another rage;
And some, their violent passions to assuage,
Compile sharp satires; but, alas, too late!
For faithful love will never turn to hate.
And many, seeing great princes were denied,
Pined as they went, and thinking on her died.
On this feast-day—O cursed day and hour!—
Went Hero thorough Sestos, from her tower
To Venus' temple, where unhappily,
As after chanced, they did each other spy.
So fair a church as this had Venus none:
The walls were of discolour'd jasper-stone,
Wherein was Proteus carved; and overhead
A lively vine of green sea-agate spread,
Where by one hand light-headed Bacchus hung,
And with the other wine from grapes outwrung.
Of crystal shining fair the pavement was;
The town of Sestos call'd it Venus' glass:
There might you see the gods, in sundry shapes,
Committing heady riots, incest, rapes;
For know, that underneath this radiant floor
Was Danäe's statue in a brazen tower;
Jove slily stealing from his sister's bed,
To dally with Idalian Ganymed,
And for his love Europa bellowing loud,
And tumbling with the rainbow in a cloud;
Blood-quaffing Mars heaving the iron net
Which limping Vulcan and his Cyclops set;
Love kindling fire, to burn such towns as Troy;
Sylvanus weeping for the lovely boy
That now is turn'd into a cypress-tree,
Under whose shade the wood-gods love to be.
And in the midst a silver altar stood:
There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,
Vail'd to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;
And modestly they open'd as she rose:
Thence flew Love's arrow with the golden head;
And thus Leander was enamoured.
Stone-still he stood, and evermore he gazed,
Till with the fire, that from his countenance blazed,
Relenting Hero's gentle heart was strook;
Such force and virtue hath an amorous look.

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stript, long ere the course begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win:
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect:
The reason no man knows; let it suffice,
What we behold is censured by our eyes.

Where both deliberate, the love is slight ;
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight ?*
He kneel'd; but unto her devoutly pray'd:
Chaste Hero to herself thus softly said,
"Were I the saint he worships, I would hear him ;"
And, as she spake those words, came somewhat near him.
He started up ; she blush'd as one ashamed ;
Wherewith Leander much more was inflamed.
He touch'd her hand ; in touching it she trembled :
Love deeply grounded, hardly is dissembled :
These lovers parled by the touch of hands :
True love is mute, and oft amazed stands.
Thus while dumb signs their yielding hearts entangled,
A periphrasis of night. The air with sparks of living fire was spangled ;
And night, deep-drench'd in misty Acheron,
Heaved up her head, and half the world upon
Breathed darkness forth (dark night is Cupid's day) :
And now begins Leander to display
Love's holy fire, with words, with sighs, and tears ;
Which, like sweet music, enter'd Hero's ears;
And yet at every word she turn'd aside,
And always cut him off, as he replied.
At last, like to a bold sharp sophister,
With cheerful hope thus he accosted her :†
"Fair creature, let me speak without offence :
I would my rude words had the influence
To lead thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then shouldst thou be his prisoner, who is thine.
Be not unkind and fair ; mis-shapen stuff
Are of behaviour boisterous and rough.
O shun me not, but hear me ere you go,
God knows, I cannot force love as you do :
My words shall be as spotless as my youth,
Full of simplicity and naked truth.
This sacrifice, whose sweet perfume descending
From Venus' altar, to your footsteps bending,
Doth testify that you exceed her far,
To whom you offer, and whose nun you are.
Why should you worship her? her you surpass
As much as sparkling diamonds flaring glass.
A diamond set in lead his worth retains ;
A heavenly nymph, beloved of human swains,
Receives no blemish, but ofttimes more grace ;
Which makes me hope, although I am but base,
Base in respect of thee divine and pure,
Dutiful service may thy love procure ;
And I in duty will excel all other,
As thou in beauty dost exceed Love's mother.
Nor heaven nor thou were made to gaze upon :
As heaven preserves all things, so save thou one.
A stately-builded ship, well-rigg'd and tall,
The ocean maketh more majestical :
Why vow'st thou, then, to live in Sestos here,
Who on Love's seas more glorious wouldst appear?
Like untuned golden strings all women are,
Which long time lie untouch'd, will harshly jar.
Vessels of brass, oft handled, brightly shine :
What difference betwixt the richest mine
And basest mould, but use? for both, not used,
Are of like worth. Then treasure is abused,
When misers keep it : being put to loan,
In time it will return us two for one.
Rich robes themselves and others do adorn ;
Neither themselves nor others, if not worn.
Who builds a palace, and rams up the gate,
Shall see it ruinous and desolate :
Ah, simple Hero, learn thyself to cherish !
Lone women, like to empty houses, perish.
Less sins the poor rich man, that starves himself
In heaping up a mass of drossy pelf,

* Shakspeare has quoted this line :—
"Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might:—
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"
As You Like It, iii. 5.

See also Chapman's *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, 1598 (vol. i. p. 20). The story of *Hero and Leander* is alluded to by one of the characters in this comedy, p. 5.

† See Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, iv. 2, where Master Mathew quotes a portion of the following speech, and is reproved by Knowell for filching from the dead. The comedy was produced in 1598, the same year in which *Hero and Leander* was first published. Master Mathew does not cite the lines accurately, but that, perhaps, may have been intentional.—Ed.

Than such as you: his golden earth remains,
Which, after his decease, some other gains;
But this fair gem, sweet in the loss alone,
When you fleet hence, can be bequeathed to none;
Or, if it could, down from th' enamell'd sky
All heaven would come to claim this legacy,
And with intestine broils the world destroy,
And quite confound Nature's sweet harmony.
Well therefore by the gods decreed it is,
We human creatures should enjoy that bliss.
One is no number; maids are nothing, then,
Without the sweet society of men.
Wilt thou live single still? one shalt thou be,
Though never-singling Hymen couple thee.
Wild savages, that drink of running springs,
Think water far excels all earthly things;
But they, that daily taste neat wine, despise it:
Virginity, albeit some highly prize it,
Compared with marriage, had you tried them both,
Differs as much as wine and water doth.
Base bullion for the stamp's sake we allow;
Even so for men's impression do we you;
By which alone, our reverend fathers say,
Women receive perfection every way.
This idol, which you term virginity,
Is neither essence subject to the eye,
No, nor to any one exterior sense,
Nor hath it any place of residence,
Nor is't of earth or mould celestial,
Or capable of any form at all.
Of that which hath no being, do not boast;
Things that are not at all, are never lost.
Men foolishly do call it virtuous:
What virtue is it, that is born with us?
Much less can honour be ascribed thereto:
Honour is purchased by the deeds we do;
Believe me, Hero, honour is not won
Until some honourable deed be done.
Seek you, for chastity, immortal fame,
And know that some have wrong'd Diana's name?
Whose name is it, if she be false or not,
So she be fair, but some vile tongues will blot?
But you are fair, ay me, so wondrous fair,
So young, so gentle, and so debonair,
As Greece will think, if thus you live alone,
Some one or other keeps you as his own.
Then, Hero, hate me not, nor from me fly,
To follow swiftly-blasting infamy.
Perhaps thy sacred priesthood makes thee loath;
Tell me, to whom madest thou that heedless oath?"
"To Venus," answer'd she; and, as she spake,
Forth from those two tralucent cisterns brake
A stream of liquid pearl, which down her face
Made milk-white paths, whereon the gods might trace
To Jove's high court. He thus replied: "The rites
In which love's beauteous empress most delights,
Are banquets, Doric music, midnight revel,
Plays, masques, and all that stern age counteth evil.
Thee as a holy idiot doth she scorn;
For thou, in vowing chastity, hast sworn
To rob her name and honour, and thereby
Committ'st a sin far worse than perjury,
Even sacrilege against her deity,
Through regular and formal purity.
To expiate which sin, kiss and shake hands:
Such sacrifice as this Venus demands."
Thereat she smiled, and did deny him so,
As put thereby, yet might he hope for mo;
Which makes him quickly reinforce his speech,
And her in humble manner thus beseech:
"Though neither gods nor men may thee deserve,
Yet, for her sake, whom you have vow'd to serve,
Abandon fruitless cold virginity,
The gentle Queen of love's sole enemy.
Then shall you most resemble Venus' nun,
When Venus' sweet rites are perform'd and done.
Flint-breasted Pallas joys in single life;
But Pallas and your mistress are at strife.
Love, Hero, then, and be not tyrannous;
But heal the heart that thou hast wounded thus;
Nor stain thy youthful years with avarice:
Fair fools delight to be accounted nice.
The richest corn dies if it be not reapt;
Beauty alone is lost, too warily kept."
These arguments he used, and many more;
Wherewith she yielded, that was won before.
Hero's looks yielded, but her words made war:
Women are won when they begin to jar.

Thus, having swallow'd Cupid's golden hook,
The more she strived, the deeper was she strook :
Yet, evilly feigning anger, strove she still,
And would be thought to grant against her will.
So having paused awhile, at last she said,
"Who taught thee rhetoric to deceive a maid?
Ay me, such words as these should I abhor,
And yet I like them for the orator."
With that, Leander stoop'd to have embraced her,
But from his spreading arms away she cast her,
And thus bespake him : "Gentle youth, forbear
To touch the sacred garments which I wear.
Upon a rock, and underneath a hill,
Far from the town (where all is whist and still,
Save that the sea, playing on yellow sand,
Sends forth a rattling murmur to the land,
Whose sound allures the golden Morpheus
In silence of the night to visit us),
My turret stands ; and there, God knows, I play
With Venus' swans and sparrows all the day,
A dwarfish beldam bears me company,
That hops about the chamber where I lie,
And spends the night, that might be better spent,
In vain discourse and apish merriment :—
Come thither." As she spake this, her tongue tripp'd,
For unawares, "Come thither," from her slipp'd ;
And suddenly her former colour changed,
And here and there her eyes through anger ranged ;
And, like a planet moving several ways
At one self instant, she, poor soul, assays,
Loving, not to love at all, and every part
Strove to resist the motions of her heart :
And hands so pure, so innocent, nay, such
As might have made heaven stoop to have a touch,
Did she uphold to Venus, and again
Vow'd spotless chastity ; but all in vain ;
Cupid beats down her prayers with his wings ;
Her vows above the empty air he flings :
All deep enraged, his sinewy bow he bent,
And shot a shaft that burning from him went ;
Wherewith she strooken, look'd so dolefully,
As made Love sigh to see his tyranny ;
And, as she wept, her tears to pearl he turn'd,
And wound them on his arm, and for her mourn'd.
Then towards the palace of the Destinies,
Laden with languishment and grief, he flies,
And to those stern nymphs humbly made request,
Both might enjoy each other, and be blest.
But with a ghastly dreadful countenance,
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance,
They answer'd Love, nor would vouchsafe so much
As one poor word, their hate to him was such :
Hearken awhile, and I will tell you why.
Heaven's winged herald, Jove-born Mercury,
The self-same day that he asleep had laid
Enchanted Argus, spied a country maid,
Whose careless hair, instead of pearl t' adorn it,
Glister'd with dew, as one that seem'd to scorn it ;
Her breath as fragrant as the morning rose ;
Her mind pure, and her tongue untaught to glose :
Yet proud she was (for lofty Pride that dwells
In tower'd courts, is oft in shepherds' cells),
And too, too well the fair vermilion knew
And silver tincture of her cheeks, that drew
The love of every swain. On her this god
Enamour'd was, and with his snaky rod
Did charm her nimble feet, and made her stay,
The while upon a hillock down he lay,
And sweetly on his pipe began to play,
And with smooth speech her fancy to assay,
Till in his twining arms he lock'd her fast,
And then he woo'd with kisses ; and at last,
As shepherds do, her on the ground he laid,
And, tumbling in the grass, he often stray'd

Beyond the bounds of shame, in being bold
To eye those parts which no eye should behold ;
And, like an insolent commanding lover,
Boasting his parentage, would needs discover
The way to new Elysium. But she,
Whose only dower was her chastity,
Having striven in vain, was now about to cry,
And crave the help of shepherds that were nigh.
Herewith he stay'd his fury, and began
To give her leave to rise : away she ran ;
After went Mercury, who used such cunning,
As she, to hear his tale, left off her running ;
(Maids are not won by brutish force and might,
But speeches full of pleasure and delight) ;
And, knowing Hermes courted her, was glad
That she such loveliness and beauty had
As could provoke his liking ; yet was mute,
And neither would deny nor grant his suit.
Still vow'd he love : she, wanting no excuse
To feed him with delays, as women use,
Or thirsting after immortality
(All women are ambitious naturally),
Imposed upon her lover such a task,
As he ought not perform, nor yet she ask ;
A draught of flowing nectar she requested,
Wherewith the king of gods and men is feasted.
He, ready to accomplish what she will'd,
Stole some from Hebe (Hebe Jove's cup fill'd),
And gave it to his simple rustic love :
Which being known—as what is hid from Jove ?—
He inly storm'd, and wax'd more furious
Than for the fire filch'd by Prometheus ;
And thrusts him down from heaven. He, wandering here,
In mournful terms, with sad and heavy cheer,
Complain'd to Cupid ; Cupid for his sake,
To be revenged on Jove did undertake :
And those on whom heaven, earth, and hell relies,
I mean the adamantine Destinies,
He wounds with love, and forced them equally
To dote upon deceitful Mercury.
They offer'd him the deadly fatal knife
That shears the slender threads of human life ;
At his fair-feather'd feet the engines laid,
Which th' earth from ugly Chaos' den upweigh'd.
These he regarded not ; but did entreat
That Jove, usurper of his father's seat,
Might presently be banish'd into hell,
And aged Saturn in Olympus dwell,
They granted what he craved ; and once again
Saturn and Ops began their golden reign :
Murder, rape, war, and lust, and treachery,
Were with Jove closed in Stygian empery.
But long this blessed time continued not :
As soon as he his wished purpose got,
He, reckless of his promise, did despise
The love of th' everlasting Destinies.
They, seeing it, both Love and him abhorr'd,
And Jupiter unto his place restored :
And, but that Learning, in despite of Fate,
Will mount aloft, and enter heavengate,
And to the seat of Jove itself advance,
Hermes had slept in hell with Ignorance.
Yet, as a punishment, they added this,
That he and Poverty should always kiss :
And to this day is every scholar poor ;
Gross gold from them runs headlong to the boor.
Likewise the angry Sisters, thus deluded,
To 'venge themselves on Hermes, have concluded
That Midas' brood shall sit in Honour's chair,
To which the Muses' sons are only heir ;
And fruitful wits, that inaspiring are
Shall, discontent, run into regions far ;
And few great lords in virtuous deeds shall joy,
But be surprised with every garish toy,
And still enrich the lofty servile clown,
Who with encroaching guile keeps learning down.
Then muse not Cupid's suit no better sped,
Seeing in their loves the Fates were injured.

THE END OF THE FIRST SESTYAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.

Hero of love takes deeper sense,
And doth her love more recompense.
Their first night's meeting, where sweet kisses
Are th' only crowns of both their blisses,
He swims to Abydos, and returns:
Cold Neptune with his beauty burns;
Whose suit he shuns, and doth aspire
Hero's fair tower and his desire.

By this, sad Hero, with love unacquainted,
Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted.
He kissed her, and breathed life into her lips;
Wherewith, as one displeased, away she trips;
Yet, as she went, full often look'd behind,
And many poor excuses did she find
To linger by the way, and once she stay'd,
And would have turn'd again, but was afraid,
In offering parley, to be counted light:
So on she goes, and in her idle flight,
Her painted fan of curled plumes let fall,
Thinking to train Leander therewithal.
He, being a novice, knew not what she meant,
But stay'd, and after her a letter sent;
Which joyful Hero answer'd in such sort,
As he had hope to scale the beauteous fort
Wherein the liberal Graces lock'd their wealth;
And therefore to her tower he got by stealth.
Wide-open stood the door; he need not climb:
And she herself, before the pointed time,
Had spread the board, with roses strew'd the room,
And oft look'd out, and mused he did not come.
At last he came: O, who can tell the greeting
These greedy lovers had at their first meeting?
He ask'd; she gave; and nothing was denied;
Both to each other quickly were affied;
Look how their hands, so were their hearts united,
And what he did, she willingly requited.
(Sweet are the kisses, the embracements sweet,
When like desires and like affections meet;
For from the earth to heaven is Cupid raised,
Where fancy is in equal balance paised).
Yet she this rashness suddenly repented,
And turn'd aside, and to herself lamented,
As if her name and honour had been wrong'd
By being possess'd of him for whom she long'd;
Ay, and she wished, albeit not from her heart,
That he would leave her turret and depart.
The mirthful god of amorous pleasure smiled
To see how he this captive nymph beguiled:
For hitherto he did but fan the fire,
And kept it down, that it might mount the higher.
Now wax'd she jealous, lest his love abated,
Fearing, her own thoughts made her to be hated.
Therefore unto him hastily she goes,
And, like light Salmacis, her body throws
Upon his bosom, where with yielding eyes
She offers up herself a sacrifice
To slake his anger, if he were displeased:
O, what god would not therewith be appeased?
Like Æsop's cock, this jewel he enjoy'd,
And as a brother with his sister toy'd,
Supposing nothing else was to be done,
Now he her favour and goodwill had won.
But know you not that creatures wanting sense,
By nature have a mutual appetence,
And, wanting organs to advance a step,
Moved by love's force, unto each other leap?
Much more in subjects having intellect
Some hidden influence breeds like effect.
Albeit Leander, rude in love and raw,
Long dallying with Hero, nothing saw
That might delight him more, yet he suspected
Some amorous rites or other were neglected.
Therefore unto his body hers he clung:
She, fearing on the rushes to be flung,
Strived with redoubled strength; the more she strived,
The more a gentle pleasing heat revived,

Which taught him all that elder lovers know :
And now the same 'gan so to scorch and glow,
As in plain terms, yet cunningly, he crave it :
Love always makes those eloquent that have it.
She, with a kind of granting, put him by it,
And ever, as he thought himself most nigh it,
Like to the tree of Tantalus, she fled,
And, seeming lavish, saved her maiden-head.
Ne'er king more sought to keep his diadem,
Than Hero this inestimable gem :
Above our life we love a steadfast friend ;
Yet when a token of great worth we send,
We often kiss it, often look thereon,
And stay the messenger that would be gone ;
No marvel, then, though Hero would not yield
So soon to part from that she dearly held :
Jewels being lost are found again ; this never ;
'Tis lost but once, and once lost, lost for ever.
Now had the Morn espied her lover's steeds ;
Whereat she starts, puts on her purple weeds,
And, red for anger that he stay'd so long,
All headlong throws herself the clouds among,
And now Leander, fearing to be miss'd,
Embraced her suddenly, took leave, and kiss'd :
Long was he taking leave, and loth to go,
And kiss'd again, as lovers use to do.
Sad Hero wrung him by the hand, and wept.
Saying, " Let your vows and promises be kept :"
Then standing at the door, she turn'd about,
As loth to see Leander going out.
And now the sun, that through th' horizon peeps,
As pitying these lovers, downward creeps ;
So that in silence of the cloudy night,
Though it was morning, did he take his flight.
But what the secret trusty night conceal'd,
Leander's amorous habit soon reveal'd :
With Cupid's myrtle was his bonnet crown'd,
About his arms the purple riband wound,
Wherewith she wreathed her largely-spreading hair ;
Nor could the youth abstain, but he must wear
The sacred ring wherewith she was endow'd,
When first religious chastity she vow'd ;
Which made his love through Sestos to be known,
And thence unto Abydos sooner blown
Than he could sail ; for incorporeal Fame,
Whose weight consists in nothing but her name,
Is swifter than the wind, whose tardy plumes
Are reeking water and dull earthly fumes.
Home when he came, he seem'd not to be there,
But, like exiled air thrust from his sphere,
Set in a foreign place ; and straight from thence,
Alcides-like, by mighty violence,
He would have chased away the swelling main,
That him from her unjustly did detain.
Like as the sun in a diameter
Fires and inflames objects removed far,
And heateth kindly, shining laterally ;
So beauty sweetly quickens when 'tis nigh,
But being separated and removed,
Burns where it cherish'd, murders where it loved.
Therefore even as an index to a book,
So to his mind was young Leander's look.
O, none but gods have power their love to hide !
Affection by the countenance is descried ;
The light of hidden fire itself discovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrays poor lovers.
His secret flame apparently was seen :
Leander's father knew where he had been,
And for the same mildly rebuked his son,
Thinking to quench the sparkles new-begun.
But love resisted once, grows passionate,
And nothing more than counsel lovers hate ;
For as a hot proud horse highly disdains
To have his head controll'd, but breaks the reins,
Spits forth the ringled bit, and with his hooves
Checks the submissive ground ; so he that loves,
The more he is restrain'd, the worse he fares :
What is it now but mad Leander dares?

"Oh, Hero, Hero!" thus he cried full oft;
And then he got him to a rock aloft,
Where having spied her tower, long stared he on't,
And pray'd the narrow toiling Hellespont
To part in twain, that he might come and go;
But still the rising billows answer'd, "No."
With that, he stripp'd him to the ivory skin,
And crying, "Love, I come," leap'd lively in:
Whereat the sapphire-visaged god grew proud,
And made his capering Triton sound aloud,
Imagining that Ganymede, displeased,
Had left the heavens; therefore on him he seized.
Leander strived; the waves about him wound,
And pull'd him to the bottom, where the ground
Was strew'd with pearl, and in low coral groves
Sweet-singing mermaids sported with their loves
On heaps of heavy gold, and took great pleasure
To spurn in careless sort the shipwrack'd treasure;
For here the stately azure palace stood,
Where kingly Neptune and his train abode.
The lusty god embraced him, called him "love,"
And swore he never should return to Jove:
But when he knew it was not Ganymed,
For under water he was almost dead,
He heaved him up, and, looking on his face,
Beat down the bold waves with his triple mace,
Which mounted up, intending to have kiss'd him,
And fell in drops like tears because they miss'd him.
Leander, being up, began to swim,
And, looking back, saw Neptune follow him:
Whereat aghast, the poor soul 'gan to cry,
"O, let me visit Hero ere I die!"
The god put Helle's bracelet on his arm,
And swore the sea should never do him harm.
He clapp'd his plump cheeks, with his tresses play'd,
And smiling wantonly, his love bewray'd;
He watch'd his arms, and as they open'd wide
At every stroke, betwixt them would he slide,
And steal a kiss, and then run out and dance,
And, as he turn'd, cast many a lustful glance,
And threw him gaudy toys to please his eye,
And dive into the water and there pry
Upon his breast, his thighs, and every limb,
And up again, and close beside him swim,
And talk of love. Leander made reply,
"You are deceived; I am no woman, I."
Thereat smiled Neptune, and then told a tale,
How that a shepherd, sitting in a vale,
Play'd with a boy so lovely fair and kind,
As for his love both earth and heaven pined;
That of the cooling river durst not drink,
Lest water-nymphs should pull him from the brink;
And when he sported in the fragrant lawns,
Goat-footed Satyrs and up-staring Fauns
Would steal him thence. Ere half this tale was done,
"Ay me," Leander cried, "th' enamour'd sun,
That now should shine on Thetis' glassy bower,
Descends upon my radiant Hero's tower:
Oh, that these tardy arms of mine were wings!"
And, as he spake, upon the waves he springs.
Neptune was angry that he gave no ear,
And in his heart revenging malice bare:
He flung at him his mace; but, as it went,
He called it in, for love made him repent:
The mace, returning back, his own hand hit,
As meaning to be 'venged for darting it.
When this fresh-bleeding wound Leander view'd,
His colour went and came, as if he rued
The grief which Neptune felt: in gentle breasts
Relenting thoughts, remorse and pity rests;
And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,
But vicious, hare-brain'd, and illiterate hinds?
The god, seeing him with pity to be moved,
Thereon concluded that he was beloved;

(Love is too full of faith, too credulous,
With folly and false hope deluding us) ;
Wherefore, Leander's fancy to surprise,
To the rich ocean for gifts he flies :
'Tis wisdom to give much ; a gift prevails
When deep-persuading oratory fails.
By this, Leander, being near the land,
Cast down his weary feet and felt the sand.
Breathless albeit he were, he rested not
Till to the solitary tower he got ;
And knock'd, and call'd : at which celestial noise
The longing heart of Hero much more joys,
Than nymphs and shepherds when the timbrel rings,
Or crooked dolphin when the sailor sings.
She stay'd not for her robes, but straight arose,
And, drunk with gladness, to the door she goes ;
Where seeing a naked man, she screech'd for fear
(Such sights as this to tender maids are rare),
And ran into the dark herself to hide :
(Rich jewels in the dark are soonest spied :)
Unto her was he led, or rather drawn,
By those white limbs which sparkled through the lawn.
The nearer that he came, the more she fled,
And, seeking refuge, slipt into her bed ;
Whereon Leander sitting, thus began,
Through numbing cold, all feeble, faint, and wan,
"If not for love, yet, love, for pity's sake,
Me in thy bed and maiden bosom take ;
At least vouchsafe these arms some little room,
Who, hoping to embrace thee, cheerly swoom :
This head was beat with many a churlish billow,
And therefore let it rest upon thy pillow."
Herewith affrighted, Hero shrunk away,
And in her lukewarm place Leander lay ;
Whose lively heat, like fire from heaven fet,
Would animate gross clay, and higher set
The drooping thoughts of base-declining souls,
Than dreary-Mars-carousing nectar bowls.
His hands he cast upon her like a snare :
She, overcome with shame and sallow fear,
Like chaste Diana when Actæon spied her,
Being suddenly betray'd, dived down to hide her ;
And, as her silver body downward went,
With both her hands she made the bed a tent,
And in her own mind thought herself secure,
O'ercast with dim and darksome coverture.
And now she lets him whisper in her ear,
Flatter, entreat, promise, protest, and swear :
Yet ever, as he greedily assay'd
To touch those dainties, she the harpy play'd,
And every limb did, as a soldier stout,
Defend the fort, and keep the foeman out ;
For though the rising ivory mount he scaled,
Which is with azure circling lines empaled,
Much like a globe (a globe may I term this,
By which love sails to regions full of bliss?)
Yet there with Sisyphus he toil'd in vain,
Till gentle parley did the truce obtain.
Even as a bird, which in our hands we wring,
Forth plungeth, and oft flutters with her wing,
She trembling strove ; this strife of hers, like that
Which made the world, another world begat
Of unknown joy. Treason was in her thought,
And cunningly to yield herself she sought.
Seeming not won, yet won she was at length :
In such wars women use but half their strength.
Leander now, like Theban Hercules,
Enter'd the orchard of th' Hesperides ;
Whose fruit none rightly can describe, but he
That pulls or shakes it from the golden tree.
Wherein Leander on her quivering breast,
Breathless spoke something, and sigh'd out the rest ;
Which so prevail'd, as he, with small ado,
Enclosed her in his arms, and kiss'd her too;
And every kiss to her was as a charm,
And to Leander as a fresh alarm :
So that the truce was broke, and she, alas,
Poor silly maiden, at his mercy was !
Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

And now she wish'd this night were never done,
And sigh'd to think upon th' approaching sun;
For much it grieved her that the bright day-light
Should know the pleasure of this blessed night,
And them, like Mars and Erycine, display
Both in each other's arms chain'd as they lay.
Again, she knew not how to frame her look,
Or speak to him, who in a moment took
That which so long, so charily she kept;
And fain by stealth away she would have crept,
And to some corner secretly have gone,
Leaving Leander in the bed alone.
But as her naked feet were whipping out,
He on the sudden cling'd her so about,
That mermaid-like, unto the floor she slid;
One half appear'd, the other half was hid.
Thus near the bed she blushing stood upright,
And from her countenance behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through the air,
As from an orient cloud, glimpsed here and there;
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born.
So Hero's ruddy cheek Hero betray'd,
And her all naked to his sight display'd:
Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
Than Dis, on heaps of gold fixing his look.
By this, Apollo's golden harp began
To sound forth music to the ocean;
Which watchful Hesperus no sooner heard,
But he the bright Day-bearing car prepared,
And ran before, as harbinger of light,
And with his flaring beams mock'd ugly Night,
Till she, o'ercome with anguish, shame, and rage,
Hurl'd down to hell her loathsome carriage.

THE END OF THE SECOND SESTYAD.*

* Here Marlowe's portion ends, and the continuation by Chapman commences, but the Arguments to the first and second Sestyads are also his.—ED.

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO MY

BEST ESTEEMED AND WORTHILY HONOURED LADY THE

LADY WALSINGHAM,

ONE OF THE LADIES OF HER MAJESTY'S BED-CHAMBER.

I PRESENT your ladyship with the last affections of the first two Lovers that ever Muse shrined in the Temple of Memory; being drawn by strange instigation to employ some of my serious time in so trifling a subject, which yet made the first Author, divine Musæus, eternal. And were it not that we must subject our accounts of these common received conceits to servile custom, it goes much against my hand to sign that for a trifling subject, on which more worthiness of soul hath been shewed, and weight of divine wit, than can vouchsafe residence in the leaden gravity of any money-monger; in whose profession all serious subjects are concluded. But he that shuns trifles must shun the world; out of whose reverend heaps of substance and austerity, I can and will ere long, single or tumble out as brainless and passionate fooleries as ever panted

in the bosom of the most ridiculous lover. Accept it, therefore, good Madam, though as a trifle, yet as a serious argument of my affection: for to be thought thankful for all free and honourable favours, is a great sum of that riches my whole thrift intendeth.

Such uncourtly and silly dispositions as mine, whose contentment hath other objects than profit or glory, are as glad, simply for the naked merit of virtue, to honour such as advance her, as others that are hired to commend with deeplies' politique bounty.

It hath therefore adjoined much contentment to my desire of your true honour to hear men of desert in court, add to mine own knowledge of your noble disposition, how gladly you do your best to prefer their desires; and have as absolute respect to their mere good parts, as if they came perfumed and charmed with golden incitements. And this most sweet inclination, that flows from the truth and eternity of Nobles, assure your Ladyship doth more suit your other ornaments, and makes more to the advancement of your name and happiness of your proceedings, than if, like others, you displayed ensigns of state and sourness in your forehead, made smooth with nothing but sensuality and presents.

This poor Dedication (in figure of the other unity betwixt Sir Thomas and yourself) hath rejoined you with him, my honoured best friend; whose continuance of ancient kindness to my still-obscured estate, though it cannot increase my love to him, which hath ever been entirely circular; yet shall it encourage my deserts to their utmost requital, and make my hearty gratitude speak; to which the unhappiness of my life hath hitherto been uncomfortable and painful dumbness.

By your Ladyship's vowed in

most wished service,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

Leander to the envious light
Resigns his night-sports with the night,
And swims the Hellespont again.
Thesme, the deity sovereign
Of customs and religious rites,
Appears, reproving his delights,
Since nuptial honours he neglected:
Which straight he vows shall be effected.
Fair Hero, left devirginate,
Weighs, and with fury wails her state:
But with her love and woman's wit
She argues and approveth it.

NEW light gives new directions, fortunes new,
To fashion our endeavours that ensue.
More harsh, at least more hard, more grave and high
Our subject runs, and our stern Muse must fly.
Love's edge is taken off, and that light flame,
Those thoughts, joys, longings, that before became
High unexperienced blood, and maids' sharp plights
Must now grow staid, and censure the delights,
That, being enjoy'd, ask judgment; now we praise,
As having parted: evenings crown the days.
And now, ye wanton Loves, and young Desires,
Pied Vanity, the mint of strange attires,
Ye lisping Flatteries, and obsequious Glances,
Relentful Musics, and attractive Dances,
And you detested charms constraining love,
Shun love's stolen sports by that these lovers prove.
By this, the sovereign of heaven's golden fires,
And young Leander, lord of his desires,
Together from their lovers' arms arose:
Leander into Hellespontus throws
His Hero-handled body, whose delight
Made him disdain each other epithite.

He calls Phœbus the god of gold, since the virtue of his beams creates it.

And as amidst th' enamour'd waves he swims,
The god of gold of purpose gilt his limbs,
That, this word gilt including double sense,
The double guilt of his incontinence

Might be express'd, that had no stay t' employ
The treasure which the love-god let him joy
In his dear Hero, with such sacred thrift
As had beseem'd so sanctified a gift;
But, like a greedy vulgar prodigal,
Would on the stock dispend, and rudely fall,
Before his time, to that unblessed blessing,
Which, for lust's plague, doth perish with possessing:
Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts.
What man is he, that with a wealthy eye
Enjoys a beauty richer than the sky,
Through whose white skin, softer than soundest sleep,
With damask eyes the ruby blood doth peep,
And runs in branches through her azure veins,
Whose mixture and first fire his love attains;
Whose both hands limit both love's deities,
And sweeten human thoughts like Paradise;
Whose disposition silken is and kind,
Directed with an earth-exempted mind;—
Who thinks not heaven with such a love is given?
And who, like earth, would spend that dower of heaven,
With rank desire to joy it all at first?
What simply kills our hunger, quencheth thirst,
Clothes but our nakedness, and makes us live,
Praise doth not any of her favours give:
But what doth plentifully minister
Beautious apparel and delicious cheer.
So ordered that it still excites desire,
And still gives pleasure freeness to aspire,
The palm of Bounty ever moist preserving;
To Love's sweet life this is the courtly carving.
Thus Time and all-states-ordering Ceremony
Had banish'd all offence; Time's golden thigh
Upholds the flowery body of the earth
In sacred harmony, and every birth
Of men and actions makes legitimate;
Being used aright, the use of time is fate.
Yet did the gentle flood transfer once more
This prize of love home to his father's shore;
Where he unlades himself of that false wealth
That makes few rich; treasures composed by stealth;
And to his sister, kind Hermione
(Who on the shore kneel'd, praying to the sea
For his return), he all love's goods did show,
In Hero seised for him, in him for Hero.
His most kind sister all his secrets knew,
And to her, singing, like a shower, he flew,
Sprinkling the earth, that to their tombs took in
Streams dead for love, to leave his ivory skin,
Which yet a snowy foam did leave above,
As soul to the dead water that did love;
And from thence did the first white roses spring
(For love is sweet and fair in every thing),
And all the sweeten'd shore, as he did go,
Was crown'd with odorous roses white as snow.
Love-blest Leander was with love so fill'd,
That love to all that touch'd him he instill'd.
And as the colours of all things we see,
To our sights' powers communicated be,
So to all objects that in compass came
Of any sense he had, his senses' flame
Flow'd from his parts with force so virtual,
It fired with sense things mere insensual.
Now, with warm baths and odours comforted,
When he lay down, he kindly kiss'd his bed,
As consecrating it to Hero's right,
And vow'd thereafter, that whatever sight
Put him in mind of Hero or her bliss,
Should be her altar to prefer a kiss.
Then laid he forth his late-enriched arms,
In whose white circle Love writ all his charms,
And made his characters sweet Hero's limbs,
When on his breast's warm sea she sideling swims:
And as those arms, held up in circle, met,
He said, "See, sister, Hero's carcanet!
Which she had rather wear about her neck
Than all the jewels that do Juno deck."
But, as he shook with passionate desire
To put in flame his other secret fire,
A music so divine did pierce his ear,
As never yet his ravish'd sense did hear;
When suddenly a light of twenty hues
Brake through the roof, and, like the rainbow, views
Amazed Leander: in whose beams came down
The goddess Ceremony, with a crown

Of all the stars; and Heaven with her descended:
Her flaming hair to her bright feet extended,
By which hung all the bench of deities;
And in a chain, compact of ears and eyes,
She led Religion: all her body was
Clear and transparent as the purest glass,
For she was all presented to the sense:
Devotion, Order, State, and Reverence,
Her shadows were; Society, Memory;
All which her sight made live, her absence die.
A rich disparent pentacle she wears,
Drawn full of circles and strange characters.
Her face was changeable to every eye;
One way look'd ill, another graciously;
Which while men view'd, they cheerful were and holy,
But looking off, vicious and melancholy.
The snaky paths to each observed law
Did Policy in her broad bosom draw.
One hand a mathematic crystal sways,
Which, gathering in one line a thousand rays
From her bright eyes, Confusion burns to death,
And all estates of men distinguisheth:
By it Morality and Comeliness
Themselves in all their sightly figures dress.
Her other hand a laurel rod applies,
To beat back Barbarism and Avarice,
That follow'd, eating earth and excrement
And human limbs; and would make proud ascent
To seats of gods, were Ceremony slain.
The Hours and Graces bore her glorious train;
And all the sweets of our society
Were sphered and treasured in her bounteous eye.
Thus she appear'd, and sharply did reprove
Leander's bluntness in his violent love;
Told him how poor was substance without rites,
Like bills unsign'd; desires without delights;
Like meats unseason'd; like rank corn that grows
On cottages, that none or reaps or sows;
Not being with civil forms confirm'd and bounded,
For human dignities and comforts founded;
But loose and secret all their glories hide;
Fear fills the chamber, Darkness decks the bride.
She vanish'd, leaving pierced Leander's heart
With sense of his unceremonious part,
In which, with plain neglect of nuptial rites,
He close and flatly fell to his delights:
And instantly he vow'd to celebrate
All rights pertaining to his married state.
So up he gets, and to his father goes,
To whose glad ears he doth his vows disclose.
The nuptials are resolved with utmost power:
And he at night would swim to Hero's tower,
From whence he meant to Sestos' forked bay
To bring her covertly, where ships must stay,
Sent by his father, throughly rigg'd and mann'd,
To waft her safely to Abydos' strand.
There leave we him; and with fresh wing pursue
Astonish'd Hero, whose most wished view
I thus long have forborne, because I left her
So out of countenance, and her spirits bereft her:
To look on one abash'd is impudence,
When of slight faults he hath too deep a sense.
Her blushing het her chamber: she look'd out,
And all the air she purpled round about;
And after it a foul black day befell,
Which ever since a red morn doth foretell,
And still renews our woes for Hero's woe;
And foul it proved, because it figured so
The next night's horror; which prepare to hear;
I fail, if it profane your daintiest ear.
Then ho, most strangely-intellectual fire,
That, proper to my soul, hast power t'inspire
Her burning faculties, and with the wings
Of thy unsphered flame visit'st the springs
Of spirits immortal! Now (as swift as Time
Doth follow Motion) find th' eternal clime
Of his free soul, whose living subject stood
Up to the chin in the Pierian flood,
And drunk to me half this Musæan story,
Inscribing it to deathless memory:
Confer with it, and make my pledge as deep,
That neither's draught be consecrate to sleep;
Tell it how much his late desires I tender
(If yet it know not), and to light surrender

My soul's dark offspring, willing it should die
To loves, to passions, and society.
Sweet Hero, left upon her bed alone,
Her maidenhead, her vows, Leander gone,
And nothing with her but a violent crew
Of new-come thoughts, that yet she never knew,
Even to herself a stranger, was much like
Th' Iberian city that war's hand did strike
By English force in princely Essex guide,
When peace assured her towers had fortified,
And golden-finger'd India had bestow'd
Such wealth on her, that strength and empire flow'd
Into her turrets, and her virgin waist
The wealthy girdle of the sea embraced ;
Till our Leander, that made Mars his Cupid,
For soft love-suits, with iron thunders chid ;
Swum to her towers, dissolved her virgin zone ;
Led in his power, and made Confusion
Run through her streets amazed, that she supposed
She had not been in her own walls enclosed,
But rapt by wonder to some foreign state,
Seeing all her issue so disconsolate,
And all her peaceful mansions possess'd
With war's just spoil, and many a foreign guest
From every corner driving an enjoyer,
Supplying it with power of a destroyer.
So fared fair Hero in th' expugned fort
Of her chaste bosom : and of every sort
Strange thoughts possess'd her, ransacking her breast
For that that was not there, her wonted rest.
She was a mother straight, and bore with pain
Thoughts that spake straight, and wish'd their mother slain ;
She hates their lives, and they their own and hers :
Such strife still grows where sin the race prefers.
Love is a golden bubble, full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extremes.
She mused how she could look upon her sire,
And not show that without, that was entire ;
For as a glass is an inanimate eye,
And outward forms embraceth inwardly,
So is the eye an animate glass, that shows
In-forms without us ; and as Phœbus throws
His beams abroad, though he in clouds be closed,
Still glancing by them till he find opposed
A loose and rorid vapour that is fit
T' event his searching beams, and useth it
To form a tender twenty-colour'd eye,
Cast in a circle round about the sky ;
So when our fiery soul, our body's star
(That ever is in motion circular),
Conceives a form, in seeking to display it
Through all our cloudy parts, it doth convey it
Forth at the eye, as the most pregnant place,
And that reflects it round about the face.
And this event, uncourtly Hero thought,
Her inward guilt would in her looks have wrought ;
For yet the world's stale cunning she resisted,
To bear foul thoughts, yet forge what looks she listed,
And held it for a very silly sleight,
To make a perfect metal counterfeit,
Glad to disclaim herself, proud of an art
That makes the face a pander to the heart.
Those be the painted moons, whose lights profane
Beauty's true heaven, at full still in their wane ;
Those be the lapwing faces that still cry,
"Here 'tis!" when that they vow is nothing nigh :
Base fools ! when ever moorish fowl can teach
That which men think the height of human reach.
But custom, that the apoplexy is
Of bed-rid nature and lives led amiss,
And takes away all feeling of offence,
Yet brazed not Hero's brow with impudence ;
And this she thought most hard to bring to pass,
To seem in countenance other than she was,
As if she had two souls, one for the face,
One for the heart, and that they shifted place
As either list to utter or conceal
What they conceived, or as one soul did deal

With both affairs at once, keeps and ejects
Both at an instant contrary effects;
Retention and ejection in her powers
Being acts alike; for this one vice of ours,
That forms the thought, and sways the countenance,
Rules both our motion and our utterance.
These and more grave conceits toil'd Hero's spirits;
For, though the light of her discoursive wits
Perhaps might find some little hole to pass
Through all these worldly cinctures, yet, alas,
There was a heavenly flame encompass'd her,
Her goddess, in whose fane she did prefer
Her virgin vows, from whose impulsive sight
She knew the black shield of the darkest night
Could not defend her, nor wit's subtlest art:
This was the point pierced Hero to the heart;
Who, heavy to the death, with a deep sigh,
And hand that languish'd, took a robe was nigh,
Exceeding large, and of black cypres made,
In which she sate, hid from the day in shade,
Even over head and face, down to her feet;
Her left hand made it at her bosom meet,
Her right hand lean'd on her heart-bowing knee,
Wrapt in unshapeful folds, 'twas death to see;
Her knee stay'd that, and that her falling face;
Each limb help'd other to put on disgrace.
No form was seen, where form held all her sight;
But, like an embryon that saw never light,
Or like a scorched statue made a coal
With three-wing'd lightning, or a wretched soul
Muffled with endless darkness, she did sit:
The night had never such a heavy spirit.
Yet might an imitating eye well see
How fast her clear tears melted on her knee
Through her black veil, and turn'd as black as it,
Mourning to be her tears. Then wrought her wit
With her broke vow, her goddess' wrath, her fame,
All tools that enginous despair could frame:
Which made her strow the floor with her torn hair,
And spread her mantle piece-meal in the air.
Like Jove's son's club, strong passion strook her down,
And with a piteous shriek enforced her swoun:
Her shriek made with another shriek ascend
The frighted matron that on her did tend;
And as with her own cry her sense was slain,
So with the other it was call'd again.
She rose, and to her bed made forced way,
And laid her down even where Leander lay;
And all this while the red sea of her blood
Ebb'd with Leander: but now turn'd the flood,
And all her fleet of spirits came swelling in,
With child of sail, and did hot fight begin
With those severe conceits she too much mark'd:
And here Leander's beauties were em-bark'd.
He came in swimming, painted all with joys,
Such as might sweeten hell: his thought destroys
All her destroying thoughts; she thought she felt
His heart in hers, with her contentions melt,
And chide her soul that it could so much err,
To check the true joys he deserved in her.
Her fresh-heat blood cast figures in her eyes,
And she supposed she saw in Neptune's skies,
How her star wander'd, wash'd in smarting brine,
For her love's sake, that with immortal wine
Should be embathed, and swim in more heart's-ease
Than there was water in the Sestian seas.
Then said her Cupid-prompted spirit:
"Shall I
Sing moans to such delightsome harmony?
Shall slick-tongued Fame, patch'd up with voices rude,
The drunken bastard of the multitude
(Begot when father Judgment is away,
And, gossip-like, says because others say,

Takes news as if it were too hot to eat,
And spits it slavering forth for dog-fees meat),
Make me, for forging a fantastic vow,
Presume to bear what makes grave matrons bow?
Good vows are never broken with good deeds,
For then good deeds were bad: vows are but seeds,
And good deeds fruits; even those good deeds that grow
From other stocks than from th' observed vow.
That is a good deed that prevents a bad:
Had I not yielded, slain myself I had.
Hero Leander is, Leander Hero;
Such virtue love hath to make one of two.
If, then, Leander did my maidenhead git,
Leander being myself, I still retain it:
We break chaste vows when we live loosely ever,
But bound as we are, we live loosely never.
Two constant lovers being join'd in one,
Yielding to one another, yield to none.
We know not how to vow, till love unblind us,
And vows made ignorantly never bind us.
Too true it is, that, when 'tis gone, men hate
The joy as vain they took in love's estate:
But that's since they have lost the heavenly light
Should show them way to judge of all things right.
When life is gone, death must impart his terror:
As death is foe to life, so love to error.
Before we love, how range we through this sphere,
Searching the sundry fancies hunted here.
Now with desire of wealth transported quite
Beyond our free humanity's delight;
Now with ambition climbing falling towers,
Whose hope to scale, our fear to fall devours;
Now rapt with pastimes, pomp, all joys impure:
In things without us no delight is sure.
But love, with all joys crown'd, within doth sit:
O goddess, pity love, and pardon it!"
Thus spake she weeping; but her goddess' ear
Burn'd with too stern a heat, and would not hear.

Ay me, hath heaven's straight fingers no more graces
For such as Hero than for homeliest faces?
Yet she hoped well, and in her sweet conceit
Weighing her arguments, she thought them weight,
And that the logic of Leander's beauty,
And them together, would bring proofs of duty;
And if her soul, that was a skilful glance
Of heaven's great essence, found such imperance
In her love's beauties, she had confidence
Jove loved him too, and pardon'd her offence:
Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It supples rigour, and it lessens sin.
Thus, her sharp wit, her love, her secrecy,
Trooping together, made her wonder why
She should not leave her bed, and to the temple?
Her health said she must live; her sex dissemble.
She view'd Leander's place, and wish'd he were
Turn'd to his place, so his place were Leander.
"Ay me," said she, "that love's sweet life and sense
Should do it harm! my love had not gone hence,
Had he been like his place: O blessed place,
Image of constancy! Thus my love's grace
Parts nowhere, but it leaves something behind
Worth observation: he renowns his kind:
His motion is, like heaven's, orbicular,
For where he once is, he is ever there.
This place was mine; Leander, now 'tis thine;
Thou being myself, then it is double mine,
Mine, and Leander's mine, Leander's mine.
Oh, see what wealth it yields me, nay, yields him:
For I am in it, he for me doth swim.
Rich, fruitful love, that, doubling self estates,
Elixir-like contracts, though separates.
Dear place, I kiss thee, and do welcome thee,
As from Leander ever sent to me."

THE END OF THE THIRD SESTYAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

Hero, in sacred habit deck'd,
Doth private sacrifice effect.
Her scarf's description, wrought by Fate;
Ostents that threaten her estate;
The strange, yet physical, events,
Leander's counterfeit presents.
In thunder Cyprides descends,
Presaging both the lovers' ends:
Ecte, the goddess of remorse,
With vocal and articulate force
Inspires Leucote, Venus' swan,
T' excuse the beauteous Sestian.
Venus, to wreak her rites' abuses, Dissimulation.
Creates the monster Eronusis,
Inflaming Hero's sacrifice
With lightning darted from her eyes;
And thereof springs the painted beast,
That ever since taints every breast.

Now from Leander's place she rose, and found
Her hair and rent robe scatter'd on the ground;
Which taking up, she every piece did lay
Upon an altar, where in youth of day
She used t' exhibit private sacrifice;
Those would she offer to the deities
Of her fair goddess and her powerful son,
As relics of her late-felt passion;
And in that holy sort she vow'd to end them;
In hope her violent fancies, that did rend them,
Would as quite fade in her love's holy fire,
As they should in the flames she meant t' inspire.
Then put she on all her religious weeds,
That deck'd her in her secret sacred deeds;
A crown of icicles, that sun nor fire
Could ever melt, and figured chaste desire;
A golden star shined in her naked breast,
In honour of the queen-light of the east.
In her right hand she held a silver wand,
On whose bright top Peristera did stand,
Who was a nymph, but now transform'd a dove,
And in her life was dear in Venus' love;
And for her sake she ever since that time
Choosed doves to draw her coach through heaven's blue clime.
Her plenteous hair in curled billows swims
On her bright shoulder: her harmonious limbs
Sustain'd no more but a most subtile veil,
That hung on them, as it durst not assail
Their different concord; for the weakest air
Could raise it swelling from her beauties fair;
Nor did it cover, but adumbrate only
Her most heart-piercing parts, that a blest eye
Might see, as it did shadow, fearfully,
All that all-love-deserving paradise:
It was as blue as the most freezing skies;
Near the sea's hue, for thence her goddess came:
On it a scarf she wore of wondrous frame;
In midst whereof she wrought a virgin's face,
From whose each cheek a fiery blush did chase
Two crimson flames, that did two ways extend,
Spreading the ample scarf to either end;
Which figured the division of her mind,
Whiles yet she rested bashfully inclined,
And stood not resolute to wed Leander.
This served her white neck for a purple sphere,
And cast itself at full breadth down her back:
There, since the first breath that begun the wrack
Of her free quiet from Leander's lips,
She wrought a sea, in one flame, full of ships;
But that one ship where all her wealth did pass,
Like simple merchants' goods, Leander was;
For in that sea she naked figured him;
Her diving needle taught him how to swim,
And to each thread did such resemblance give,
For joy to be so like him it did live.
Things senseless live by art, and rational die
By rude contempt of art and industry.
Scarce could she work, but in her strength of thought,
She fear'd she prick'd Leander as she wrought,
And oft would shriek so, that her guardian, frighted,
Would staring haste, as with some mischief cited.
They double life that dead things' grief sustain;
They kill that feel not their friends' living pain.
Sometimes she fear'd he sought her infamy;
And then, as she was working of his eye,
She thought to prick it out to quench her ill;
But, as she prick'd, it grew more perfect still.
Trifling attempts no serious acts advance;
The fire of love is blown by dalliance.

In working his fair neck she did so grace it,
She still was working her own arms t' embrace it:
That, and his shoulders, and his hands were seen
Above the stream; and with a pure sea-green
She did so quaintly shadow every limb,
All might be seen beneath the waves to swim.
In this conceited scarf she wrought beside
A moon in change, and shooting stars did glide
In number after her with bloody beams;
Which figured her affects in their extremes,
Pursuing nature in her Cynthian body,
And did her thoughts running on change imply;
For maids take more delights, when they prepare,
And think of wives' states, than when wives they are.
Beneath all these she wrought a fisherman,
Drawing his nets from forth that ocean;
Who drew so hard, ye might discover well,
The toughen'd sinews in his neck did swell:
His inward strains drave out his blood-shot eyes,
And springs of sweat did in his forehead rise;
Yet was of nought but of a serpent sped,
That in his bosom flew and stung him dead:
And this by Fate into her mind was sent,
Not wrought by mere instinct of her intent.
At the scarf's other end her hand did frame,
Near the fork'd point of the divided flame,
A country virgin keeping of a vine,
Who did of hollow bulrushes combine
Snares for the stubble-loving grasshopper,
And by her lay her scrip that nourish'd her.
Within a myrtle shade she sate and sung;
And tufts of waving reeds about her sprung,
Where lurk'd two foxes, that, while she applied
Her trifling snares, their thieveries did divide,
One to the vine, another to her scrip,
That she did negligently overslip;
By which her fruitful vine and wholesome fare
She suffer'd spoil'd, to make a childish snare,
These ominous fancies did her soul express
And every finger made a prophetess,
To shew what death was hid in love's disguise,
And make her judgment conquer destinies.
O what sweet forms fair ladies' souls do shroud,
Were they made seen and forced through their blood;
If through their beauties, like rich work through lawn,
They would set forth their minds with virtues drawn,
In letting graces from their fingers fly,
To still their eyas thoughts with industry;
That their plied wits in number'd silks might sing
Passion's huge conquest, and their needles leading
Affection prisoner through their own-built cities,
Pinioned with stories and Arachnean dit-ties.
Proceed we now with Hero's sacrifice:
She odours burn'd, and from their smoke did rise
Unsavoury fumes, that air with plagues inspired;
And then the consecrated sticks she fired,
On whose pale flame an angry spirit flew,
And beat it down still as it upward grew;
The virgin tapers that on th' altar stood,
When she inflamed them, burn'd as red as blood:
All sad ostents of that too near success,
That made such moving beauties motion-less.
Then Hero wept; but her affrighted eyes
She quickly wrested from the sacrifice,
Shut them, and inwards for Leander look'd,
Search'd her soft bosom, and from thence she pluck'd
His lovely picture: which when she had view'd,
Her beauties were with all love's joys re-new'd;
The odours sweeten'd, and the fires burn'd clear,
Leander's form left no ill object there:
Such was his beauty, that the force of light
Whose knowledge teacheth wonders in-finite,
The strength of number and proportion,
Nature had placed in it to make it known,
Art was her daughter, and what human wits
For study lost, entomb'd in drossy spirits.
After this accident (which for her glory
Hero could not but make a history),
Th' inhabitants of Sestos and Abydos
Did every year, with feasts propitious,
To fair Leander's picture sacrifice:
And they were persons of especial price

That were allow'd it, as an ornament
T' enrich their houses, for the continent
Of the strange virtues all approved it held;
For even the very look of it repell'd
All blastings, witchcrafts, and the strifes of nature
In those diseases that no herbs could cure:
The wolfy sting of Avarice it would pull,
And make the rankest miser bountiful;
It kill'd the fear of thunder and of death;
The discords that conceit engendereth
'Twixt man and wife, it for the time would cease;
The flames of love it quench'd, and would increase;
Held in a prince's hand, it would put out
The dreadful'st comet; it would ease all doubt
Of threaten'd mischiefs; it would bring asleep
Such as were mad; it would enforce to weep
Most barbarous eyes; and many more effects
This picture wrought, and sprung Leandrian sects;
Of which was Hero first; for he whose form
Held in her hand, clear'd such a fatal storm,
From hell she thought his person would defend her,
Which night and Hellespont would quickly send her.
With this confirm'd, she vow'd to banish quite
All thought of any check to her delight;
And, in contempt of silly bashfulness,
She would the faith of her desires profess,
Where her religion should be policy,
To follow love with zeal her piety;
Her chamber her cathedral church should be,
And her Leander her chief deity;
For in her love these did the gods forego;
And though her knowledge did not teach her so,
Yet did it teach her this, that what her heart
Did greatest hold in her self greatest part,
That she did make her god; and 'twas less nought
To leave gods in profession and in thought,
Than in her love and life; for therein lies
Most of her duties and their dignities;
And, rail the brain-bald world at what it will,
That's the grand atheism that reigns in 't still.
Yet singularity she would use no more,
For she was singular too much before;
But she would please the world with fair pretext;
Love would not leave her conscience perplext:
Great men that will have less do for them, still
Must bear them out, though th' acts be ne'er so ill;
Meanness must pander be to Excellence:
Pleasure atones Falsehood and Conscience:
Dissembling was the worst, thought Hero then,
And that was best, now she must live with men.
O virtuous love, that taught her to do best
When she did worst, and when she thought it least.
Thus would she still proceed in works divine,
And in her sacred state of priesthood shine,
Handling the holy rites with hands as bold,
As if therein she did Jove's thunder hold,
And need not fear those menaces of error,
Which she at others threw with greatest terror.
O lovely Hero, nothing is thy sin,
Weigh'd with those foul faults other priests are in;
That having neither faiths, nor works, nor beauties,
T' engender any scuse for slubber'd duties,
With as much countenance fill their holy chairs,
And sweet denouncements 'gainst profane affairs,
As if their lives were cut out by their places,
And they the only fathers of the Graces.
Now, as with settled mind she did repair
Her thoughts to sacrifice her ravish'd hair,
And her torn robe, which on the altar lay,
And only for religion's fire did stay,
She heard a thunder by the Cyclops beaten,
In such a volley as the world did threaten,
Given Venus as she parted th' airy sphere,
Descending now to chide with Hero here:
When suddenly the goddess' waggoners,
The swans and turtles that, in coupled feres,
Through all worlds' bosoms draw her influence,
Lighted in Hero's window, and from thence
To her fair shoulders flew the gentle doves,
Graceful Ædone that sweet pleasure loves,
And ruff-foot Chreste with the tufted crown;
Both which did kiss her, though their goddess frown'd.
The swans did in the solid flood her glass,
Proin their fair plumes; of which the fairest was

Jove-loved Leucote, that pure brightness is;
The other bounty-loving Dapsilis.
All were in heaven, now they with Hero were,
But Venus' looks brought wrath, and urged fear.
Her robe was scarlet; black her head's attire:
And through her naked breast shined streams of fire,
As when the rarefied air is driven
In flashing streams, and opes the darken'd heaven.
In her white hand a wreath of yew she bore;
And breaking th' icy wreath sweet Hero wore,
She forced about her brows her wreath of yew,
And said, "Now, minion, to thy fate be true,
Though not to me; endure what this portends:
Begin where lightness will, in shame it ends.
Love makes thee cunning; thou art current now,
By being counterfeit: thy broken vow
Deceit with her pied garters must rejoin,
And with her stamp thou countenances must coin;
Coyness, and pure deceits, for purities,
And still a maid wilt seem in cozen'd eyes,
And have an antic face to laugh within,
While thy smooth looks make men digest thy sin.
But since thy lips (least thought forsworn) forswore,
Be never virgin's vow worth trusting more!"
When Beauty's dearest did her goddess hear
Breathe such rebukes 'gainst that she could not clear,
Dumb sorrow spake aloud in tears of blood,
That from her grief-burst veins, in piteous flood,
From the sweet conduits of her favour fell.
The gentle turtles did with moans make swell
Their shining gorges; the white black-eyed swans
Did sing as woful Epicedians,
As they would straightways die: when Pity's queen,
The goddess Ecte, that had ever been
Hid in a watery cloud near Hero's cries,
Since the first instant of her broken eyes,
Gave bright Leucote voice, and made her speak,
To ease her anguish, whose swoln breast did break
With anger at her goddess, that did touch
Hero so near for that she used so much;
And, thrusting her white neck at Venus, said:
"Why may not amorous Hero seem a maid,
Though she be none, as well as you suppress
In modest cheeks your inward wantonness?
How often have we drawn you from above,
T' exchange with mortals rites for rites in love?
Why in your priest, then, call you that offence,
That shines in you, and is your influence?"
With this, the Furies stopp'd Leucote's lips,
Enjoin'd by Venus; who with rosy whips
Beat the kind bird. Fierce lightning from her eyes
Did set on fire fair Hero's sacrifice,
Which was her torn robe and enforced hair;
And the bright flame became a maid most fair
For her aspect: her tresses were of wire,
Knit like a net, where hearts, all set on fire,
Struggled in pants, and could not get released;
Her arms were all with golden pincers dress'd,
And twenty fashion'd knots, pullies, and brakes,
And all her body girt with painted snakes;
Her down-parts in a scorpion's tail combined,
Freckled with twenty colours; pied wings shined
Out of her shoulders; cloth had never dye,
Nor sweeter colours never viewed eye,
In scorching Turkey, Cares, Tartary,
Than shined about this spirit notorious;
Nor was Arachne's web so glorious.
Of lighting and of shreds she was begot;
More hold in base dissemblers is there not.
Her name was Eronusis. Venus flew
From Hero's sight, and at her chariot drew
This wondrous creature to so steep a height,
That all the world she might command with sleight

Description and creati of Dissimulation.

Of her gay wings; and then she bade her haste,
Since Hero had dissembled, and disgraced
Her rites so much, and every breast infect
With her deceits: she made her architect
Of all dissimulation; and since then
Never was any trust in maids nor men.
O it spited
Fair Venus' heart to see her most delighted,
And one she choosed, for temper of her mind,
To be the only ruler of her kind,
So soon to let her virgin race be ended;
Not simply for the fault a whit offended,
But that in strife for chasteness with the Moon,
Spiteful Diana bade her show but one
That was her servant vow'd, and lived a maid;
And, now she thought to answer that upbraid,
Hero had lost her answer: who knows not
Venus would seem as far from any spot
Of light demeanour, as the very skin
'Twixt Cynthia's brows? sin is ashamed of sin.
Up Venus flew, and scarce durst up for fear
Of Phœbe's laughter, when she pass'd her sphere:
And so most ugly-clouded was the light,
That day was hid in day; night came ere night;
And Venus could not through the thick air pierce,
Till the day's king, god of undaunted verse,
Because she was so plentiful a theme
To such as wore his laurel anademe,
Like to a fiery bullet made descent,
And from her passage those fat vapours rent,
That, being not thoroughly rarefied to rain,
Melted like pitch, as blue as any vein;
And scalding tempests made the earth to shrink
Under their fervour, and the world did think
In every drop a torturing spirit flew,
It pierced so deeply, and it burn'd so blue,
Betwixt all this and Hero, Hero held
Leander's picture, as a Persian shield;
And she was free from fear of worst success:
The more ill threats us, we suspect the less:
As we grow hapless, violence subtle grows,
Dumb, deaf, and blind, and comes when no man knows.

THE END OF THE FOURTH SESTYAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

Day doubles her accustom'd date,
As loth the Night, incensed by Fate,
Should wreck our lovers. Hero's plight;
Longs for Leander and the night:
Which ere her thirsty wish recovers,
She sends for two betrothed lovers,
And marries them, that, with their crew,
Their sports, and ceremonies due,
She covertly might celebrate
With secret joy her own estate.
She makes a feast, at which appears
The wild nymph Teras, that still bears
An ivory lute, tells ominous tales,
And sings at solemn festivals.

Now was bright Hero weary of the day,
Thought an Olympiad in Leander's stay.
Sol and the soft-foot Hours hung on his arms,
And would not let him swim, foreseeing his harms:
That day Aurora double grace obtain'd
Of her love Phœbus; she his horses rein'd,
Set on his golden knee, and, as she list,
She pull'd him back; and, as she pull'd, she kiss'd,
To have him turn to bed: he loved her more,
To see the love Leander Hero bore:
Examples profit much; ten times in one,
In persons full of note good deeds are done.
Day was so long, men walking fell asleep;
The heavy humours that their eyes did steep
Made them fear mischiefs. The hard streets were beds
For covetous churls and for ambitious heads,
That, spite of Nature, would their business ply:
All thought they had the falling epilepsy,
Men grovell'd so upon the smother'd ground;
And pity did the heart of Heaven confound.

The Gods, the Graces, and the Muses came
Down to the Destinies, to stay the frame
Of the true lovers' deaths, and all worlds' tears:
But Death before had stopp'd their cruel ears.
All the celestials parted mourning then,
Pierced with our human miseries more than men:
Ah, nothing doth the world with mischief fill,
But want of feeling one another's ill.
With their descent the day grew something fair,
And cast a brighter robe upon the air.
Hero, to shorten time with merriment,
For young Alcmane and bright Mya sent,
Two lovers that had long craved marriage-dues
At Hero's hands: but she did still refuse;
For lovely Mya was her consort vow'd
In her maid's state, and therefore not allow'd
To amorous nuptials: yet fair Hero now
Intended to dispense with her cold vow,
Since hers was broken, and to marry her:
The rites would pleasing matter minister
To her conceits, and shorten tedious day.
They came; sweet Music usher'd th' odorous way,
And wanton Air in twenty sweet forms danced
After her fingers; Beauty and Love advanced
Their ensigns in the downless rosy faces
Of youths and maids, led after by the Graces.
For all these Hero made a friendly feast,
Welcomed them kindly, did much love protest,
Winning their hearts with all the means she might,
That, when her fault should chance t' abide the light,
Their loves might cover or extenuate it,
And high in her worst fate make pity sit.
She married them; and in the banquet came,
Borne by the virgins. Hero strived to frame
Her thoughts to mirth: ay me! but hard it is
To imitate a false and forced bliss;
Ill may a sad mind forge a merry face,
Nor hath constrained laughter any grace.
Then laid she wine on cares to make them sink:
Who fears the threats of Fortune, let him drink.

To these quick nuptials enter'd suddenly
Admired Teras with the ebon thigh;
A nymph that haunted the green Sestian groves,
And would consort soft virgins in their loves,
At gaysome triumphs and on solemn days,
Singing prophetic elegies and lays,
And fingering of a silver lute she tied
With black and purple scarfs by her left side.
Apollo gave it, and her skill withal,
And she was term'd his dwarf, she was so small:
Yet great in virtue, for his beams enclosed
His virtues in her; never was proposed
Riddle to her, or augury, strange or new,
But she resolved it; never slight tale flew
From her charm'd lips, without important sense,
Shown in some grave succeeding consequence.
This little sylvan, with her songs and tales
Gave such estate to feasts and nuptials,
That though ofttimes she forewent tragedies,
Yet for her strangeness still she pleased their eyes;
And for her smallness they admired her so,
They thought her perfect born, and could not grow.
All eyes were on her. Hero did command
An altar deck'd with sacred state should stand
At the feast's upper end, close by the bride,
On which the pretty nymph might sit espied.
Then all were silent; every one so hears,
As all their senses climb'd into their ears:
And first this amorous tale, that fitted well
Fair Hero and the nuptials, she did tell.

The Tale of Teras.

Hymen, that now is god of nuptial rites,
And crowns with honour Love and his delights,
Of Athens was a youth so sweet of face,
That many thought him of the female race;
Such quickening brightness did his clear eyes dart,
Warm went their beams to his beholder's heart;

In such pure leagues his beauties were combined,
That there your nuptial contracts first were sign'd ;
For as proportion, white and crimson, meet
In beauty's mixture, all right clear and sweet,
The eye responsible, the golden hair,
And none is held without the other, fair ;
All spring together, all together fade ;
Such intermix'd affections should invade
Two perfect lovers ; which being yet unseen,
Their virtues and their comforts copied been
In beauty's concord, subject to the eye ;
And that, in Hymen, pleased so matchlessly,
That lovers were esteem'd in their full grace,
Like form and colour mix'd in Hymen's face ;
And such sweet concord was thought worthy then
Of torches, music, feasts, and greatest men :
So Hymen look'd, that even the chastest mind
He moved to join in joys of sacred kind ;
For only now his chin's first down consorted
His head's rich fleece, in golden curls contorted ;
And as he was so loved, he loved so too :
So should best beauties, bound by nuptials, do.
Bright Eucharis, who was by all men said
The noblest, fairest, and the richest maid
Of all th' Athenian damsels, Hymen loved
With such transmission, that his heart removed
From his white breast to hers : but her estate,
In passing his, was so interminate
For wealth and honour, that his love durst feed
On nought but sight and hearing, nor could breed
Hope of requital, the grand prize of love ;
Nor could he hear or see, but he must prove
How his rare beauty's music would agree
With maids in consort ; therefore robbed he
His chin of those same few first fruits it bore,
And clad in such attire as virgins wore,
He kept them company ; and might right well,
For he did all but Eucharis excel
In all the fair of beauty : yet he wanted
Virtue to make his own desires implanted
In his dear Eucharis ; for women never
Love beauty in their sex, but envy ever.
His judgment yet, that durst not suit address,
Nor, past due means, presume of due success,
Reason gat Fortune in the end to speed
To his best prayers ; but strange it seem'd, indeed,
That Fortune should a chaste affection bless :
Preferment seldom graceth bashfulness.
Nor graced it Hymen yet ; but many a dart,
And many an amorous thought enthrall'd his heart,
Ere he obtain'd her ; and he sick became,
Forced to abstain her sight ; and then the flame
Raged in his bosom. O, what grief did fill him !
Sight made him sick, and want of sight did kill him.
The virgins wonder'd where Diætia stay'd,
For so did Hymen term himself, a maid.
At length with sickly looks he greeted them :
'Tis strange to see 'gainst what an extreme stream
A lover strives ; poor Hymen look'd so ill,
That as in merit he increased still
By suffering much, so he in grace decreased :
Women are most won, when men merit least :
If Merit look not well, Love bids stand by ;
Love's special lesson is to please the eye.
And Hymen soon recovering all he lost,
Deceiving still these maids, but himself most,
His love and he with many virgin dames,
Noble by birth, noble by beauty's flames,
Leaving the town with songs and hallow'd lights,
To do great Ceres Eleusina rites
Of zealous sacrifice, were made a prey
To barbarous rovers, that in ambush lay,
And with rude hands enforced their shining spoil,
Far from the darken'd city, tired with toil:

And when the yellow issue of the sky
Came trooping forth, jealous of cruelty
To their bright fellows of this under heaven,
Into a double night, they saw them driven,
A horrid cave, the thieves' black mansion;
Where, weary of the journey they had gone,
Their last night's watch, and drunk with their sweet gains,
Dull Morpheus enter'd, laden with silken chains,
Stronger than iron, and bound the swelling veins
And tired senses of these lawless swains;
But when the virgin lights thus dimly burn'd,
O, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourn'd,
And wrung their hands, and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! Golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears
And yet it rains, so shew'd their eyes their tears:
And, as when funeral dames watch a dead corse,
Weeping about it, telling with remorse
What pains he felt, how long in pain he lay,
How little food he ate, what he would say;
And then mix mournful tales of others' deaths,
Smothering themselves in clouds of their own breaths;
At length, one cheering other, call for wine;
The golden bowl drinks tears out of their eyne,
As they drink wine from it; and round it goes,
Each helping other to relieve their woes;
So cast these virgins' beauties mutual rays,
One lights another, face the face displays;
Lips by reflection kiss'd, and hands hands shook,
Even by the whiteness each of other took.
But Hymen now used friendly Morpheus' aid,
Slew every thief, and rescued every maid:
And now did his enamour'd passion take
Heart from his hearty deed, whose worth did make
His hope of bounteous Eucharis more strong;
And now came Love with Proteus, who had long
Juggled the little god with prayers and gifts,
Ran through all shapes, and varied all his shifts,
To win Love's stay with him, and make him love him:
And when he saw no strength of sleight could move him
To make him love or stay, he nimbly turn'd
Into Love's self, he so extremely burn'd.
And thus came Love, with Proteus and his power,
T' encounter Eucharis: first, like the flower
That Juno's milk did spring, the silver lily,
He fell on Hymen's hand, who straight did spy
The bounteous godhead, and with wondrous joy
Offer'd it Eucharis. She, wondrous coy,
Drew back her hand: the subtle flower did woo it,
And, drawing it near, mix'd so you could not know it.
As two clear tapers mix in one their light,
So did the lily and the hand their white.
She view'd it; and her view the form bestows
Amongst her spirits; for, as colour flows
From superficies of each thing we see,
Even so with colours forms emitted be;
And where Love's form is, love is; love is form:
He enter'd at the eye; his sacred storm
Rose from the hand, love's sweetest instrument:
It stirr'd her blood's sea so, that high it went,
And beat in bashful waves 'gainst the white shore
Of her divided cheeks; it raged the more,
Because the tide went 'gainst the haughty wind
Of her estate and birth; and as we find,
In fainting ebbs, the flowery Zephyr hurls
The green-hair'd Hellespont, broke in silver curls
'Gainst Hero's tower; but in his blast's retreat,
The waves obeying him, they after beat,
Leaving the chalky shore a great way pale,
Then moist it freshly with another gale;
So ebb'd and flow'd the blood* in Eucharis' face,
Coyness and love strived which had greatest grace;

* These two words are now first restored from the edition of 1598.—Ed.

Virginity did fight on coyness' side,
Fear of her parents' frowns, and female pride
Loathing the lower place, more than it loves
The high contents desert and virtue moves.
With Love fought Hymen's beauty and his valure,
Which scarce could so much favour yet allure
To come to strike, but fameless idle stood:
Action is fiery valour's sovereign good.
But Love once enter'd, wish'd no greater aid
Than he could find within; thought thought betray'd;
The bribed, but incorrupted, garrison
Sung "Io Hymen;" there those songs begun,
And Love was grown so rich with such a gain,
And wanton with the ease of his free reign,
That he would turn into her roughest frowns
To turn them out; and thus he Hymen crowns
King of his thoughts, man's greatest empery:
This was his first brave step to deity.
Home to the mourning city they repair,
With news as wholesome as the morning air,
To the sad parents of each saved maid:
But Hymen and his Eucharis had laid
This plot, to make the flame of their delight
Round as the moon at full, and full as bright.
Because the parents of chaste Eucharis
Exceeding Hymen's so, might cross their bliss;
And as the world rewards deserts, that law
Cannot assist with force; so when they saw
Their daughter safe, take 'vantage of their own.
Praise Hymen's valour much, nothing bestown;
Hymen must leave the virgins in a grove
Far off from Athens, and go first to prove,
If to restore them all with fame and life,
He should enjoy his dearest as his wife.
This told to all the maids, the most agree:
The riper sort, knowing what 'tis to be
The first mouth of a news so far derived,
And that to hear and bear news brave folks lived,
As being a carriage special hard to bear
Occurrents, these occurrents being so dear,
They did with grace protest, they were content
T' accost their friends with all their compliment,
For Hymen's good; but to incur their harm,
There he must pardon them. This wit went warm
To Adolesche's brain, a nymph born high,
Made all of voice and fire, that upwards fly:
Her heart and all her forces' nether train
Climbed to her tongue, and thither fell her brain,
Since it could go no higher; and it must go;
All powers she had, even her tongue did so:
In spirit and quickness she much joy did take,
And loved her tongue, only for quickness' sake;
And she would haste and tell. The rest all stay:
Hymen goes one, the nymph another way;
And what became of her I'll tell at last:
Yet take her visage now; moist-lipp'd, long-faced,
Thin like an iron wedge, so sharp and tart,
As 'twere of purpose made to cleave Love's heart:
Well were this lovely beauty rid of her.
And Hymen did at Athens now prefer
His welcome suit, which he with joy aspired:
A hundred princely youths with him retired
To fetch the nymphs; chariots and music went:
And home they came: heaven with applauses rent.
The nuptials straight proceed, whiles all the town,
Fresh in their joys, might do them most renown.
First, gold-lock'd Hymen did to church repair,
Like a quick offering burn'd in flames of hair;
And after, with a virgin firmament
The godhead-proving bride attended went
Before them all: she looked in her command,
As if form-giving Cypria's silver hand
Gript all their beauties, and crush'd out one flame;
She blush'd to see how beauty overcame
The thoughts of all men. Next before her went
Five lovely children, deck'd with ornament

Of her sweet colours, bearing torches by ;
For light was held a happy augury
Of generation, whose efficient right
Is nothing else but to produce to light.
The odd disparent number they did choose,
To show the union married loves should use,
Since in two equal parts it will not sever,
But the midst holds one to rejoin it ever,
As common to both parts : men therefore deem
That equal number gods do not esteem,
Being authors of sweet peace and unity ;
But pleasing to th' infernal empery,
Under whose ensigns Wars and Discords fight,
Since an even number you may disunite
In two parts equal, nought in middle left,
To reunite each part from other reft ;
And five they hold in most especial prize,
Since 'tis the first odd number that doth rise
From the two foremost numbers' unity,
That odd and even are ; which are two and three ;
For one no number is ; but thence doth flow
The powerful race of number. Next did go
A noble matron, that did spinning bear
A housewife's rock and spindle, and did wear
A wether's skin, with all the snowy fleece,
To intimate that even the daintiest piece
And noblest-born dame should industrious be :
That which does good disgraceth no degree.
And now to Juno's temple they are come,
Where her grave priest stood in the marriage-room ;
On his right arm did hang a scarlet veil,
And from his shoulders to the ground did trail,
On either side, ribands of white and blue :
With the red veil he hid the bashful hue
Of the chaste bride, to shew the modest shame,
In coupling with a man, should grace a dame.
Then took he the disparent silks, and tied
The lovers by the waists, and side to side,
In token that thereafter they must bind
In one self sacred knot each other's mind.
Before them on an altar he presented
Both fire and water, which was first invented,
Since to ingenerate every human creature
And every other birth produced by Nature,
Moisture and heat must mix : so man and wife
For human race must join in nuptial life.
Then one of Juno's birds, the painted jay,
He sacrificed, and took the gall away ;
All which he did behind the altar throw,
In sign no bitterness of hate should grow,
'Twixt married loves, nor any least disdain.
Nothing they spake, for 'twas esteem'd too plain
For the most silken mildness of a maid,
To let a public audience hear it said,
She boldly took the man ; and so respected
Was bashfulness in Athens, it erected
To chaste Agneia, which is Shamefacedness,
A sacred temple, holding her a goddess.
And now to feasts, masques, and triumphant shows,
The shining troops return'd, even till earth's throes
Brought forth with joy the thickest part of night
When the sweet nuptial song, that used to cite
All to their rest, was by Phemonöe sung,
First Delphian prophetess, whose graces sprung
Out of the Muses' well : she sung before
The bride into her chamber ; at which door
A matron and a torch-bearer did stand :
A painted box of confits in her hand
The matron held, and so did other some
That compass'd round the honour'd nuptial room.
The custom was, that every maid did wear,
During her maidenhead, a silken sphere
About her waist, above her inmost weed,
Knit with Minerva's knot, and that was freed
By the fair bridegroom on the marriage-night,
With many ceremonies of delight :
And yet eternised Hymen's tender bride,
To suffer it dissolved so, sweetly cried.
The maids that heard, so loved and did adore her,
They wish'd with all their hearts to suffer for her.
So had the matrons, that with confits stood
About the chamber, such affectionate blood,
And so true feeling of her harmless pains,
That every one a shower of confits rains ;
For which the bride-youths scrambling on the ground,
In noise of that sweet hail her cries were drown'd.

And thus blest Hymen joy'd his gracious bride,
And for his joy was after deified.
The saffron mirror by which Phœbus' love,
Green Tellus, decks her, now he held above
The cloudy mountains; and the noble maid,
Sharp-visaged Adolesche, that was stray'd
Out of her way, in hasting with her news,
Not till this hour th' Athenian turrets views;
And now brought home by guides, she heard by all,
That her long kept occurrents would be stale,
And how fair Hymen's honours did excel
For those rare news, which she came short to tell.
To hear her dear tongue robb'd of such a joy
Made the well-spoken nymph take such a toy,
That down she sunk: when lightning from above
Shrunk her lean body, and, for mere free love,
Turn'd her into the pied-plumed Psittacus,
That now the Parrot is surnamed by us,
Who still with counterfeit confusion prates
Nought but news common to the common'st mates.
This told, strange Teras touch'd her lute, and sung
This ditty, that the torchy evening sprung.

Epithalamion Teratos.

Come, come, dear Night, Love's mart of kisses,
Sweet close of his ambitious line,
The fruitful summer of his blisses,
Love's glory doth in darkness shine.

Oh, come, soft rest of cares, come, Night,
Come, naked Virtue's only tire,
The reaped harvest of the light,
Bound up in sheaves of sacred fire.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

Come, Night, and lay thy velvet hand
On glorious Day's outfacing face;
And all thy crowned flames command,
For torches to our nuptial grace.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

No need have we of factious Day,
To cast, in envy of thy peace,
Her balls of discord in thy way:
Here Beauty's day doth never cease;
Day is abstracted here,
And varied in a triple sphere.
Hero, Alcmane, Mya, so outshine thee,
Ere thou come here, let Thetis thrice refine thee.
Love calls to war;
Sighs his alarms,
Lips his swords are,
The field his arms.

The evening star I see:
Rise, youths, the evening star
Helps Love to summon war;
Both now embracing be.
Rise, youths, Love's rite claims more than banquets, rise:
Now the bright marigolds, that deck the skies,
Phœbus' celestial flowers, that, contrary
To his flowers here, ope when he shuts his eye,
And shut when he doth open, crown your sports:
Now Love in Night, and Night in Love exhorts
Courtship and dances: all your parts employ,
And suit Night's rich expansure with your joy.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths, Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise.

Rise, virgins, let fair nuptial loves enfold
Your fruitless breasts: the maidenheads ye hold
Are not your own alone, but parted are;
Part in disposing them your parents share,
And that a third part is; so must ye save
Your loves a third, and you your thirds must have.
Love paints his longings in sweet virgins' eyes:
Rise, youths, Love's rite claims more than banquets; rise.
Herewith the amorous spirit, that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind.
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain

To blow it down; which, staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd;
But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
Did, like a shooting exhalation, glide
Out of their sights: the turning of her back
Made them all shriek, it look'd so ghastly black.
O hapless Hero! that most hapless cloud
Thy soon-succeeding tragedy foreshow'd.
Thus all the nuptial crew to joys depart;
But much-wrong'd Hero stood Hell's blackest dart:
Whose wound because I grieve so to display,
I use digressions thus t'increase the day.

THE END OF THE FIFTH SESTYAD.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH SESTYAD.

Leucote flies to all the winds,
And from the Fates their outrage blinds,
That Hero and her love may meet.
Leander, with Love's complete fleet
Mann'd in himself, puts forth to seas;
When straight the ruthless Destinies,
With Até, stir the winds to war
Upon the Hellespont; their jar
Drowns poor Leander. Hero's eyes,
Wet witnesses of his surprise,
Her torch blown out, grief casts her down
Upon her love, and both doth drown:
In whose just ruth the god of seas
Transforms them to th' Acanthides.

No longer could the Day nor Destinies
Delay the Night, who now did frowning rise
Into her throne; and at her humorous breasts
Visions and Dreams lay sucking: all men's rests
Fell like the mists of death upon their eyes,
Day's too-long darts so kill'd their faculties.
The winds yet, like the flowers, to cease began;
For bright Leucote, Venus' whitest swan,
That held sweet Hero dear, spread her fair wings,
Like to a field of snow, and message brings
From Venus to the Fates, t' entreat them lay
Their charge upon the winds their rage to stay,
That the stern battle of the seas might cease,
And guard Leander to his love in peace.
The Fates consent; ay me, dissembling Fates!
They shew'd their favours to conceal their hates,
And draw Leander on, lest seas too high
Should stay his too obsequious destiny:
Who like a fleering slavish parasite
In warping profit or a traitorous sleight,
Hoops round his rotten body with devotes,
And pricks his descant face full of false notes;
Praising with open throat, and oaths as foul
As his false heart, the beauty of an owl;
Kissing his skipping hand with charmed skips,
That cannot leave, but leaps upon his lips
Like a cock-sparrow, or a shameless queen
Sharp at a red-lipp'd youth, and nought doth mean
Of all his antic shows, but doth repair
More tender fawns, and takes a scatter'd hair
From his tame subject's shoulder; whips and calls
For everything he lacks; creeps 'gainst the walls
With backward humblesse, to give needless way:
Thus his false fate did with Leander play.
First to black Eurus flies the white Leucote,
(Born 'mongst the negroes in the Levant sea,
On whose curl'd head the glowing sun doth rise),
And shows the sovereign will of Destinies,
To have him cease his blasts; and down he lies.
Next, to the fenny Notus course she holds,
And found him leaning, with his arms in folds,
Upon a rock, his white hair full of showers;
And him she chargeth by the fatal powers,
To hold in his wet cheeks his cloudy voice.
To Zephyr then that doth in flowers rejoice:
To snake-foot Boreas next she did remove,
And found him tossing of his ravish'd love,
To heat his frosty bosom hid in snow;
Who with Leucote's sight did cease to blow.
Thus all were still to Hero's heart's desire;
Who with all speed did consecrate a fire

Of flaming gums and comfortable spice,
To light her torch, which in such curious price
She held, being object to Leander's sight,
That nought but fires perfumed must give it light.
She loved it so, she grieved to see it burn,
Since it would waste, and soon to ashes turn:
Yet, if it burn'd not, 'twere not worth her eyes;
What made it nothing, gave it all the prize.
Sweet torch, true glass of our society!
What man does good, but he consumes thereby?
But thou wert loved for good, held high, given show;
Poor virtue loathed for good, obscured, held low:
Do good, be pined, be deedless good, disgraced:
Unless we feed on men, we let them fast.
Yet Hero with these thoughts her torch did spend:
When bees make wax, Nature doth not intend
It shall be made a torch; but we that know
The proper virtue of it, make it so,
And when 'tis made, we light it: nor did Nature
Propose one life to maids; but each such creature
Makes by her soul the best of her free state,*
Which without love is rude, disconsolate,
And wants love's fire to make it mild and bright,
Till when, maids are but torches wanting light.
Thus 'gainst our grief, not cause of grief, we fight:
The right of nought is glean'd, but the delight.
Up went she: but to tell how she descended,
Would God she were not dead, or my verse ended.
She was the rule of wishes, sum, and end,
For all the parts that did on love depend:
Yet cast the torch his brightness further forth;
But what shines nearest best, holds truest worth.

Leander did not through such tempests swim
To kiss the torch, although it lighted him:
But all his powers in her desires awaked,
Her love and virtues clothed him richly naked.
Men kiss but fire that only shows pursue;
Her torch and Hero, figure show and virtue.
Now at opposed Abydos nought was heard
But bleating flocks, and many a bellowing herd,
Slain for the nuptials; cracks of falling woods;
Blows of broad axes; pourings out of floods.
The guilty Hellespont was mix'd and stain'd
With bloody torrents* that the shambles rain'd;
Not arguments of feast, but shows that bled,
Foretelling that red night that followed.
More blood was spilt, more honours were addrest
Than could have graced any happy feast;
Rich banquets, triumphs, every pomp employs
His sumptuous hand; no miser's nuptial joys.
Air felt continual thunder with the noise
Made in the general marriage violence;
And no man knew the cause of this expense,
But the two hapless lords, Leander's sire,
And poor Leander, poorest where the fire
Of credulous love made him most rich surmised:
As short was he of that himself he prized,
As is an empty gallant full of form,
That thinks each look an act, each drop a storm,
That falls from his brave breathings; most brought up
In our metropolis, and hath his cup
Brought after him to feasts; and much palm bears
For his rare judgment in th' attire he wears;
Hath seen the hot Low Countries, not their heat,
Observes their rampires and their buildings yet;

* This reading is peculiar to the edition of 1598. All the later editions read "*true* state."—Ed.

* All editions but the first read "torrent." Mr. Dyce conjectured that the plural was the true reading; but did not venture to introduce it into the text.—Ed.

And, for your sweet discourse with mouths, is heard
Giving instructions with his very beard ;
Hath gone with an ambassador, and been
A great man's mate in travelling, even to Rhene ;
And then puts all his worth in such a face
As he saw brave men make, and strives for grace
To get his news forth : as when you descry
A ship, with all her sail contends to fly
Out of the narrow Thames with winds unapt,
Now crosseth here, then there, then this way rapt,
And then hath one point reach'd, then alters all,
And to another crooked reach doth fall
Of half a bird-bolt's shoot, keeping more coil
Than if she danced upon the ocean's toil ;
So serious is his trifling company,
In all his swelling ship of vacantry.
And so short of himself in his high thought
Was our Leander in his fortunes brought,
And in his fort of love that he thought won ;
But otherwise he scorns comparison.
O sweet Leander, thy large worth I hide
In a short grave ; ill-favour'd storms must chide
Thy sacred favour ; I in floods of ink
Must drown thy graces, which white papers drink,
Even as thy beauties did the foul black seas ;
I must describe the hell of thy disease,
That heaven did merit : yet I needs must see
Our painted fools and cockhorse peasantry
Still, still usurp, with long lives, loves, and lust,
The seats of Virtue, cutting short as dust
Her dear-bought issue : ill to worse converts,
And tramples in the blood of all deserts.
Night close and silent now goes fast before
The captains and their soldiers to the shore,
On whom attended the appointed fleet
At Sestos' bay, that should Leander meet.
Who feign'd he in another ship would pass :
Which must not be, for no one mean there was
To get his love home, but the course he took.
Forth did his beauty for his beauty look,
And saw her through her torch, as you behold
Sometimes within the sun a face of gold,
Form'd in strong thoughts, by that tradition's force,
That says a God sits there and guides his course.
His sister was with him ; to whom he shew'd
His guide by sea, and said, " Oft have you view'd
In one heaven many stars, but never yet
In one star many heavens till now were met.
See, lovely sister, see, now Hero shines,
No heaven but her appears ; each star repines,
And all are clad in clouds, as if they mourn'd
To be by influence of earth out-burn'd.
Yet doth she shine, and teacheth Virtue's train
Still to be constant in hell's blackest reign,
Though even the gods themselves do so entreat them
As they did hate, and earth as she would eat them."
Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,
Thickening for haste, one in another so,
To kiss his skin, that he might almost go
To Hero's tower, had that kind minute lasted.
But now the cruel fates with Até hasted
To all the winds, and made them battle fight
Upon the Hellespont, for either's right
Pretended to the windy monarchy :
And forth they brake, the seas mix'd with the sky,
And toss'd distress'd Leander, being in hell,
As high as heaven : bliss not in height doth dwell.
The Destinies sate dancing on the waves,
To see the glorious winds with mutual braves
Consume each other : O true glass, to see
How ruinous ambitious statists be
To their own glories ! Poor Leander cried
For help to sea-born Venus ; she denied ;
To Boreas, that, for his Atthæa's sake,
He would some pity on his Hero take,
And for his own love's sake, on his desires :
But Glory never blows cold Pity's fires.
Then called he Neptune, who through all the noise,
Knew with affright his wrack'd Leander's voice,

And up he rose ; for haste his forehead hit
'Gainst heaven's hard crystal : his proud waves he smit
With his fork'd sceptre, that could not obey ;
Much greater powers than Neptune's gave them sway.
They loved Leander so, in groans they brake
When they came near him ; and such space did take
'Twixt one another, loth to issue on,
That in their shallow furrows earth was shown,
And the poor lover took a little breath :
But the curst Fates sate spinning of his death
On every wave, and with the servile winds
Tumbled them on him. And now Hero finds,
By that she felt, her dear Leander's state :
She wept, and pray'd for him to every Fate ;
And every wind that whipp'd her with her hair
About the face, she kiss'd and spake it fair,
Kneel'd to it, gave it drink out of her eyes
To quench his thirst : but still their cruelties
Even her poor torch envied, and rudely beat
The baiting flame from that dear food it eat ;
Dear, for it nourish'd her Leander's life,
Which with her robe she rescued from their strife ;
But silk too soft was such hard hearts to break ;
And she, dear soul, even as her silk, faint, weak,
Could not preserve it ; out, O out it went.
Leander still call'd Neptune, that now rent
His brackish curls, and tore his wrinkled face,
Where tears in billows did each other chase ;
And, burst with ruth, he hurl'd his marble mace
At the stern Fates : it wounded Lachesis
That drew Leander's thread, and could not miss
The thread itself, as it her hand did hit,
But smote it full, and quite did sunder it.
The more kind Neptune raged, the more he razed
His love's life's fort, and kill'd as he embraced :
Anger doth still his own mishap increase ;
If any comfort live, it is in peace.

O thievish Fates, to let blood, flesh, and sense,
Build two fair temples for their excellence,
To rob it with a poison'd influence.
Though souls' gifts starve, the bodies are held dear
In ugliest things ; sense-sport preserves a bear :
But here nought serves our turns : O heaven and earth,
How most most wretched is our human birth !
And now did all the tyrannous crew depart,
Knowing there was a storm in Hero's heart,
Greater than they could make, and scorn'd their smart.
She bowed herself so low out of her tower,
That wonder 'twas she fell not ere her hour,
With searching the lamenting waves for him :
Like a poor snail, her gentle supple limb
Hung on her turret's top, so most downright,
As she would dive beneath the darkness quite,
To find her jewel ; jewel— her Leander,
A name of all earth's jewels pleased not her
Like his dear name : "Leander, still my choice,
Come nought but my Leander : O, my voice,
Turn to Leander : henceforth be all sounds,
Accents, and phrases, that shew all griefs' wounds,
Analysed in Leander. O, black change !
Trumpets, do you with thunder of your clange,
Drive out this change's horror ; my voice faints :
Where all joy was, now shriek out all complaints."
Thus cried she ; for her mixed soul could tell
Her love was dead : and when the morning fell
Prostrate upon the weeping earth for woe,
Blushes, that bled out of her cheeks, did show
Leander brought by Neptune, bruised and torn
With cities' ruins he to rocks had worn,
To filthy usuring rocks, that would have blood,
Though they could get of him no other good.
She saw him, and the sight was much, much more
Than might have served to kill her : should her store

Of giant sorrows speak?—Burst, die, bleed,
And leave poor plaints to us that shall succeed.
She fell on her love's bosom, hugg'd it fast,
And with Leander's name she breathed her last.
Neptune for pity in his arms did take them,
Flung them into the air, and did awake them
Like two sweet birds, surnamed th' Acanthides,
Which we call Thistle-warps, that near no seas
Dare ever come, but still in couples fly,
And feed on thistle-tops, to testify
The hardness of their first life in their last;
The first, in thorns of love, that sorrows past:
And so most beautiful their colours show,
As none (so little) like them; her sad brow
A sable velvet feather covers quite,
Even like the forehead-cloths that, in the night,
Or when they sorrow, ladies use to wear:
Their wings, blue, red, and yellow, mix'd appear;
Colours that, as we construe colours, paint
Their states to life:—the yellow shows their saint,
The devil* Venus left them; blue, their truth;
The red and black, ensigns of death and ruth.
And this true honour from their love-deaths sprung—
They were the first that ever poet sung.

* So (or to be more exact "deuill") the edition of 1598, instead of the ordinary reading, *dainty*.—Ed.

Musæus: of Hero and Leander.*

[1616.]

TO THE

MOST GENERALLY INGENIOUS, AND OUR ONLY LEARNED ARCHITECT,
MY EXCEEDING GOOD FRIEND,

INIGO JONES, ESQUIRE,

SURVEYOR OF HIS MAJESTY'S WORKS.

ANCIENT Poesy, and ancient Architecture, requiring to their excellence a like creating and proportionable rapture, and being alike overtopt by the monstrous Babels of our modern barbarism, their unjust obscurity letting no glance of their truth and dignity appear but to passing few, to passing few is their least appearance to be presented. Yourself then being a chief of that few by whom both are apprehended, and their beams worthily measured and valued, this little light of the one I could not but object, and publish to your choice apprehension; especially for your most ingenuous love to all works in which the ancient Greek Souls have appeared to you. No less esteeming this worth the presenting to any Greatest, for the smallness of the work, than the Author himself hath been held therefore of the less estimation; having obtained as much preservation and honour as the greatest of others; the smallness being supplied with so greatly-excellent invention and elocution. Nor lacks even the most youngly-enamoured affection it contains a temper grave enough to become both the sight and acceptance of the Gravest. And therefore, howsoever the mistaking world takes it (whose left hand ever received what I gave with my right) if you freely and nobly entertain it, I obtain my end; your judicious love's continuance being my only object. To which I at all parts commend

Your ancient poor friend,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE COMMUNE READER.

When you see Leander and Hero, the subjects of this Pamphlet, I persuade myself your prejudice will increase to the contempt of it; either headlong presupposing it all one, or at no part matchable, with that partly excellent† Poem of Master Marlowe's. For your all one, the Works are in nothing alike; a different character being held through both the style, matter, and invention. For the match of it, let but

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* "*The Divine Poem of Musæus.* First of all Bookes. Translated According to the Originall, By Geo: Chapman. London ¶ Printed by Isaac Iaggard. 1616.

† "Partly excellent." It will be remembered that Chapman himself wrote all after the second Sestyad; this reservation, therefore, is a piece of modesty on his part.—ED.

your eyes be matches, and it will in many parts overmatch it. In the Original, it being* by all the most learned the incomparable Love-Poem of the world. And I would be something sorry you could justly tax me with doing it any wrong in our English; though perhaps it will not so amble under your seasures and censures, as the before published.

Let the great comprehenders and unable utterers of the Greek elocution in other language, drop under their unloadings, how humbly soever they please, and the rather disclaim their own strength, that my weakness may seem the more presumptuous; it can impose no scruple the more burthen on my shoulders, that I will feel; unless Reason chance to join arbiter with Will, and appear to me; to whom I am ever prostrately subject. And if envious Misconstruction could once leave tyrannizing over my infortunate Innocence, both the Charity it argued would render them that use it the more Christian, and me industrious, to hale out of them the discharge of their own duties.

OF MUSÆUS.

Out of the worthy D. Gager's Collections.

Musæus was a renowned Greek Poet, born at Athens, the son of Eumolpus. He lived in the time of Orpheus, and is said to be one of them that went the famous Voyage to Colchos for the Golden Fleece. He wrote of the Gods' genealogy before any other; and invented the Sphere. Whose opinion was, that all things were made of one Matter, and resolved into one again. Of whose works only this one Poem of Hero and Leander is extant. Of himself, in his Sixth Book of Æneids, Virgil makes memorable mention, where in Elysium he makes Sibylla speak this of him—

> Musæum ante omnes; medium nam plurima turba
> Hunc habet, atque humeris extantem suspicit altis.

He was born in Falerum, a town in the middle of Tuscia, or the famous country of Tuscany in Italy, called also Hetruria.

OF ABYDUS AND SESTUS.

Abydus and Sestus were two ancient Towns; one in Europe, another in Asia; East and West, opposite; on both the shores of the Hellespont. Their names are extant in Maps to this day. But in their places are two Castles built, which the Turks call Bogazossas, that is, Castles situate by the sea-side. Seamen now call the place where Sestus stood Malido. It was likewise called Possidonium. But Abydus is called Auco. They are both renowned in all writers for nothing so much as the Love of Leander and Hero.

OF THE HELLESPONT.

Hellespont is the straits of the two seas, Propontis and Egeum, running betwixt Abydus and Sestus. Over which Xerxes built a bridge, and joined these two towns together, conveying over his army of seven hundred thousand men. It is now called by some the Straits of Gallipolis; but by Frenchmen, Flemings, and others, the Arm of

* Some word, such as "held" or "accounted," seems to be missing here.—Ed.

Saint George. It had his name of Hellespont, because Helle, the daughter of Athamas, King of Thebes, was drowned in it. And therefore of one it is called the Virgin-killing Sea; of another the Virgin-sea. It is but seven Italian furlongs broad, which is one of our miles, lacking a furlong.

GODDESS, relate the witness-bearing light
Of Loves, that would not bear a humane sight;
The Sea-man that transported marriages,
Shipp'd in the night, his bosom plowing th' seas;
The love-joys that in gloomy clouds did fly
The clear beams of th' immortal Morning's eye;
Abydus and fair Sestus, where I hear
The night-hid Nuptials of young Hero were;
Leander's swimming to her; and a Light,
A Light that was administress of sight
To cloudy Venus, and did serve t' address[1]
Night-wedding Hero's nuptial offices:
A Light that took the very form of Love;
Which had been justice in ethereal Jove,
When the nocturnal duty had been done,
T' advance amongst the consort of the Sun,
And call the [2]Star that Nuptial Loves did guide,
And to the Bridegroom gave and graced the Bride,
Because it was [3]companion to the death
Of Loves,[4] whose kind cares cost their dearest breath;
And that [5]fame-freighted ship from shipwrack kept
That such sweet nuptials brought they never slept,
Till air[6] was with a bitter flood inflate,
That bore their firm loves as infix'd a hate.
But, Goddess, forth, and both one issue sing,
The Light extinct, Leander perishing.
Two towns there were, that with one sea were wall'd,
Built near, and opposite; this Sestus call'd,
Abydus that; then Love his bow bent high,
And at both Cities let one arrow fly,
That two (a Virgin and a Youth) inflamed:
The youth was sweetly-graced Leander named,
The virgin, Hero; Sestus she renowns,
Abydus he, in birth; of both which towns
Both were the beauty-circled stars; and both
Graced with like looks, as with one love and troth.
If that way lie thy course, seek for my sake
A Tower, that Sestian Hero once did make
Her watch-tower, and a torch stood holding there,
By which Leander his sea-course did steer.
Seek, likewise, of Abydus ancient towers,
The roaring sea lamenting to these hours
Leander's Love and Death. But say, how came
He (at Abydus born) to feel the flame
Of Hero's love at Sestus, and to bind
In chains of equal fire bright Hero's mind?
The graceful Hero, born of gentle blood,
Was Venus' Priest: and since she understood
No nuptial language, from her parents she
Dwelt in a tower that overlook'd the sea.
For shamefacedness and chastity, she reign'd
Another goddess; nor was ever train'd
In women's companies; nor learn'd to tread
A graceful dance, to which such years are bred.
The envious spites of women she did fly
(Women for beauty their own sex envy),
All her devotion was to Venus done,
And to his heavenly Mother her great Son
Would reconcile with sacrifices ever,
And ever trembled at his flaming quiver.
Yet 'scaped not so his fiery shafts her breast;
For now the popular Venerean Feast,
Which to Adonis, and great Cypria's State,
The Sestians yearly used to celebrate,
Was come; and to that holy-day came all
That in the bordering isles the sea did wall.
To it in flocks they flew; from Cyprus these,
Environ'd with the rough Carpathian seas;
These from Hæmonia; nor remain'd a man
Of all the towns in th' isles Cytherean;
Not one was left, that used to dance upon
The tops of odoriferous Libanon;
Not one of Phrygia, not one of all
The neighbours seated near the Festival;

Nor one of opposite Abydus' shore ;
None of all these, that virgins' favours wore,
Were absent ; all such fill the flowing way,
When Fame proclaims a solemn holy-day,
Not bent so much to offer holy flames,
As to the beauties of assembled dames.
The virgin Hero enter'd th' holy place,
And graceful beams cast round about her face,
Like to the bright orb of the rising Moon.
The top-spheres of her snowy cheeks put on
A glowing redness, like the two-hued rose
Her odorous bud beginning to disclose.
You would have said, in all her lineaments
A meadow full of roses she presents.
All over her she[7] blush'd ; which (putting on
Her white robe, reaching to her ankles) shone
(While she in passing did her feet dispose)
As she had wholly been a moving rose.
Graces in numbers from her parts did flow.
The Ancients, therefore (since they did not know
Hero's unbounded beauties), falsely feign'd
Only three Graces ; for, when Hero strain'd
Into a smile her priestly modesty,
A hundred Graces grew from either eye.
A fit one, sure, the Cyprian Goddess found
To be her ministress ; and so highly crown'd
With worth her grace was, past all other dames,
That, of a priest made to the Queen of Flames,
A new Queen of them she in all eyes shined ;
And did so undermine each tender mind
Of all the young men, that there was not one
But wish'd fair Hero was his wife, or none.
Nor could she stir about the well-built Fane,
This way or that, but every way she wan
A following mind in all men ; which their eyes,
Lighted with all their inmost faculties,
Clearly confirm'd ; and one, admiring, said,
"All Sparta I have travell'd, and survey'd
The City Lacedæmon, where we hear
All Beauties' labours and contentions were,
A woman, yet so wise and delicate
I never saw. It may be Venus gat
One of the younger Graces to supply
The place of priesthood to her Deity.
Ev'n tired I am with sight, yet doth not find
A satisfaction by my sight my mind.
O could I once ascend sweet Hero's bed,
Let me be straight found in her bosom dead !
I would not wish to be in heaven a God,
Were Hero here my wife. But, if forbod
To lay profane hands on thy holy priest,
O Venus, with another such assist
My nuptial longings." Thus pray'd all that spake ;
The rest their wounds hid, and in frenzies brake ;
Her beauty's fire, being so suppress'd, so raged.
But thou, Leander, more than all engaged,
Wouldst not, when thou hadst view'd th' amazing Maid,
Waste with close stings, and seek no open aid,
But, with the flaming arrows of her eyes
Wounded unwares, thou wouldst in sacrifice
Vent th' inflammation thy burnt blood did prove,
Or live with sacred medicine of her love.
But now the love-brand in his eye-beams burn'd,
And with unconquer'd fire his heart was turn'd
Into a coal ; together wrought the flame ;
The virtuous beauty of a spotless dame
Sharper to men is than the swiftest shaft ;
His eye the way by which his heart is caught :
And, from the stroke his eye sustains, th wound
Opens within, and doth his entrails sound.
Amaze then took him, Impudence and Shame
Made earthquakes in him with their fros and flame.
His heart betwixt them toss'd, till Reverence
Took all these prisoners in him ; and from thence
Her matchless beauty, with astonishment,
Increased his bands : till aguish Love, that lent
Shame and Observance, licensed their remove ;
And, wisely liking impudence in love,
Silent he went, and stood against the Maid,
And in side glances faintly he convey'd
His crafty eyes about her ; with dumb shows
Tempting her mind to error. And now grows

She to conceive his subtle flame, and joy'd
Since he was graceful. Then herself em-ploy'd
Her womanish cunning, turning from him quite
Her lovely countenance; giving yet some light,
Even by her dark signs, of her kindling fire,
With up and down-looks whetting his desire.
He joy'd at heart to see Love's sense in her,
And no contempt of what he did prefer.
And while he wish'd unseen to urge the rest,
The day shrunk down her beams to lowest West,
And East; [8]the Even-Star took vantage of her shade.
Then boldly he his kind approaches made,
And as he saw the russet clouds increase,
He strain'd her rosy hand, and held his peace,
But sigh'd, as silence had his bosom broke.
When she, as silent, put on anger's cloak,
And drew her hand back. He discerning well
Her [9]would and would-not, to her boldlier fell;
And her elaborate robe, with much cost wrought,
About her waist embracing, on he brought
His love to th' in-parts of the reverend fane;
She (as her love-sparks more and more did wane)
Went slowly on, and, with a woman's words
Threatening Leander, thus his boldness bords:
"Why, stranger, are you [10]mad? Ill-fated man,
Why hale you thus a virgin Sestian?
Keep on your way: let go, fear to offend
The noblesse of my birth-right's either friend.
It ill becomes you to solicit thus
The priest of Venus. Hopeless, dangerous,
The [11]barr'd-up way is to a virgin's bed."
Thus, for the maiden form, she menaced.
But he well knew that when these female [12]mines
Break out in fury, they are certain signs
Of their persuasions. Women's threats once shown,
Shows in it only all you wish your own.
And therefore of the ruby-colour'd maid
The odorous neck he with a kiss assay'd,
And, stricken with the sting of love, he pray'd:
"Dear Venus, next to Venus you must go;
And next Minerva, trace Minerva too;
Your like with earthly dames no light can show;
To Jove's great Daughters I must liken you.
Blest was thy great Begetter; blest was she
Whose womb did bear thee; but most blessedly
The womb itself fared that thy throes did prove.
O hear my prayer: pity the need of Love.
As priest of Venus, practise Venus' rites.
Come, and instruct me in her bed's-delights.
It fits not you, a virgin, to vow aids
To Venus' service; Venus loves no maids.
If Venus' institutions you prefer,
And faithful ceremonies vow to her,
Nuptials and beds they be. If her love binds,
Love love's sweet laws, that soften human minds.
Make me your servant; husband, if you pleased;
Whom Cupid with his burning shafts hath seised,
And hunted to you, as swift Hermes drave
With his gold-rod Jove's bold son to be slave
To Lydia's sovereign Virgin; but for me,
Venus insulting forced my feet to thee.
I was not guided by wise Mercury.
Virgin, you know, when Atalanta fled
Out of Arcadia, kind Melanion's bed,
Affecting virgin-life, your angry Queen,
Whom first she used with a malignant spleen,
At last possess'd him of her complete heart.
And you, dear love, because I would avert
Your Goddess' anger, I would fain persuade."
With these [13]love-luring words conform'd he made
The maid recusant to his blood's desire,
And set her soft mind on an erring fire.
Dumb she was strook; and down to earth she threw
Her rosy eyes, hid in vermilion hue,
Made red with shame. Oft with her foot she raced
Earth's upper part; and oft (as quite ungraced)

About her shoulders gather'd up her weed.
All these fore-tokens are that men shall speed.
Of a persuaded virgin, to her bed
Promise is most given when the least is said.
And now she took in Love's sweet bitter sting,
Burn'd in a fire that cool'd her surfeiting.
Her beauties likewise strook her friend amazed;
For, while her eyes fix'd on the pavement gazed,
Love on Leander's looks show'd fury seas'd.
Never enough his greedy eyes were pleased
To view[14] the fair gloss of her tender neck.
At last this sweet voice past, and out did break
A ruddy moisture from her bashful eyes:
"Stranger, perhaps thy words might exercise
Motion in flints, as well as my soft breast.
Who taught thee words,[15] that err from East to West
In their wild liberty? O woe is me!
To this my native soil who guided thee?
All thou hast said is vain: for how canst thou
(Not to be trusted; one I do not know)
Hope to excite in me a mixed love?
'Tis clear, that Law by no means will approve
Nuptials with us; for thou canst never gain
My parents' graces. If thou wouldst remain
Close on my shore, as outcast from thine own,
Venus will be in darkest corners known.
Man's tongue is friend to scandal; loose acts done
In surest secret, in the open sun
And every market-place will burn thine ears.
But say, what name sustain'st thou? What soil bears
Name of thy country? Mine I cannot hide.
My far-spread name is Hero; I abide
Housed in an all-seen tower, whose tops[16] touch heaven,
Built on a steep shore, that to sea is driven
Before the City Sestus; one sole maid
Attending. And this irksome life is laid
By my austere friends' wills on one so young;
No like-year'd virgins near, no youthful throng,
To meet in some delights, dances, or so;
But day and night the windy sea doth throw
Wild murmuring cuffs about our deafen'd ears."
This said, her white robe hid her cheeks like spheres.
And then (with shame affected, since she used
Words that desired youths, and her friends accused)
She blamed herself for them, and them for her.
Mean-space Leander felt Love's arrow err
Through all his thoughts; devising how he might
Encounter Love, that dared him so to fight.
Mind-changing Love wounds men and cures again.
Those mortals over whom he lists to reign,
Th' All-tamer stoops to, in advising how
They may with some ease bear the yoke, his bow.
So our Leander, whom he hurt, he heal'd.
Who having long his hidden fire conceal'd,
And vex'd with thoughts he thirsted to impart,
His stay he quitted with this quickest art:
"Virgin, for thy love I will swim a wave
That ships denies; and though with fire it rave,
In way to thy bed, all the seas in one
I would despise; the Hellespont were none.
All nights to swim to one [17]sweet bed with thee
Were nothing, if when Love had landed me,
All hid in weeds and in Venerean foam,
I brought withal bright Hero's husband home.
Not far from hence, and just against thy town,
Abydus stands, that my birth calls mine own.
Hold but a torch then in thy [18]heaven-high tower
(Which I beholding, to that starry power
May plough the dark seas, as the Ship of Love),
I will not care to see Boötes move
Down to the sea, nor sharp Orion trail
His never-wet car, but arrive my sail,
Against my country, at thy pleasing shore.
But, dear, take heed that no ungentle blore
The torch extinguish, bearing all the light
By which my life sails, lest I lose thee quite.

Wouldst thou my name know (as thou dost my house)
It is Leander, lovely Hero's spouse."
Thus this kind couple their close marriage made,
And friendship ever to be held in shade
(Only by witness of one nuptial life)
Both vow'd; agreed that Hero every night
Should hold her torch out; every night her love
The tedious passage of the sea should prove.
The whole even of the watchful nuptials spent,
Against their wills the stern power of constraint
Enforced their parting. Hero to her tower;
Leander (minding his returning hour)
Took of the turret marks, for fear he fail'd,
And to well-founded broad Abydus sail'd.
All night both thirsted for the secret strife
Of each young-married lovely man and wife;
And all day after no desire shot home,
But that the chamber-decking night were come.
And now Night's sooty clouds clapp'd all sail on,
Fraught all with sleep; yet took Leander none,
But on th' opposed shore of the noiseful seas
The messenger of glittering marriages
Look'd wishly for; or rather long'd to see
The witness of their Light to misery,
Far off discover'd in their covert bed.
When Hero saw the blackest curtain spread
That veil'd the dark night, her bright torch she show'd.
Whose light no sooner th' eager lover view'd,
But love his blood set on as bright a fire:
Together burn'd the torch and his desire.
But hearing of the sea the horrid roar,
With which the tender air the mad waves tore,
At first he trembled; but at last he rear'd
High as the storm his spirit, and thus cheer'd
(Using these words to it) his resolute mind:
"Love dreadful is; the Sea with nought inclined;
But Sea is water, outward all his ire;
When Love lights his fear with an inward fire.
Take fire, my heart, fear nought that flits and raves,
Be Love himself to me, despise these waves.
Art thou to know that Venus' birth was here?
Commands the sea, and all that grieves us there?"
This said, his fair limbs of his weed he stript;
Which, at his head with both hands bound, he shipt,
Leapt from the shore, and cast into the sea
His lovely body; thrusting all his way
Up to the torch, that still he thought did call;
He oars, he steerer, he the ship and all.
Hero advanced upon a tower so high,
As soon would lose on it the fixed'st eye;
And, like the Goddess Star, with her light shining,
The winds, that always (as at her repining)
Would blast her pleasures, with her veil she check'd,
And from their envies did her torch protect.
And this she never left, till she had brought
Leander to the havenful shore he sought.
When down she ran, and up she lighted then,
To her tower's top, the weariest of men.
First at the gates (without a syllable used)
She hugg'd her panting husband, all diffused
With foamy drops still stilling from his hair.
Then brought she him into the inmost fair
Of all, her virgin-chamber, that, at best,
Was with her beauties ten times better dress'd.
His body then she cleansed; his body oil'd
With rosy odours, and his bosom (soil'd
With the unsavoury sea) she render'd sweet.
Then, in the high-made bed (even panting yet)
Herself she pour'd about her husband's breast,
And these words utter'd: "With too much unrest,
O husband, you have bought this little peace!
Husband! No other man hath paid th' increase
Of that huge sum of pains you took for me.
And yet I know it is enough for thee
To suffer for my love the fishy savours
The working sea breathes. Come, lay all thy labours
On my all-thankful bosom." All this said,
He straight ungirdled her; and both parts paid

To Venus what her gentle statutes bound.
Here weddings were, but not a musical sound;
Here bed-rites offer'd, but no hymns of praise,
Nor poet sacred wedlock's worth did raise.
No torches gilt the honour'd nuptial bed,
Nor any youths much-moving dances led.
No father, nor no reverend mother, sung
Hymen, O Hymen, blessing loves so young.
But when the consummating hours had crown'd
The downright nuptials, a calm bed was found;
Silence the room fix'd; Darkness deck'd the bride;
But hymns and such rites far were laid aside.
Night was sole gracer of this nuptial house;
Cheerful Aurora never saw the spouse
In any beds that were too broadly known,
Away he fled still to his region,
And breathed insatiate of the absent Sun.
Hero kept all this from her parents still,
Her priestly weed was large, and would not fill,
A maid by day she was, a wife by night;
Which both so loved they wish'd it never light.
And thus both, hiding the strong need of love,
In Venus' secret sphere rejoiced to move.
But soon their joy died; and that still-toss'd state
Of their stolen nuptials drew but little date.
For when the frosty Winter kept his justs,
Rousing together all the horrid gusts
That from the ever-whirling pits arise,
And those weak deeps that drive up to the skies,
Against the drench'd foundations making knock
Their curled foreheads; then with many a shock
The winds and seas met, made the storms aloud
Beat all the rough sea with a pitchy cloud.
And then the black bark, buffeted with gales,
Earth checks so rudely that in two it falls;
The seaman flying winter's faithless sea.
Yet, brave Leander, all this bent at thee
Could not compel in thee one fit of fear;
But when the cruel faithless messenger,
The tower, appear'd, and show'd th' accustom'd light,
It stung thee on, secure of all the spite
The raging sea spit. But since Winter came,
Unhappy Hero should have cool'd her flame,
And lie without Leander, no more lighting
Her short-lived bed-star; but strange fate exciting
As well as Love, and both their powers combined
Enticing her, in her hand never shined
The fatal love-torch, but this one hour, more.
Night came. And now the Sea against the shore,
Muster'd her winds up; from whose wintry jaws
They belch'd their rude breaths out in bitterest flaws.
In midst of which Leander, with the pride
Of his dear hope to bord his matchless bride,
Upon the rough back of the high sea leaps;
And then waves thrust-up waves; the watery heaps
Tumbled together; sea and sky were mix'd;
The fighting winds the frame of earth unfix'd;
Zephyr and Eurus flew in either's face,
Notus and Boreas wrastler-like embrace,
And toss each other with their bristled backs.
Inevitable were the horrid cracks
The shaken Sea gave; ruthful were the wracks
Leander suffer'd in the savage gale
Th' inexorable whirlpits did exhale.
Often he pray'd to Venus born of seas,
Neptune their King; and Boreas, that 'twould please
His godhead, for the Nymph Althea's sake,
Not to forget the like stealth he did make
For her dear love, touch'd then with his sad state.
But none would help him; Love compels not Fate.
Every way toss'd with waves and Air's rude breath
Justling together, he was crush'd to death.
No more his youthful force his feet commands,
Unmoved lay now his late all-moving hands.
His throat was turn'd free channel to the flood,
And drink went down that did him far from good.

No more the false light for the cursed wind burn'd,
That of Leander ever-to-be-mourn'd
Blew out the love and soul. When Hero still
Had watchful eyes, and a most constant will
To guide the voyage; and the morning shined,
Yet not by her light she her love could find.
She stood distract with miserable woes,
And round about the sea's broad shoulders throws
Her eye, to second the extinguish'd light;
And tried if any way her husband's sight
Erring in any part she should descry.
When at her turret's foot she saw him lie
Mangled with rocks, and all embrued, she tore
About her breast the curious weed she wore;
And with a shriek from off her turret's height
Cast her fair body headlong, that fell right
On her dead husband, spent with him her breath;
And each won other in the worst of death.

ANNOTATIONS UPON THIS POEM OF MUSÆUS.

[1] Γαμοστόλος signifies one *qui nuptias apparat vel instruit.*

[2] Νυμφοστόλον ἄστρον ἐρώτων. Νυμφοστόλος *est qui sponsam sponso adducit seu conciliat.*

[3] Συνέριθος, *socius in aliquo opere.*

[4] Ἐρωμανέων ὀδυνάων ἐρωμανες. Ἐρωμανὴς signifies *perdite amans*, and therefore I enlarge the verbal translation.

[5] Ἀγγελίην δ' ἐφύλαξεν ἀκοιμήτων, &c. Ἀγγελία, besides what is translated in the Latin *res est nuntiata, item mandatum a nuntio perlatum. item fama*, and therefore I translate it *fame-freighted ship*, because Leander calls himself ὀλκὸς ἔρωτος, which is translated *navis amoris*, though ὀλκὸς properly signifies *sulcus*, or *tractus navis, vel serpentis, vel ætherea sagittæ, &c.*

[6] Ἐκθρὸν ἀήτην. Ἔχθος, Ἐχθρα, and Ἐχθρὸς are of one signification, or have their deduction one; and seem to be deduced ἀπὸ τοῦ ἔχεσθαι, 1. *hærere. Ut sit odium quod animo infixum hæret.* For *odium* is by Cicero defined *ira inveterata.* I have therefore translated it according to this deduction, because it expresses better; and taking the wind for the fate of the wind; which conceived and appointed before, makes it as inveterate or infixed.

[7] Χροιὴν γὰρ μελέων ἐρυθαίνετο, *colore enim membrorum rubebat.* A most excellent hyperbole, being to be understood *she blushed all over her.* Or, then follows another elegancy, as strange and hard to conceive. The mere verbal translation of the Latin being in the sense either imperfect, or utterly inelegant, which I must yet leave to your judgment, for your own satisfaction. The words are—

Νισσομένης δὲ
Καὶ ῥόδα λευκοχίτωνος ὑπὸ σφυρὰ λάμπετο κούρης.

Euntis vero
Etiam rosæ candidâ indutæ tunicâ sub talis splendebant puellæ.

To understand which, that her white weed was all underlined with roses, and that they shined out of it as she went, is passing poor and absurd; and as gross to have her stuck all over with roses. And therefore to make the sense answerable in heighth and elegancy to the former, she seemed (blushing all over her white robe, even below her ankles as she went) a moving rose, as having the blush of many roses about her.

[8] Ἀνέφαινε βαθύσκιος ἔσπερος ἀστήρ. *Apparuit umbrosa Hesperus stella. E regione* is before; which I English *And east; the Even-star took vantage of her shade;* viz., of the evening shade, which is the cause that stars appear.

[9] Χαλίφρονα νεύματα κ.τ.λ. *instabilis nutus puellæ.* I English *her would and would not.* Χαλίφρων, ὁ χάλις τὰς φρένας, signifying *cui mens laxata est et enervata;* and of extremity therein *amens, demens.* Χαλιφρονέω, *sum* χαλίφρων.

[10] *Demens sum*—she calls him δύσμορε, which signifies *cui difficile fatum obtingit;* according to which I English it, *infelix* (being the word in the Latin) not expressing so particularly, because the *unhappy* in our language hath divers understandings, as *waggish*, or *subtle, &c.* And the other well expressing an ill abodement in Hero of his ill or hard fate; imagining straight the strange and sudden alteration in her to be fatal.

[11] Δέκτρον ἀμήχανον. Παρθενικῆς going before, it is Latined, *virginis ad lectum difficile est ire;* but ἀμήχανος signifies *nullis machinis expugnabilis: the way unto a virgin's bed is utterly barred.*

[12] Κυπριδίων ὀάρων αὐτάγγελοί εἰσιν ἀπειλαί. *Venerearum consuetudinum per se nuntiæ sunt minæ;* exceeding elegant. Αὐτάγγελος signifying *qui sibi nuntius est, id est, qui sine aliorum opera sua ipse nuntiat;* according to which I have Englished it. Ὄαρες, *lusus venerei.* Ἀπειλαὶ also, which signifies *minæ*, having a reciprocal signification in our tongue, being Englished, *mines.* Mines, as it is privileged amongst us, being English, signifying mines made under the earth. I have passed it with that word, being fit for this place in that understanding.

[13] Ἐρωτοτόκοισι μύθοις, ἐρωτοτόκος σὰρξ, *corpus amorem pariens et alliciens*, according to which I have turned it.

[14] Ἁπαλόχροον αὐχένα. Ἁπαλόχροος signifies *qui tenerâ et delicatâ est cute; tenerum* therefore not enough expressing, I have enlarged the expression as in his place.

[15] Πολυπλανέων ἐπέων is turned *variorum verborum*, πολυπλανὴς signifying *multivagus, erroneus*, or *errorum plenus*, intending that sort of error that is in the planets; of whose wandering they are called πλανῆτες ἀστερες, *sidera errantia*. So that Hero taxed him for so bold a liberty in words, as erred *toto cælo* from what was fit, or became the youth of one so graceful; which made her break into the admiring exclamation, that one so young and gracious should put on so experienced and licentious a boldness, as in that holy temple encouraged him to make love to her.

[16] Δόμος οὐρανομήκης. It is translated *domo altissimâ*; but because it is a compound, and hath a grace superior to the others in his more near and verbal conversion, οὐρανομήκης signifying *cælum sua proceritate tangens*, I have so rendered it.

[17] Ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης, translated *madidus maritus*, when as ἀκοίτης is taken here for ὁμοκοίτης, signifying *unum et idem cubile habens*, which is more particular and true.

[18] Ἠλιβάτου σέο πύργου, &c. Ἠλίβατος signifies *tam altus aut profundus ut ab ejus accessu aberres*, intending the tower upon which Hero stood.

Peristeros: or the male Turtle.*

Not like that loose and party-liver'd sect
Of idle lovers, that (as different lights,
On colour'd subjects, different hues reflect)
Change their affections with their mistress' sights,
That with her praise, or dispraise, drown, or float,
And must be fed with fresh conceits, and fashions;
Never wax cold, but die; love not, but doat:
Love's fires staid judgments blow, not humorous passions,
Whose loves upon their lovers' pomp depend,
And quench as fast as her eyes' sparkle twinkles,
Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,
All love in smooth brows born is tomb'd in wrinkles.
But like the consecrated bird* of love,
Whose whole life's hap to his sole-mate† alluded,
Whom no proud flocks of other fowls could move,
But in herself all company concluded.
She was to him th' analysed world of pleasure,
Her firmness clothed him in varieties;
Excess of all things he joy'd in her measure,
Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powers,
In her that bounds the Empire of desert,
And Time nor Change (that all things else devours,
But truth eternized in a constant heart)
Can change me more from her, than her from merit,
That is my form, and gives my being spirit.

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* "*Divers Poeticall Essaies on the Turtle and Phœnix.* Done by the best and chiefest of our moderne writers, with their names subscribed to their particular workes: never before extant. And now first consecrated by them all generally to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight, Sir John Salisburie. *Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.* MDCI. (Printed at the end of Love's Martyr, &c., by Robert Chester.) London: Imprinted for E. B. 1601, page 176."

* The Turtle. † The Phœnix.

IN SEJANUM BEN. JONSONI

ET MUSIS ET SIBI IN DELICIIS.*

So brings the wealth-contracting jeweller
Pearls and dear stones from richest shores and streams,
As thy accomplish'd travail doth confer
From skill-enriched souls, their wealthier gems;
So doth his hand enchase in amell'd gold,
Cut and adorn'd beyond their native merits,
His solid flames, as thine hath here enroll'd
In more than golden verse, those better'd spirits;
So he entreasures Princes' Cabinets
As thy wealth will their wished libraries;
So on the throat of the rude sea he sets
His venturous foot, for his illustrious prize;
And through wild deserts, arm'd with wilder beasts,
As thou adventurest on the multitude,
Upon the boggy and engulfed breasts
Of hirelings, sworn to find most right most rude;
And he, in storms at sea, doth not endure,
Nor in vast deserts, amongst wolves, more danger,
Than we that would with virtue live secure,
Sustain for her in every vice's anger.
Nor is this allegory unjustly rack'd
To this strange length, only that jewels are,
In estimation merely, so exact;
And thy work, in itself, is dear and rare.
Wherein Minerva had been vanquished
Had she, by it, her sacred looms advanced,
And through thy subject woven her graphic thread,
Contending therein, to be more entranced;
For though thy hand was scarce address'd to draw
The semi-circle of SEJANUS' life,
Thy muse yet makes it the whole sphere, and law,
To all state lives; and bounds ambition's strife.
And as a little brook creeps from his spring,
With shallow tremblings through the lowest vales,
As if he fear'd his stream abroad to bring,
Lest profane feet should wrong it, and rude gales;
But finding happy channels, and supplies
Of other fords mix with his modest course,
He grows a goodly river, and descries
The strength that mann'd him since he left his source;
Then takes he in delightsome meads and groves,
And with his two-edged waters, flourishes
Before great palaces, and all men's loves
Build by his shores to greet his passages:
So thy chaste muse, by virtuous self-mistrust,
Which is a true mark of the truest merit,
In virgin fear of men's illiterate lust,
Shut her soft wings, and durst not show her spirit;
Till, nobly cherish'd, now thou lett'st her fly,
Singing the sable orgies of the Muses,
And in the highest pitch of Tragedy,
Makest her command all things thy ground produces.
But, as it is a sign of love's first firing
Not pleasure by a lovely presence taken,
And boldness to attempt; but close retiring
To places desolate and fever-shaken;
So, when the love of knowledge first affects us,
Our tongues do falter, and the flame doth rove
Through our thin spirits, and of fear detects us
T'attain her truth, whom we so truly love.

* Verses prefixed to "*Seianvs his fall.* Written by Ben: Ionson. Mart. non hic *Centauros*, non *Gorgonæs* Harpyasgo inuenies: Hominem pagina nostra sapit. At London: Printed by G. Elld, for Thomas Thorpe. 1605."

Nor can, saith Æschylus, a fair young dame,
Kept long without a husband, more contain
Her amorous eye from breaking forth in flame,
When she beholds a youth that fits her vein;
Than any man's first taste of knowledge truly
Can bridle the affection she inspireth;
But let it fly on men that most unduly
Haunt her with hate, and all the loves she fireth.
If our teeth, head, or but our finger ache,
We straight seek the physician; if a fever,
Or any cureful malady we take,
The grave physician is desired ever;
But if proud melancholy, lunacy,
Or direct madness over-heat our brains,
We rage, beat out, or the physician fly,
Losing with vehemence even the sense of pains.
So of offenders, they are past recure,
That with a tyrannous spleen, their stings extend
'Gainst their reprovers; they that will endure
All discreet discipline, are not said t' offend.
Though others qualified, then, with natural skill
(More sweet-mouth'd, and affecting shrewder wits)
Blanch coals, call illness good, and goodness ill,
Breathe thou the fire, that true-spoke knowledge fits.
Thou canst not then be great? yes: who is he—
Said the good Spartan king—greater than I,
That is not likewise juster? No degree
Can boast of eminence, or Empery
(As the great Stagyrite held) in any one
Beyond another, whose soul farther sees,
And in whose life the gods are better known:
Degrees of knowledge difference all degrees.
Thy Poem, therefore, hath this due respect,
That it lets pass nothing without observing
Worthy instruction; or that might correct
Rude manners, and renown the well-deserving:
Performing such a lively evidence
In thy narrations, that thy hearers still
Thou turn'st to thy spectators, and the sense
That thy spectators have of good or ill,
Thou inject'st jointly to thy reader's souls,
So dear is held, so deck'd thy numerous task
As thou putt'st handles to the Thespian bowls,
Or stuck'st rich plumes in the Palladian cask.
All thy worth, yet, thyself must patronize
By quaffing more of the Castalian head;
In expiscation of whose mysteries,
Our nets must still be clogg'd with heavy lead,
To make them sink and catch; for cheerful gold
Was never found in the Pierian streams,
But wants, and scorns, and shames for silver sold.
What, what shall we elect in these extremes?
Now by the shafts of the great Cyrrhan poet,
That bear all light that is about the world,
I would have all dull poet-haters know it,
They shall be soul-bound, and in darkness hurl'd
A thousand years, as Satan was, their sire,
Ere any worthy the poetic name
(Might I, that warm but at the muse' fire,
Presume to guard it), should let deathless fame
Light half a beam of all her hundred eyes,
At his dim taper, in their memories.
Fly, fly, you are too near; so odorous flowers,
Being held too near the censer of our sense,
Render not pure nor so sincere their powers,
As being held a little distance thence;
Because much troubled earthy parts improve them:
Which mixed with the odours we exhale,
Do vitiate what we draw in. But remove them
A little space, the earthy parts do fall,
And what is pure, and hot by his tenuity,
Is to our powers of savour purely borne.
But fly, or stay; use thou the assiduity
Fit for a true contemner of their scorn.

Our Phœbus may, with his exampling beams,
Burn out the webs from their Arachnean eyes,
Whose knowledge—day-star to all diadems—
Should banish knowledge-hating policies:
So others, great in the sciential grace,
His Chancellor, fautor of all human skills;
His Treasurer taking them into his place,
Northumber, that with them his crescent fills,
Grave Worcester, in whose nerves they guard their fire,
Northampton, that to all his height in blood,
Heightens his soul with them, and Devonshire,
In whom their streams, ebb'd to their spring, are flood,
Oraculous Salisbury, whose inspired voice
In state proportions sings their mysteries,
And, though last named, first in whom they rejoice,
To whose true worth they vow most obsequies,
Most noble Suffolk, who by nature noble,
And judgment virtuous, cannot fall by Fortune,
Who, when our herd came not to drink, but trouble
The Muses' waters, did a wall importune—
Midst of assaults—about their sacred river;
In whose behalfs my poor soul, consecrate
To poorest virtue, to the longest liver
His name, in spite of death, shall propagate.
O, could the world but feel how sweet a touch
A good deed hath in one in love with goodness
(If Poesy were not ravished so much,
And her composed rage held the simplest woodness,
Though of all heats that temper human brains,
Hers ever was most subtle, high, and holy,
First binding savage lines in civil chains:
Solely religious, and adored solely,
If men felt this) they would not think a love,
That gives itself in her did vanities give;
Who is—in earth though low—in worth above,
Most able t' honour life, though least to live.
And so, good friend, safe passage to thy freight,
To thee a long peace, through a virtuous strife,
In which let's both contend to virtue's height,
Not making Fame our object, but good life.

COME forth, Sejanus, fall before this book,
And of thy fall's reviver ask forgiveness,
That thy low birth and merits durst to look
A fortune in the face, of such unevenness;
For so his fervent love to virtue, hates,
That her pluck'd plumes should wing vice to such calling,
That he presents thee to all marking states,
As if thou hadst been all this while in falling.
His strong arm plucking from the middle-world
Fame's brazen house, and lays her tower as low
As Homer's Barathrum; that, from heaven hurl'd,
Thou might'st fall on it: and thy ruins grow
To all posterities from his work, the ground,
And under heaven nought but his Song might sound.

Hæc Commentatus est
Georgius Chapmannus.

TO HIS DEAR FRIEND

BENJAMIN JONSON HIS VOLPONE.*

COME yet more forth, Volpone, and thy chase
Perform to all length, for thy breath will serve thee;
The usurer shall never wear thy case:
Men do not hunt to kill, but to preserve thee.
Before the best hounds thou dost still but play;
And for our whelps, alas, they yelp in vain.
Thou hast no earth; thou hunt'st the Milk-white way,
And through the Elysian fields dost make thy train,
And as the symbol of life's guard the hare,
That, sleeping wakes; and for her fear was safed;
So shalt thou be advanced and made a star,
Pole to all wits, believed in for thy craft,
In which the scenes both mark, and mystery
Is hit, and sounded, to please best and worst;
To all which, since thou makest so sweet a cry,
Take all thy best fare, and be nothing cursed.

* Prefixed to "*Ben: Ionson his Volpone or the Foxe.*—Simul & jucunda, & idonea dicere vitæ. Printed for *Thomas Thorppe.* 1607."

THE TEARS OF PEACE

"*Euthymiæ Raptus; or the Teares of Peace: With Interlocutions.* By Geo. Chapman. At London, Printed by *H. L.* for Rich. Bonian, and H. Walley; and are to be solde a the spread-eagle, neere the great North-door of S. Pauls Church. 1609."

The Tears of Peace.

TO THE HIGH-BORN PRINCE OF MEN,

HENRY,

THRICE-ROYAL INHERITOR TO THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

INDUCTIO.

Now that our sovereign, the great King of Peace,
Hath, in her grace, outlabour'd Hercules ;
And past his pillars, stretch'd her victories ;
Since (as he were sole soul t' all royalties)
He moves all kings in this vast universe
To cast chaste nets on th' impious lust of Mars ;
See all and imitate his goodness still
That, having clear'd so well war's outward ill)
He, god-like, still employs his firm desires
To cast learn'd ink upon those inward fires,
That kindle worse war in the minds of men,
Like to incense the outward war again :
Self-love inflaming so men's sensual blood
That all good public drowns in private good ;
And that sinks under his own overfreight ;
Men's reasons and their learnings, shipwrack'd quite ;
And their religion, that should still be one,
Takes shapes so many that most know't in none.
Which I admiring, since in each man shined
A light so clear that by it all might find,
Being well inform'd, their object, perfect peace,
Which keeps the narrow path to happiness,
In that discourse, I shunn'd, as is my use,
The jarring preace, and all their time's abuse,
T' enjoy least trodden fields, and freëst shades ;
Wherein (of all the pleasure that invades
The life of man, and flies all vulgar feet,
Since silent meditation is most sweet)
I sat to it ; discoursing what main want
So ransack'd man, that it did quite supplant
The inward peace I spake of, letting in
At his loose veins, sad war and all his sin.
When suddenly, a comfortable light
Brake through the shade ; and, after it, the sight
Of a most grave and goodly person shined,
With eyes turn'd upwards, and was outward, blind ;
But inward, past and future things he saw,
And was to both, and present times, their law.
His sacred bosom was so full of fire
That 'twas transparent, and made him expire
His breath in flames, that did instruct, methought,
And (as my soul were then at full) they wrought.
At which, I casting down my humble eyes,
Not daring to attempt their fervencies ;
He thus bespake me : "Dear mind, do not fear
My strange appearance ; now 'tis time t' outwear
Thy bashful disposition, and put on
As confident a countenance as the Sun.
For what hast thou to look on, more divine
And horrid, than man is ; as he should shine,
And as he doth? what freed from this world's strife,
What he is entering and what ending life?

All which thou only studiest, and dost know;
And more than which is only sought for show.
Thou must not undervalue what thou hast,
In weighing it with that which more is graced;
The worth that weigheth inward should not long
For outward prices. This should make thee strong
In thy close value; nought so good can be
As that which lasts good betwixt God and thee.
Remember thine own verse: 'Should heaven turn hell,
For deeds well done, I would do ever well.'"
This heard, with joy enough, to break the twine
Of life and soul, so apt to break as mine;
I brake into a trance, and then remain'd,
Like him, an only soul; and so obtain'd
Such boldness by the sense he did control,
That I set look to look, and soul to soul.
I view'd him at his brightest; though, alas,
With all acknowledgment, of what he was
Beyond what I found habited in me;
And thus I spake: "O thou that, blind, dost see
My heart and soul, what may I reckon thee,
Whose heavenly look shows not, nor voice sounds man?"
"I am," said he, "that spirit Elysian,
That in thy native air, and on the hill
Next Hitchin's left hand, did thy bosom fill
With such a flood of soul, that thou wert fain,
With exclamations of her rapture then,
To vent it to the echoes of the vale;
When, meditating of me, a sweet gale
Brought me upon thee; and thou didst inherit
My true sense, for the time then, in my spirit;
And I, invisibly, went prompting thee
To those fair greens where thou didst English me."
Scarce he had utter'd this, when well I knew
It was my Prince's Homer; whose dear view
Renew'd my grateful memory of the grace
His Highness did me for him; which in face
Methought the Spirit show'd, was his delight,
And added glory to his heavenly plight:
Who told me, he brought stay to all my state;
That he was Angel to me, Star, and Fate;
Advancing colours of good hope to me;
And told me my retired age should see
Heaven's blessing in a free and harmless life,
Conduct me, thro' earth's peace-pretending strife,
To that true Peace, whose search I still intend,
And to the calm shore of a loved end.
But now, as I cast round my ravish'd eye,
To see if this free soul had company,
Or that, alone, he lovingly pursued
The hidden places of my solitude;
He rent a cloud down with his burning hand
That at his back hung, 'twixt me and a land
Never inhabited, and said: "Now, behold
What main defect it is that doth enfold
The world, in ominous flatteries of a Peace
So full of worse than war; whose stern increase
Devours her issue." With which words, I view'd
A lady, like a deity indued,
But weeping like a woman, and made way
Out of one thicket, that saw never day,
Towards another; bearing underneath
Her arm, a coffin, for some prize of death;
And after her, in funeral form, did go
The wood's four-footed beasts, by two and two:
A male and female match'd, of every kind;
And after them, with like instinct inclined,
The airy nation felt her sorrow's stings;
Fell on the earth, kept rank, and hung their wings.
Which sight I much did pity and admire,
And long'd to know the dame that could inspire
Those bestials with such humane form and ruth;
And how I now should know the hidden truth
(As Homer promised) of that main defect
That makes men all their inward peace reject
For name of outward; then he took my hand;
Led to her, and would make myself demand
(Though he could have resolved me) what she was,
And from what cause those strange effects had pass?

For whom she bore that coffin, and so mourn'd?
To all which, with all mildness, she return'd
Answer, that she was Peace, sent down from heaven
With charge from th' Almighty Deity given
T' attend on men, who now had banish'd her
From their societies, and made her err
In that wild desert; only human love,
Banish'd in like sort, did a long time prove
That life with her; but now, alas, was dead,
And lay in that wood to be buried;
For whom she bore that coffin and did mourn;
And that those beasts were so much humane born,
That they in nature felt a love to peace;
For which they follow'd her, when men did cease.
This went so near her heart, it left her tongue;
And, silent, she gave time to note whence sprung
Men's want of peace, which was from want of love;
And I observed now, what that peace did prove
That men made shift with and did so much please.
For now, the sun declining to the seas,
Made long misshapen shadows; and true Peace
(Here walking in his beams) cast such increase
Of shadow from her, that I saw it glide
Through cities, courts, and countries; and descried
How, in her shadow only, men there lived,
While she walk'd here i'th' sun; and all that thrived
Hid in that shade their thrift; nought but her shade
Was bulwark 'gainst all war that might invade
Their countries or their consciences; since Love
(That should give Peace, her substance) now they drove
Into the deserts; where he suffer'd Fate,
And whose sad funerals beasts must celebrate.
With whom I freely wish'd I had been nursed,
Because they follow nature, at their worst,
And at their best, did teach her. As we went
I felt a scruple, which I durst not vent,
No, not to Peace herself, whom it concern'd,
For fear to wrong her; so well I have learn'd
To shun injustice, even to doves or flies;
But to the Devil, or the Destinies,
Where I am just, and know I honour Truth,
I'll speak my thoughts, in scorn of what ensueth.
Yet, not resolved in th' other, there did shine
A beam of Homer's freër soul in mine,
That made me see, I might propose my doubt;
Which was: if this were true Peace I found out,
That felt such passion? I proved her sad part;
And pray'd her call her voice out of her heart
(There kept a wrongful prisoner to her woe),
To answer, why she was afflicted so.
Or how, in her, such contraries could fall,
That taught all joy and was the life of all?
She answer'd: "Homer told me that there are
Passions, in which corruption hath no share;
There is a joy of soul; and why not then
A grief of soul, that is no scathe to men?
For both are passions, though not such as reign
In blood and humour, that engender pain.
Free sufferance for the truth, makes sorrow sing,
And mourning far more sweet than banquetting.
Good, that deserveth joy, receiving ill,
Doth merit justly as much sorrow still:
And is it a corruption to do right?
Grief that dischargeth conscience, is delight;
One sets the other off. To stand at gaze
In one position, is a stupid maze,
Fit for a statue. This resolved me well
That grief in peace, and peace in grief might dwell.
And now fell all things from their natural birth:
Passion in Heaven; Stupidity, in Earth,
Inverted all; the Muses, Virtues, Graces,
Now suffer'd rude and miserable chases
From men's societies to that desert heath;
And after them, Religion (chased by death)

Came weeping, bleeding to the funeral :
Sought her dear Mother Peace, and down did fall
Before her, fainting, on her horned knees ;
Turn'd horn, with praying for the miseries
She left the world in ; desperate in their sin ;
Marble her knees pierced ; but heaven could not win
To stay the weighty ruin of his glory
In her sad exile ; all the memory
Of heaven and heavenly things, razed of all hands ;
Heaven moves so far off that men say it stands ;
And Earth is turn'd the true and moving Heaven ;
And so 'tis left ; and so is all Truth driven
From her false bosom ; all is left alone,
Till all be order'd with confusion.
Thus the poor brood of Peace, driven and distress'd,
Lay brooded all beneath their mother's breast ;
Who fell upon them weeping, as they fell :
All were so pined that she contain'd them well.
And in this Chaos, the digestion
And beauty of the world lay thrust and thrown.
In this dejection Peace pour'd out her tears,
Worded, with some pause, in my wounded ears.

INVOCATIO.

O ye three-times-thrice sacred Quiristers
Of God's great Temple, the small Universe
Of ruinous man (thus prostrate as ye lie
Brooded and loaded with calamity,
Contempt and shame in your true mother Peace)
As you make sad my soul with your misease,
So make her able fitly to disperse
Your sadness and her own in sadder verse.
Now, old, and freely banish'd with yourselves
From men's societies, as from rocks and shelves,
Help me to sing and die, on our Thames' shore ;
And let her lend me her waves to deplore,
In yours, and your most holy Sisters' falls,
Heaven's fall, and human Love's last funerals.
And thou, great Prince of men, let thy sweet graces
Shine on these tears ; and dry at length the faces
Of Peace and all her heaven-allied brood ;
From whose doves' eyes is shed the precious blood
Of heaven's dear Lamb, that freshly bleeds in them.
Make these no toys then ; gird the diadem
Of thrice Great Britain with their palm and bays ;
And with thy Eagle's feathers, deign to raise
The heavy body of my humble Muse ;
That thy great Homer's spirit in her may use
Her topless flight, and bear thy fame above
The reach of mortals and their earthy love ;
To that high honour his Achilles won,
And make thy glory far outshine the sun.
While this small time gave Peace, in her kind throes,
Vent for the violence of her sudden woes ;
She turn'd on her right side, and (leaning on
Her tragic daughter's bosom) look'd upon
My heavy looks, drown'd in imploring tears
For her and that so wrong'd dear race of hers,
At which even Peace express'd a kind of spleen.
And, as a careful mother I have seen
Chide her loved child, snatch'd with some fear from danger :
So Peace chid me ; and first shed tears of anger.

THE TEARS OF PEACE.

Peace. Thou wretched man, whom I discover, born
To want and sorrow, and the vulgar's scorn;
Why haunt'st thou freely these unhaunted places
Empty of pleasures? empty of all graces,
Fashions and riches; by the best pursued
With broken sleep, toil, love, zeal, servitude,
With fear and trembling, with whole lives and souls?
While thou break'st sleeps, digg'st under earth, like moles,
To live, to seek me out, whom all men fly;
And think'st to find light in obscurity,
Eternity in this deep vale of death;
Look'st ever upwards, and livest still beneath;
Fill'st all thy actions with strife what to think,
Thy brain with air, and scatter'st it in ink,
Of which thou makest weeds for thy soul to wear,
As out of fashion, as the body's are.
Interlo. I grant their strangeness, and their too ill grace,
And too much wretchedness, to bear the face
Or any likeness of my soul in them:
Whose instruments I rue with many a stream
Of secret tears for their extreme defects,
In uttering her true forms; but their respects
Need not be lessen'd for their being strange
Or not so vulgar as the rest that range
With headlong raptures, through the multitude;
Of whom they get grace for their being rude.
Nought is so shunn'd by virtue, thrown from truth,
As that which draws the vulgar dames and youth.
Pe. Truth must confess it; for where lives there one,
That Truth or Virtue, for themselves alone,
Or seeks or not contemns? All, all pursue
Wealth, Glory, Greatness, Pleasure, Fashions new.
Who studies, studies these; who studies not
And sees that study, lays the vulgar plot
That all the learning he gets living by
Men but for form or humour dignify
(As himself studies but for form and show,
And never makes his special end, to know)
And that an idle, airy man of news,
A standing face, a property to use
In all things vile, makes bookworms, creep to him;
How scorns he books and bookworms! O how dim
Burns a true soul's light in his bastard eyes!
And as a forest overgrown breeds flies,
Toads, adders, savages, that all men shun;
When on the south-side, in a fresh May sun,
In varied herds, the beasts lie out and sleep,
The busy gnats in swarms a buzzing keep,
And gild their empty bodies (lift aloft)
In beams, that though they see all, difference nought:
So in men's merely outward and false peace,
Instead of polish'd men, and true increase,
She brings forth men with vices overgrown:
Women, so light, and like, few know their own;
For mild and human tongues, tongues fork'd that sting:
And all these (while they may) take sun, and spring,
To help them sleep, and flourish; on whose beams
And branches, up they climb, in such extremes
Of proud confusion, from just laws so far,
That in their peace, the long robe sweeps like war.
In. That robe serves great men: why are great so rude?
Pe. Since great and mean are all but multitude.
For regular learning, that should difference set
'Twixt all men's worths, and make the mean or great,
As that is mean or great, or chief stroke strike,
Serves the plebeian and the lord alike.
Their objects show their learnings are all one;
Their lives, their objects, learning loved by none.

In. You mean, for most part; nor would it displease
That most part if they heard: since they profess
Contempt of learning, nor esteem it fit
Noblesse should study, see, or countenance it.
Pe. Can men in blood be noble, not in soul?
Reason abhors it; since what doth control
The rudeness of the blood and makes it noble,
Or hath chief means, high birthright to redouble
In making manners soft, and manlike mild,
Not suffering humanes to run proud or wild,
Is soul and learning; (or in love, or act)
In blood where both fail, then lies noblesse wrack'd.
In. It cannot be denied; but could you prove
As well that th' act of learning, or the love—
Love being the act in will—should difference set
'Twixt all men's worths, and make the mean or great
As learning is, or great or mean in them,
Then clear her right stood to man's diadem.
Pe. To prove that learning—the soul's actual frame,
Without which 'tis a blank, a smoke-hid flame—
Should sit great arbitress of all things done,
And in your souls, like gnomons in the sun,
Give rules to all the circles of your lives;—
I prove it by the regiment God gives
To man, of all things; to the soul of man,
To learning, of the soul. If then it can
Rule, live; of all things best is it not best?
O who, what God makes greatest dares make least?
But to use their terms: Life is root and crest
To all man's coat of noblesse; his soul is
Field to that coat; and learning differences
All his degrees in honour, being the coat.
And as a statuary, having got
An alabaster big enough to cut
A human image in, till he hath put
His tools and art to it—hewn, form'd, left none
Of the redundant matter in the stone—
It bears the image of a man no more
Than of a wolf, a camel, or a boar:
So when the soul is to the body given—
Being substance of God's image sent from heaven—
It is not his true image till it take
Into the substance those fit forms that make
His perfect image; which are then impress'd
By learning and impulsion, that invest
Man with God's form in living holiness,
By cutting from his body the excess
Of humours, perturbations, and affects,
Which Nature, without Art, no more ejects
Than without tools a naked artisan
Can in rude stone cut th' image of a man.
In. How then do ignorants, who, oft we try,
Rule perturbations, live more humanly
Than men held learn'd?
Pe. Who are not learn'd indeed
More than a house framed loose, that still doth need
The haling up and joining, is a house.
Nor can you call men mere religious,
That have goodwills to knowledge, ignorant:
For virtuous knowledge hath two ways to plant—
By power infused, and acquisition:
The first of which those good men graft upon,
For good life is the effect of learning's act,
Which th' action of the mind did first compact,
By infused love to Learning 'gainst all ill
Conquest's first step is, to all good, the will.
In. If learning then in love or act must be
Means to good life and true humanity,
Where are our scarecrows now, or men of rags,
Of titles merely, places, fortunes, brags,
That want and scorn both? those inverted men,
Those dungeons, whose souls no more contain
The actual light of Reason than dark beasts?
Those clouds, driven still 'twixt God's beam and their breasts?
Those giants, throwing golden hills 'gainst heaven,
To no one spice of one humanity given?
Pe. Of men there are three sorts that most foes be
To Learning and her love, themselves and me.
Active, Passive, and Intellective men,
Whose self-loves learning and her love disdain.

Your Active men consume their whole life's fire
In thirst of State-height, higher still and higher,
Like seeled pigeons mounting to make sport
To lower lookers-on, in seeing how short
They come of that they seek, and with what trouble
Lamely, and far from Nature, they redouble
Their pains in flying more than humbler wits,
To reach death more direct. For death that sits
Upon the fist of Fate, past highest air,
Since she commands all lives within that sphere,
The higher men advance, the nearer finds
Her sealed quarries; when, in bitterest winds,
Lightnings and thunders, and in sharpest hails
Fate casts her off at States; when lower sails
Slide calmly to their ends. Your Passive men—
So call'd of only passing time in vain—
Pass it in no good exercise, but are
In meats and cups laborious, and take care
To lose without all care their soul-spent time.
And since they have no means nor spirits to climb,
Like fowls of prey, in any high affair,
See how like kites they bangle in the air
To stoop at scraps and garbage, in respect
Of that which men of true peace should select,
And how they trot out in their lives the ring
With idly iterating oft one thing—
A new-fought combat, an affair at sea,
A marriage, or a progress, or a plea.
No news but fits them as if made for them,
Though it be forged, but of a woman's dream;
And stuff with such stolen ends their manless breasts—
Sticks, rags, and mud—they seem mere puttocks' nests:
Curious in all men's actions but their own,
All men and all things censure, though know none.
Your Intellective men, they study hard
Not to get knowledge but for mere reward;
And therefore that true knowledge that should be
Their studies' end, and is in nature free,
Will not be made their broker: having power
With her sole self to bring both bride and dower.
They have some shadows of her, as of me
Adulterate outward peace, but never see
Her true and heavenly face. Yet those shades serve,
Like errant-knights that by enchantments swerve
From their true lady's being, and embrace
An ugly witch with her fantastic face,
To make them think Truth's substance in their arms;
Which that they have not, but her shadow's charms,
See if my proofs be like their arguments,
That leave Opinion still her free dissents.
They have not me with them; that all men know
The highest fruit that doth of knowledge grow;
The bound of all true forms, and only act;
If they be true they rest, nor can be rack'd
Out of their posture by Time's utmost strength,
But last the more of force the more of length;
For they become one substance with the soul,
Which Time with all his adjuncts shall control.
But since men wilful may believe perchance
In part of Error's twofold ignorance,
Ill disposition, their skills look as high,
And rest in that divine security,
See if their lives make proof of such a peace;
For learning's truth makes all life's vain war cease;
It making peace with God, and joins to God;
Whose information drives her period
Through all the body's passive instruments,
And by reflection gives them soul-contents.
Besides, from perfect Learning you can never
Wisdom with her fair reign of passions sever.
For Wisdom is nought else than Learning fined,
And with the understanding power combined;

That is, a habit of both habits standing,
The blood's vain humours ever countermanding.
But if these show more humour than th' unlearn'd—
If in them more vain passion be discern'd—
More mad ambition, more lust, more deceit,
More show of gold than gold, than dross less weight,
If flattery, avarice have their souls so given,
Headlong, and with such devilish furies driven,
That fools may laugh at their imprudency
And villains blush at their dishonesty;
Where is true Learning proved to separate these,
And seat all forms in her soul's height in peace?
Raging Euripus, that in all their pride
Drives ships 'gainst roughest winds with his fierce tide,
And ebbs and flows seven times in every day,
Toils not on Earth with more irregular sway,
Nor is more turbulent and mad than they.
And shine like gold-worms, whom you hardly find
By their own light, not seen, but heard, like wind.
But this is Learning; to have skill to throw
Reins on your body's powers that nothing know,
And fill the soul's powers so with act and art
That she can curb the body's angry part;
All perturbations; all affects that stray
From their one object, which is to obey
Her sovereign empire; as herself should force
Their functions only to serve her discourse;
And that, to beat the straight path of one end,
Which is to make her substance still contend
To be God's image; in informing it
With knowledge: holy thoughts, and all forms fit
For that eternity ye seek in way
Of his sole imitation; and to sway
Your life's love so that he may still be centre
To all your pleasures; and you here may enter
The next life's peace; in governing so well
Your sensual parts that you as free may dwell,
Of vulgar raptures here as when calm death
Dissolves that learned empire with your breath.
To teach and live thus is the onely use
And end of Learning. Skill that doth produce
But terms, and tongues, and parroting of art
Without that power to rule the errant part,
Is that which some call learned ignorance;
A serious trifle, error in a trance.
And let a scholar all Earth's volumes carry,
He will be but a walking dictionary,
A mere articulate clock that doth but speak
By others' arts; when wheels wear, or springs break,
Or any fault is in him, he can mend
No more than clocks; but at set hours must spend
His mouth as clocks do: if too fast speech go,
He cannot stay it, nor haste if too slow.
So that, as travellers seek their peace through storms,
In passing many seas for many forms
Of foreign government, endure the pain
Of many faces seeing, and the gain
That strangers make of their strange-loving humours,
Learn tongues; keep note-books; all to feed the tumours
Of vain discourse at home, or serve the course
Of state employment, never having force
T' employ themselves; but idle compliments
Must pay their pains, costs, slaveries, all their rents;
And though they many men know, get few friends.
So covetous readers, setting many ends
To their much skill to talk; studiers of phrase;
Shifters in art; to flutter in the blaze
Of ignorant countenance; to obtain degrees
And lie in Learning's bottom, like the lees
To be accounted deep by shallow men;
And carve all language in one glorious pen;
May have much fame for learning, but th' effect
Proper to perfect Learning—to direct
Reason in such an art as that it can
Turn blood to soul, and make both one calm man;
So making peace with God, doth differ far
From clerks that go with God and man to war.

In. But may this peace and man's true empire then
By Learning be obtain'd, and taught to men?
Pe. Let all men judge; who is it can deny
That the rich crown of old Humanity
Is still your birthright? and was ne'er let down
From heaven for rule of beasts' lives, but your own?
You learn the depth of arts, and, curious, dare
By them, in nature's counterfeits, compare
Almost with God; to make perpetually
Motion like heaven's; to hang sad rivers by
The air, in air; and earth 'twixt earth and heaven
By his own poise. And are these virtues given
To powerful art, and virtue's self denied?
This proves the other vain and falsified.
Wealth, honour, and the rule of realms doth fall
In less than reason's compass; yet what all
Those things are given for (which is living well)
Wants discipline and reason to compel.
O foolish men! how many ways ye vex
Your lives with pleasing them, and still perplex
Your liberties with licence; every way
Casting your eyes and faculties astray
From their sole object. If some few bring forth
In nature freely something of some worth,
Much rude and worthless humour runs betwixt,
Like fruit in deserts with vile matter mixt.
Nor since they flatter flesh so, they are bold
As a most noble spectacle to behold
Their own lives; and like sacred light to bear
Their reason inward; for the soul in fear
Of every sort of vice she there contains,
Flies out, and wanders about other men's,
Feeding and fatting her infirmities.
And as in ancient cities, 'twas the guise
To have some ports of sad and hapless vent,
Through which all executed men they sent,
All filth, all offal, cast from what purged sin,
Nought chaste or sacred there going out or in;
So through men's refuse ears will nothing pierce
That's good or elegant; but the sword, the hearse,
And all that doth abhor from man's pure use,
Is each man's only siren, only muse.
And thus for one God, one fit good, they prize
These idle, foolish, vile varieties.
In. Wretched estate of men by fortune blest,
That being ever idle never rest;
That have goods ere they earn them, and for that
Want art to use them. To be wonder'd at
Is Justice; for proportion, ornament,
None of the graces is so excellent.
Vile things adorn her: methought once I saw
How by the sea's shore she sat giving law
Even to the streams, and fish most loose and wild,
And was, to my thoughts, wondrous sweet and mild;
Yet fire blew from her that dissolved rocks;
Her looks to pearl turn'd pebble; and her locks
The rough and sandy banks to burnish'd gold;
Her white left hand did golden bridles hold,
And with her right she wealthy gifts did give,
Which with their left hands men did still receive;
Upon a world in her chaste lap did lie
A little ivory book that show'd mine eye
But one page only—that one verse contain'd
Where all arts were contracted and explain'd—
All policies of princes, all their forces,
Rules for their fears, cares, dangers, pleasures, purses,
All the fair progress of their happiness here
Justice converted and composed there.
All which I thought on when I had express'd,
Why great men of the great states they possess'd
Enjoy'd so little; and I now must note
The large strain of a verse I long since wrote;
Which methought much joy to men poor presented,
"God hath made none (that all might be) contented."

Pe. It might for the capacity it bears,
Be that concealed and expressive verse
That Justice in her ivory manual writ,
Since all lines to man's peace are drawn in it.
For great men, though such ample stuff they have
To shape contentment, yet since like a wave
It flits and takes all forms, retaining none
Not fitted to their pattern which is one;
They may content themselves: God hath not given
To men mere earthly the true joys of heaven.
And so their wild ambitions either stay,
Or turn their headstrong course the better way,
For poor men, their cares may be richly eased,
Since rich with all they have live as displeased.
In. You teach me to be plain. But what's the cause
That great and rich, whose stars win such applause
With such enforced and vile varieties;
Spend time, nor give their lives glad sacrifice;
But when they eat and drink, with tales, jests, sounds
As if like frantic men that feel no wounds,
They would expire in laughters? and so err
From their right way; that like a traveller,
Weariest when nearest to his journey's end,
Time best spent ever with most pain they spend?
Pe. The cause is want of learning, which, being right,
Makes idleness a pain, and pain delight.
It makes men know that they, of all things born
Beneath the silver moon and golden morn,
Being only forms of God, should only fix
One form of life to those forms; and not mix
With beasts in forms of their lives. It doth teach
To give the soul her empire, and so reach
To rule of all the body's mutinous realm,
In which, once seated, she then takes the helm
And governs freely, steering to one port.
Then like a man in health the whole consort
Of his tuned body sings, which otherwise
Is like one full of wayward maladies,
Still out of tune; and like to spirits raised
Without a circle* never is appaised.
And then they have no strength but weakens them,
No greatness but doth crush them into stream,
No liberty but turns into their snare,
Their learnings then do light them but to err.
Their ornaments are burthens, their delights
Are mercenary servile parasites,
Betraying, laughing; fiends that raised in fears
At parting shake their roofs about their ears.
Th' imprison'd thirst the fortunes of the free;
The free, of rich; rich, of nobility;
Nobility, of kings; and kings, gods' thrones —
Even to their lightning flames and thunderstones.
O liberal learning, that well used gives use
To all things good, how bad is thy abuse!
When only thy divine reflection can,
That lights but to thy love, make good a man;
How can the regular body of thy light
Inform and deck him? the ills infinite,
That, like beheaded hydras in that fen
Of blood and flesh in lewd illiterate men,
Answer their amputations with supplies
That twist their heads, and ever double rise:
Herculean Learning conquers; and O see
How many and of what foul forms they be!
Unquiet, wicked thoughts, unnumber'd passions,
Poorness of counsels, hourly fluctuations,
In intercourse, of woes and false delights;
Impotent wills to goodness; appetites
That never will be bridled, satisfied,
Nor know how or with what to be supplied;
Fears and distractions mix'd with greediness;
Stupidities of those things ye possess;
Furies for what ye lose; wrongs done for nonce
For present, past and future things at once,
Cares vast and endless; miseries swoln with pride;
Virtues despised and vices glorified;
All these true learning calms and can subdue.
But who turns learning this way? All pursue

* See *Bussy D'Ambois* (vol. i. p. 160).

War with each other that exasperates these
For things without, whose ends are inward peace;
And yet those inward rebels they maintain.
And as your curious sort of Passive men
Thrust their heads through the roofs of rich and poor
Through all their lives and fortunes, and explore
Foreign and home-affairs, their princes' courts,
Their council and bedchambers for reports;
And, like freebooters, wander out to win
Matter to feed their mutinous rout within;
Which are the greedier still, and overshoot
Their true-sought inward peace for outward boot;
So learned men in controversies spend
Of tongues and terms, readings and labours penn'd,
Their whole lives' studies; glory, riches, place,
In full cry with the vulgar giving chase;
And never with their learning's true use strive
To bridle strifes within them, and to live
Like men of peace whom Art of peace begat:
But as their deeds are most adulterate,
And show them false sons to their peaceful mother
In those wars, so their arts are proved no other.
And let the best of them a search impose
Upon his art; for all the things she knows—
All being referr'd to all to her unknown—
They will obtain the same proportion
That doth a little brook that never ran
Through summer's sun, compared with th' ocean.
But could he oracles speak, and write to charm
A wild of savages, take nature's arm
And pluck into his search the circuit
Of earth and heaven, the sea's space, and the spirit
Of every star; the powers of herbs, and stones;
Yet touch not at his perturbations,
Nor give them rule and temper to obey
Imperial reason, in whose sovereign sway
Learning is wholly used and dignified,
To what end serves he? is his learning tried,
That comforting and that creating fire
That fashions men? or that which doth inspire
Cities with civil conflagrations,
Countries and kingdoms? That art that atones
All opposition to good life, is all.
Live well, ye learn'd, and all men ye enthral.

In. Alas! they are discouraged in their courses,
And, like surprised forts, beaten from their forces.
Bodies on rights of souls did never grow
With ruder rage, than barbarous torrents flow
Over their sacred pastures, bringing in
Weeds and all rapine; temples now begin
To suffer second deluge; sin-drown'd beasts
Making their altars crack; and the 'filed nests
Of vulturous fowls filling their holy places,
For wonted ornaments and religious graces.

Pe. The chief cause is, since they themselves betray,
Take their foes' baits for some particular sway
T' invert their universal; and this still
Is cause of all ills else, their living ill.

In. Alas! that men should strive for others' sway,
But first to rule themselves; and that being way
To all men's bliss, why is it trod by none?
And why are rules so dully look'd upon
That teach that lively rule?

Pe. O horrid thing!
'Tis custom pours into your common spring
Such poison of example in things vain
That reason nor religion can constrain
Men's sights of serious things; and th' only cause
That neither human nor celestial laws
Draw man more compass; is his own slack bent
T' intend no more his proper regiment,
Where, if your Active men, or men of action,
Their policy, avarice, ambition, faction,
Would turn to making strong their rule of passion,
To search and settle them in approbation
Of what they are and shall be, which may be
By reason in despight of policy,
And in one true course couch their whole affairs
To one true bliss worth all the spawn of theirs;
If half the idle speech men Passive spend
At sensual meetings, when they recommend

Their sanguine souls in laughters to their peace,
Were spent in counsels, how they might decrease
That frantic humour of ridiculous blood,
Which adds, they vainly think, to their lives' flood ;
And so converted in true human mirth
To speech, what they shall be, dissolved from earth,
In bridling it in flesh, with all the scope
Of their own knowledge here, and future hope :
If, last of all, your Intellective men
Would mix the streams of every jarring pen
In one calm current, that like land-floods now
Make all zeal's bounded rivers overflow ;
Firm Truth with question every hour pursue,
And yet will have no question, all is true.
Search in that troubled Ocean for a ford
That by itself runs, and must bear accord
In each man's self, by banishing falsehood there,
Wrath, lust, pride, earthy thoughts, before elsewhere.
(For as in one man is the world enclosed,
So to form one it should be all disposed :)
If all these would concur to this one end,
It would ask all their powers ; and all would spend
Life with that real sweetness which they dream
Comes in with objects that are mere extreme ;
And make them outward pleasures still apply,
Which never can come in but by that key ;
Others' advancements, others' fames desiring,
Thirsting, exploring, praising, and admiring,
Like lewd adulterers that their own wives scorn,
And other men's with all their wealth adorn ;
Why in all outraying, varied joys and courses,
That in these errant times tire all men's forces,
Is this so common wonder of our days,
That in poor fore-times such a few could raise
So many wealthy temples, and these none ?
All were devout then ; all devotions one,
And to one end converted ; and when men
Give up themselves to God, all theirs goes then.

A few well-given are worth a world of ill ;
And worlds of power not worth one poor good-will.

And what's the cause that (being but one) Truth spreads
About the world so many thousand heads
Of false opinions, all self-loved as true ?
Only affection to things more than due
One error kiss'd begetteth infinite.
How can men find truth in ways opposite ?
And with what force they must take opposite ways,
When all have opposite objects ? Truth displays
One colour'd ensign, and the world pursues
Ten thousand colours : see—to judge, who use
Truth in their arts—what light their lives do give,
For wherefore do they study but to live ?
See I Eternity's straight milk-white way,
And one in this life's crooked vanities stray ;
And shall I think he knows Truth following error ?
This, only this, is the infallible mirror
To show why ignorants with learn'd men vaunt,
And why your learn'd men are so ignorant.
Why every youth in one hour will be old
In every knowledge ; and why age doth mould.
Then, as in rules of true philosophy
There must be ever due analogy
Betwixt the power that knows and that is known,
So surely join'd that they are ever one ;
The understanding part transcending still
To that it understands ; that to his skill ;
All offering to the soul—the soul to God,
By which do all things make their period
In his high power, and make him All-in-All ;
So to ascend the high heaven-reaching scale
Of man's true peace, and make his Art entire
By calming all his Errors in desire ;
(Which must precede that higher happiness)
Proportion still must traverse her access
Betwixt his power and will, his sense and soul ;
And evermore the exorbitance control
Of all forms, passing through the body's power,
Till in the soul they rest as in their tower.

In. But as Earth's gross and elemental fire
Cannot maintain itself, but doth require
Fresh matter still to give it heat and light;
And when it is enflamed mounts not upright,
But struggles in his lame impure ascent,
Now this way works, and then is that way bent,
Not able straight to aspire to his true sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere;*
So best souls here, with heartiest zeals inflamed
In their high flight for heaven, earth bruised and lamed,
Make many faint approaches, and are fain
With much unworthy matter to sustain
Their holiest fire; and with sick feathers, driven,
And broken pinions, flutter towards heaven.
Pe. The cause is that you never will bestow
Your best t' enclose your lives 'twixt God and you;
To count the world's Love, Fame, Joy, Honour, nothing;
But life, with all your love to it, betrothing
To his love, his recomfort, his reward;
Since no good thought calls to him but is heard.
Nor need you think this strange, since he is there
Present within you, ever everywhere
Where good thoughts are; for Good hath no estate
Without him, nor himself is without that.
If then this commerce stand 'twixt you entire,
Try if he either grant not each desire,
Or so conform it to his will in stay,
That you shall find him there in the delay,
As well as th' instant grant; and so prove right
How easy his dear yoke is, and how light
His equal burthen; whether this commerce
'Twixt God and man be so hard or perverse
In composition, as the rarity
Or no-where pattern of it doth imply?

Or if, in worthy contemplation,
It do not tempt beyond comparison
Of all things worldly? Sensuality,
Nothing so easy; all earth's company—
Like rhubarb, or the drugs of Thessaly—
Compared in taste with that sweet? O, try then
If that contraction by the God of men,
Of all the law and prophets, laid upon
The tempting lawyer, were a load that none
Had power to stand beneath? If God's dear love
Thy conscience do not at first sight approve
Dear above all things; and, so pass this shelf
To love withal thy neighbour as thyself.
Not love as much, but as thyself, in this,
To let it be as free as thine own is—
Without respect of profit or reward,
Deceit or flattery, politic regard,
Or anything but naked Charity.
In. I call even God himself to testify—
For men I know but few—that far above
All to be here desired I rate his love.
Thanks to his still-kiss'd hand that so hath framed
My poor and abject life, and so inflamed
My soul with his sweet all-want-seasoning love;
In studying to supply, though not remove,
My desert fortunes and unworthiness
With some wish'd grace from him, that might express
His presence with me; and so dignify
My life to creep on earth; behold the sky;
And give it means enough for this low plight;
Though hitherto with no one hour's delight,
Hearty or worthy, but in him alone—
Who like a careful guide hath haled me on—
And, every minute sinking, made me swim
To this calm shore, hid with his Son in him.
And here, ay me! as trembling I look back,
I fall again, and in my haven wrack;
Still being persuaded by the shameless light
That these are dreams of my retired night,
That all my reading, writing, all my pains
Are serious trifles, and the idle veins
Of an unthrifty angel that deludes
My simple fancy, and by fate excludes
My birth-accursed life from the bliss of men;
And then my hands I wring, my bosom then

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* See *Cæsar and Pompey*, Act III.

"Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up
This way and that way, winding as it rises,
But right and upright, reach'd his proper sphere,
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere."

Beat and could break ope, fill th' enraged air,
And knock at heaven with sighs, invoke despair
At once, to free the tired earth of my load;
That these recoils—that reason doth explode
Religion damns, and my arm'd soul defies—
Wrastles with angels, telling heaven it lies,
If it deny the truth his Spirit hath writ,
Graven in my soul and there eternized it—
Should beat me from that rest, and that is this,
That these prodigious securities
That all men snore-in—drowning in vile lives
The souls of men because the body thrives—
Are witchcrafts damnable; that all learnings are
Foolish and false, that with those vile lives square;
That these sour wizards that so gravely scorn
Learning with good life, kind 'gainst kind suborn;
And are no more wise than their shades are men,
Which—as my finger can go to my pen—
I can demonstrate that our knowledges*—
Which we must learn if ever we profess
Knowledge of God, or have one notion true—
Are those which first and most we should pursue;
That in their searches all men's active lives
Are so far short of their contemplatives,
As bodies are of souls, this life of next:
And so much doth the form and whole context
Of matter, serving one, exceed the other,
That Heaven our Father is, as Earth our Mother;
And therefore in resemblance to approve,
Who are the true-bred, father'd by his love—
As heaven itself doth only virtually
Mix with the earth, his course keeping high,
And substance undisparaged, though his beams
Are drown'd in many dunghills, and their steams
To us obscure him, yet he ever shines:
So though our souls' beams dig in bodies' mines
To find them rich discourses through their senses;
And meet with many middens of offences,
Whose vapours choke their organs—yet should they
Disperse them by degrees, because their sway,
In power, is absolute; and in that power shine
As firm as heaven, heaven nothing so divine.
All this I hold; and since that all truth else,
That all else know or can hold, stays and dwells
On these grounds' uses, and should all contend
(Knowing our birth here serves but for this end,
To make true means and ways to our second life),
To ply those studies, and hold every strife
To other ends—more than to amplify,
Adorn, and sweeten these, deservedly—
As balls cast in our race, and but grass-knit
From both sides of our path t' ensnare our wit;
And thus, because the gaudy vulgar light
Burns up my good thoughts, form'd in temperate night,
Rising to see the good moon oftentimes—
Like the poor virtues of these vicious times—
Labour as much to lose her light as when
She fills her waning horns; and how, like men
Raised to high places, exhalations fall
That would be thought stars; I'll retire from all
The hot glades of ambition, company,
That with their vainness make this vanity;
And cool to death in shadows of this vale,
To which end I will cast this serpent's scale—
This load of life in life, this fleshy stone—
This bond and bundle of corruption—
This breathing sepulchre—this sponge of grief—
This smiling enemy—this household thief—
This glass of air, broken with less than breath—
This slave bound face to face to death till death;
And consecrate my life to you and yours.
In which objection, if that Power of Powers

* Knowledge of ourselves.

That hath relieved me thus far, with a hand
Direct and most immediate, still will stand
Betwixt me and the rapines of the Earth ;
And give my poor pains but such gracious birth
As may sustain me in my desert age
With some power to my will, I still will wage
War with that false peace that exileth you ;
And in my pray'd-for freedom ever vow,
Tears in these shades for your tears, till mine eyes
Pour out my soul in better sacrifice.
Peace. Nor doubt, good friend, but God, to whom I see
Your friendless life converted, still will be
A rich supply for friends ; and still be you
Sure convertite to him. This, this way row
All to their country. Think how he hath show'd
You ways and byways ; what to be pursued
And what avoided. Still in his hands be,
If you desire to live or safe or free.
No longer days take ; Nature doth exact
This resolution of thee and this fact,
The Foe hails on thy head, and in thy face,
Insults and trenches ; leaves thee no world's grace ;
The walls in which thou art besieged, shake.
Have done ; resist no more ; but if you take
Firm notice of our speech, and what you see,
And will add pains to write all, let it be
Divulged too. Perhaps, of all, some one
May find some good. But might it touch upon
Your gracious Prince's liking, he might do
Good to himself and all his kingdoms too ;
So virtuous a great example is :
And that hath thank'd as small a thing as this,
Here being stuff and form for all true peace
And so of all men's perfect happiness,
To which if he shall lend his princely ear,
And give commandment, from yourself to hear
My state ; tell him you know me, and that I,
That am the crown of principality
(Though thus cast off by princes) ever vow
Attendance at his foot, till I may grow
Up to his bosom ; which, being dew'd in time
With these my tears, may to my comforts climb ;
Which when all pleasures into palsies turn,
And sunlike pomp in his own clouds shall mourn,
Will be acceptive. Mean-space I will pray
That he may turn some toward thought this way,
While the round whirlwinds of the Earth's delights
Dust betwixt him and me, and blind the sights
Of all men ravish'd with them ; whose increase
You well may tell him, fashions not true peace.
The peace that they inform learns but to squat,
While the sly legal foe that levels at
War through those false lights, suddenly runs by
Betwixt you and your strength ; and while you lie,
Couching your ears, and flatting every limb,
So close to earth that you would seem to him
The earth itself ; yet he knows who you are,
And in that vantage pours on ready war.

CONCLUSIO.

THUS by the way to human loves interring
These marginal and secret tears referring
To my disposure, having all this hour
Of our unworldly conference given power
To her late fainting issue to arise,
She raised herself and them, the progenies
Of that so civil desert rising all ;
Who fell with her ; and to the funeral—
She bearing still the coffin—all went on.
And now gives Time her state's description.
Before her flew Affliction, girt in storms,
Gash'd all with gushing wounds, and all the forms
Of bane and misery frowning in her face ;
Whom Tyranny and Injustice had in chase;
Grim Persecution, Poverty, and Shame ;
Detraction, Envy, foul Mishap and lame ;
Scruple of Conscience ; Fear, Deceit. Despair ;
Slander and Clamour, that rent all the air;
Hate, War, and Massacre ; uncrowned Toil ;
And Sickness, t' all the rest the base and foil,
Crept after ; and his deadly weight, trod down
Wealth, Beauty, and the glory of a Crown.

These usher'd her far off; as figures given
To show these Crosses borne, make peace with heaven.
But now, made free from them, next her before;
Peaceful and young, Herculean silence bore
His craggy club; which up aloft, he hild;
With which, and his fore-finger's charm he still'd
All sounds in air; and left so free mine ears,
That I might hear the music of the spheres,
And all the angels singing out of heaven;
Whose tunes were solemn, as to passion given;
For now, that Justice was the happiness there
For all the wrongs to Right inflicted here,
Such was the passion that Peace now put on;
And on all went; when suddenly was gone
All light of heaven before us; from a wood,
Whose light foreseen, now lost, amazed we stood,
The sun still gracing us; when now, the air
Inflamed with meteors, we discover'd fair,
The skipping goat; the horse's flaming mane;
Bearded and trained comets; stars in wane;
The burning sword, the firebrand-flying snake;
The lance; the torch; the licking fire; the drake;
And all else meteors that did ill abode;
The thunder chid; the lightning leap'd abroad;
And yet when Peace came in all heaven was clear,
And then did all the horrid wood appear,
Where mortal dangers more than leaves did grow;
In which we could not one free step bestow,
For treading on some murther'd passenger
Who thither was, by witchcraft, forced to err:
Whose face the bird hid that loves humans best;
That hath the bugle eyes and rosy breast,
And is the yellow Autumn's nightingale.
Peace made us enter here secure of all;
Where, in a cave that through a rock did eat,
The monster Murther held his impious seat;
A heap of panting harts supported him,
On which he sat gnawing a reeking limb
Of some man newly murther'd. As he ate,
His grave-digg'd brows, like stormy eaves did sweat;
Which, like incensed fens, with mists did smoke;
His hide was rugged as an aged oak
With heathy leprosies; that still he fed
With hot, raw limbs, of men late murthered.
His face was like a meteor, flashing blood;
His head all bristled, like a thorny wood;
His neck cast wrinkles, like a sea enraged;
And in his vast arms was the world engaged
Bathing his hands in every cruel deed:
Whose palms were hell-deep lakes of boiling lead;
His thighs were mines of poison, torment, grief;
In which digg'd fraud, and treachery for relief;
Religion's botcher, policy; and pride,
Oppression, slavery, flattery glorified,
Atheism, and tyranny, and gain unjust,
Frantic ambition, envy, shag-hair'd lust,
Both sorts of ignorance, and knowledge swell'd;
And over these, the old wolf avarice held
A golden scourge that dropt with blood and vapour,
With which he whipp'd them to their endless labour.
From under heaps cast from his fruitful thighs—
As ground, to all their damn'd impieties—
The mournful goddess drew dead Human Love;
Nor could they let her entry, though they strove
And furnaced on her all their venomous breath;
For though all outrage breaks the peace of death,
She coffin'd him; and forth to funeral
All help'd to bear him. But to sound it all,
My trumpet fails, and all my forces shrink.
Who can enact to life, what kills to think?
Nor can the soul's beams beat through blood and flesh,
Forms of such woe and height as now, afresh
Flow'd from these objects; to see Poesy
Prepared to do the special obsequy
And sing the Funeral Oration.
How it did show, to see her tread upon
The breast of Death, and on a Fury lean;
How to her fist, as rites of service then,

A cast of ravens flew; on her shoulders, how
The fowls that to the Muses' queen we vow—
The owl and heronshaw—sat; how, for her hair,
A hapless comet hurl'd about the air
Her curled beams, whence sparks, like falling stars,
Vanish'd about her, and with winds adverse
Were still blown back; to which the phœnix flew,
And, burning on her head, would not renew.
How her divine Oration did move
For th' unredeemed loss of Human Love;
Object man's future state to reason's eye;
The soul's infusion, immortality;
And prove her forms firm, that are here impress'd,
How her admired strains wrought on every breast;—
And made the woods cast their immanity
Up to the air; that did to cities fly
In fuel for them; and, in clouds of smoke,
Ever hang over them; cannot be spoke;
Nor how to Human Love, to Earth now given,
A lightning stoop'd and ravish'd him to heaven,
And with him Peace with all her heavenly seed:
Whose outward Rapture made me inward bleed;
Nor can I therefore my intention keep,
Since Tears want words and words want tears to weep.

COROLLARIUM AD PRINCIPEM.

THUS shook I this abortive from my brain,
Which, with it, lay in this unworthy pain.
Yet since your Homer had his worthy hand
In venturing this delay of your command
To end his Iliads; deign, great Prince of men,
To hold before it your great shield; and then
It may do service worthy this delay,
To your more worthy pleasure; and I may
Re-gather the spersed fragments of my spirits,
And march with Homer through his deathless merits
To your undying graces. Nor did he
Vanish with this slight vision, but brought me
Home to my cabin, and did all the way
Assure me of your Grace's constant stay
To his soul's being, wholly naturalized
And made your Highness' subject; which he prized
Past all his honours held in other lands;
And that, because a Prince's main state stands
In his own knowledge, and his power within,
These works that had chief virtue to begin
Those informations you would hold most dear,
Since false joys have their seasons to appear
Just as they are; but these delights were ever
Perfect and needful, and would irk you never.
I praying for this happy work of heaven
In your sweet disposition, the calm even
Took me to rest; and he with wings of fire,
To soft Air's supreme region did aspire.

By the ever most humbly and truly dedicated

to your most Princely graces,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

Epistle Dedicatory.*

TO THE HIGH-BORN PRINCE OF MEN,

HENRY,

THRICE ROYAL INHERITOR TO THE UNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC.

SINCE perfect happiness, by Princes sought,
Is not with birth born, nor exchequers bought,
Nor follows in great trains, nor is possess'd
With any outward state, but makes him blest
That governs inward, and beholdeth there
All his affections stand about him bare,
That by his power can send to Tower and death
All traitorous passions, marshalling beneath
His justice his mere will, and in his mind
Holds such a sceptre as can keep confined
His whole life's actions in the royal bounds
Of virtue and religion, and their grounds
Takes in to sow his honours, his delights,
And complete empire; you should learn these rights,
Great prince of men, by princely precedents,
Which here, in all kinds, my true zeal presents
To furnish your youth's groundwork and first state,
And let you see one godlike man create
All sorts of worthiest men, to be contrived
In your worth only, giving him revived,
For whose life Alexander would have given
One of his kingdoms; who (as sent from heaven,
And thinking well that so divine a creature
Would never more enrich the race of nature)
Kept as his crown his works, and thought them still
His angels, in all power to rule his will;
And would affirm that Homer's poesy
Did more advance his Asian victory,
Than all his armies. O! 'tis wondrous much,
Though nothing prized, that the right virtuous touch
Of a well-written soul to virtue moves;
Nor have we souls to purpose, if their loves
Of fitting objects be not so inflamed.
How much then were this kingdom's main soul maim'd,
To want this great inflamer of all powers
That move in human souls! All realms but yours
Are honour'd with him, and hold blest that state
That have his works to read and contemplate:
In which humanity to her height is raised,
Which all the world, yet none enough, hath praised.
Seas, earth, and heaven, he did in verse comprise,
Out-sung the Muses, and did equalize
Their king Apollo; being so far from cause
Of Princes' light thoughts, that their gravest laws
May find stuff to be fashion'd by his lines.
Through all the pomp of kingdoms still he shines,
And graceth all his gracers. Then let lie
Your lutes and viols, and more loftily
Make the heroics of your Homer sung;
To drums and trumpets set his angel's tongue,

* Prefixed to Chapman's Translation of the first Twelve Books of the Iliad.

And, with the princely sport of hawks you use,
Behold the kingly flight of his high Muse,
And see how, like the phœnix, she renews
Her age and starry feathers in your sun,
Thousands of years attending, every one
Blowing the holy fire, and throwing in
Their seasons, kingdoms, nations, that have been
Subverted in them ; laws, religions, all
Offer'd to change and greedy funeral ;
Yet still your Homer lasting, living, reigning,
And proves how firm truth builds in poets' feigning.
A prince's statue, or in marble carved,
Or steel, or gold, and shrined, to be preserved,
Aloft on pillars or pyramides,
Time into lowest ruins may depress ;
But drawn with all his virtues in learn'd verse,
Fame shall resound them on oblivion's hearse,
Till graves gasp with her blasts, and dead men rise.
No gold can follow where true Poesy flies.
Then let not this Divinity in earth,
Dear Prince, be slighted as she were the birth
Of idle fancy, since she works so high;
Nor let her poor disposer, Learning, lie
Still bed-rid. Both which being in men defaced,
In men with them is God's bright image rased ;
For as the Sun and Moon are figures given
Of his refulgent Deity in heaven,
So Learning, and, her lightener, Poesy,
In earth present his fiery Majesty.
Nor are kings like him, since their diadems
Thunder and lighten and project brave beams,
But since they his clear virtues emulate,
In truth and justice imaging his state,
In bounty and humanity since they shine,
Than which is nothing like him more divine :
Not fire, not light, the sun's admired course,
The rise nor set of stars, nor all their force
In us and all this cope beneath the sky,
Nor great Existence, term'd his treasury ;
Since not for being greatest he is blest,
But being just, and in all virtues blest.
What sets his justice and his truth best forth,
Best Prince, then use best, which is Poesy's worth.
For, as great princes, well inform'd and deck'd
With gracious virtue, give more sure effect
To her persuasions, pleasures, real worth,
Than all th' inferior subjects she sets forth ;
Since there she shines at full, hath birth, wealth, state,
Power, fortune, honour, fit to elevate
Her heavenly merits, and so fit they are,
Since she was made for them, and they for her ;
So Truth, with Poesy graced, is fairer far,
More proper, moving, chaste, and regular,
Than when she runs away with untruss'd Prose ;
Proportion, that doth orderly dispose
Her virtuous treasure, and is queen of graces ;
In Poesy decking her with choicest phrases,
Figures and numbers ; when loose Prose puts on
Plain letter-habits, makes her trot upon
Dull earthly business, she being mere divine ;
Holds her to homely cates and harsh hedge-wine,
That should drink Poesy's nectar ; every way
One made for other, as the sun and day,
Princes and virtues. And, as in a spring,
The pliant water, moved with anything
Let fall into it, puts her motion out
In perfect circles, that move round about
The gentle fountain, one another raising ;
So Truth and Poesy work ; so Poesy, blazing
All subjects fall'n in her exhaustless fount,
Works most exactly, makes a true account
Of all things to her high discharges given,
Till all be circular and round as heaven.
And lastly, great Prince, mark and pardon me :
As in a flourishing and ripe fruit-tree,
Nature hath made the bark to save the bole,
The bole the sap, the sap to deck the whole
With leaves and branches, they to bear and shield
The useful fruit, the fruit itself to yield
Guard to the kernel, and for that all those,
Since out of that again the whole tree grows ;
So in our tree of man, whose nervy root
Springs in his top, from thence even to his foot

There runs a mutual aid through all his parts,
All join'd in one to serve his Queen of Arts,*
In which doth Poesy like the kernel lie
Obscured, though her Promethean faculty
Can create men, and make even death to live,
For which she should live honour'd; kings should give
Comfort and help to her that she might still
Hold up their spirits in virtue, make the will
That governs in them to the power conform'd,
The power to justice; that the scandals, storm'd
Against the poor dame, clear'd by your fair grace,
Your grace may shine the clearer. Her low place,
Not showing her, the highest leaves obscure.
Who raise her raise themselves; and he sits sure
Whom her wing'd hand advanceth, since on it
Eternity doth, crowning virtue, sit.
All whose poor seed, like violets in their beds,
Now grow with bosom-hung and hidden heads;
For whom I must speak, though their fate convinces
Me worst of poets, to you best of princes.

* The soul.

By the most humble and faithful implorer for all

the graces to your highness eternized

by your divine Homer,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

AN

ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OUR DREAD PRINCE, MY MOST GRACIOUS AND SACRED MÆCENAS,

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES,

OUR SUNN, HEYR, PEACE, LIFE.

BE to us, as thy great name doth import,
  Prince of the people, nor suppose it vain
That in this secret and prophetic sort
  Thy name and noblest title doth contain
So much right to us, and as great a good.
  Nature doth nothing vainly; much less Art
Perfecting Nature. No spirit in our blood
  But in our soul's discourses bears a part;
What nature gives at random in the one,
  In th' other order'd our divine part serves.
Thou art not HEYR then to our State alone,
  But SUNN, PEACE, LIFE; and, what thy power deserves
Of us and our good in thy utmost strife,
Shall make thee to thyself HEYR, SUNN, PEACE, LIFE.

TO

THE SACRED FOUNTAIN OF PRINCES, SOLE EMPRESS OF BEAUTY AND VIRTUE,

ANNE, QUEEN OF ENGLAND, &c.

WITH whatsoever honour we adorn
  Your royal issue, we must gratulate you,
Imperial Sovereign; who of you is born
  Is you; one tree make both the bole and bough.
If it be honour then to join you both
  To such a powerful work as shall defend
Both from foul death and age's ugly moth,
  This is an honour that shall never end.
They know not virtue then, that know not what
  The virtue of defending virtue is;
It comprehends the guard of all your State,
  And joins your greatness to as great a bliss.
Shield virtue and advance her then, great Queen,
  And make this book your glass to make it seen.

Your Majesty's in all subjection most

humbly consecrate,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

PETRARCH'S

SEVEN PENITENTIAL PSALMS,

&c.

"*Petrarchs Seven Penitentiall Psalms*, Paraphrastically translated: with other Philosophicall Poems, and a Hymne to Christ upon the Crosse. Written by George Chapman.

"*Arri. Epict.*

"Progressus sum in medium, & pacem
Omnibus hominibus proclamo.

At mihi quod victo detruxerit inuida turba,
Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet honos.

"London, Imprinted for Matthew Selman, dwelling in Fleete-Streete neare Chancerie lane. 1612."

Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms.

[1612.]

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHILY HONOURED, GRAVE, AND INGENUOUS FAVOURER OF ALL VIRTUE,

SIR EDW. PHILLIPS, KNIGHT,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS, ETC.

SIR,—Though the name of a poem bears too light and vain a character in his forehead, either to answer my most affectionate desire to do you honour, or deserve your acceptance; yet since the subject and matter is grave and sacred enough (how rudely soever I have endeavoured to give it grace and elocution), I presumed to prefer to your emptiest leisure of reading, this poor dedication, in the substance and soul of whose humane and divine object, the most wise and religious that ever writ to these purposes, I have (for so much as this little contains) imitated and celebrated, good life, and the true feeling of our human birth and Being, being the end of it all: and (as I doubt not your judicial and noble apprehension will confess) the chief end of whatsoever else, in all authority and principality. Notwithstanding, either for the slenderness of the volume, or harshness of the matter, I have not dared to submit it (as the rest of my weak labours) to my most gracious and sacred patron, the Prince; reserving my thrice humble duty to his highness, for some much greater labours, to which it hath pleased him to command me. And thus most truly thankful for all your right free and honourable favours,

I humbly and ever rest,

The most unfeigned and constant observer of you and yours,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

PSALM I.

Heu mihi Misero!

I.

O ME wretch! I have enraged
My Redeemer; and engaged
My life, on death's slow foot presuming,
I have broke his blessed laws,
Turning with accursed cause
Saving love to wrath consuming.

II.

Truth's strait way my will forsook,
And to wretched byways took,
Broad, rough, steep, and full of danger,
Every way I labour found,
Anguish and delights unsound,
To my journey's end a stranger.

III.

Rocks past fowls' wings, took my flights,
All my days spent, all my nights;

Toils and straits though still repelling,
One or other beast I met,
Shunning that for which I swet;
Wild beasts' dens were yet my dwelling.

IV.

Pleasure that all pain suborns
Making beds of ease, on thorns,
Made me found with ruin sleeping,
Rest, in Torment's arms I sought,
All good talk'd, but all ill thought,
Laugh'd at what deserved my weeping.

V.

What is now then left to do?
What course can I turn me to?
Danger such unscaped toils pitching.
All my youth's fair gloss is gone,
Like a shipwrack each way blown,
Yet his pleasures still bewitching.

VI.

I delay my haven to make,
Nor yet safety's true way take,
On her left hand ever erring;
I a little see my course,
Which in me, the war makes worse,
Th' use of that small fight deferring.

VII.

Oft I have attempted flight,
Th' old yoke casting, but his weight
Thou nature to my bones impliest.
O that once my neck were eased
Straight it were, were thy power pleased
O, of all things high, thou highest.

VIII.

O could I my sin so hate,
I might love thee yet, though late,
But my hope of that is starved;
Since my own hands make my chains;
Just, most just, I grant my pains,
Labour wrings me most deserved.

IX.

Mad wretch, how dear have I bought
Fetters with my own hands wrought?
Freely in death's ambush falling.
I made; and the foe disposed,
Nets that never will be loosed,
More I strive the more enthralling.

X.

I look'd by and went secure
In paths slippery, and impure;
In myself, my sin still flattering.
I thought youth's flower still would thrive,
Follow'd as his storm did drive
With it, all his hemlocks watering.

XI.

Said: "What think I of the extremes,
Ere the mean hath spent his beams?
Each age hath his proper object.
God sees this, and laughs to see.
Pardon soon is got; my knee
When I will repent, is subject."

XII.

Custom then his slave doth claim,
Lays on hands, that touch and maim;
Never cower'd, repented never:
Flight is then, as vain, as late;
Faith too weak, to cast out Fate,
Refuge past my reach is ever.

XIII.

I shall perish then in sin,
If thy aid, Lord, makes not in,
Mending what doth thus deprave me;
Mind thy word then, Lord, and lend
Thy work thy hand, crown my end,
From the jaws of Satan save me.

XIV.

All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son as great as he,
With the coequal sacred Spirit;
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be evermore.
Glory, all glory to their merit.

PSALM II.

Invocabo quem offendi.

I.

I WILL invoke whom I inflamed;
Nor will approach his fiery throne in fear;
I will recall, nor be ashamed
Whom I cast off, and pierce again his ear.
Hope quite even lost, I will restore,
And dare again to look on heaven;
The more I fall, invoke the more;
Prayer once will speed, where care is ever given.

II.

In heaven my dear Redeemer dwells,
His ear yet let down to our lowest sounds ;
His hand can reach the deepest hells ;
His hand holds balms for all our oldest wounds.
I in myself do often die ;
But in him I as oft revive ;
My health shines ever in his eye,
That heals in hell, and keeps even death alive.

III.

Fear all, that would put fear on me ;
My sin most great is, but much more his grace :
Though ill for worse still alter'd be :
And I in me, my eagerest foe embrace :
Yet Truth in this hath ever stood
The blackest spots my sins let fall,
One drop of his most precious blood
Can cleanse and turn to purest Ivory all.

IV.

Strike, Lord, and break the rocks that grow
In these red seas of thy offence in me :
And cleansing fountains thence shall flow,
Though of the hardest adamant they be.
As clear as silver, seas shall roar,
Descending to that noisome sink,
Where every hour hell's horrid Boar
Lies plunged, and drown'd, and doth his vomits drink.

V.

Raze, Lord, my sins' inveterate scars,
And take thy new-built mansion up in me :
Though power fails, see my will's sharp wars,
And let me please even while I anger thee.
Let the remembrance of my sin,
With sighs all night ascend thine ear ;
And when the morning light breaks in,
Let health be seen, and all my skies be clear.

VI.

Thus though I temper joys with cares,
Yet keep thy mercies constant, as my crimes :
I'll cherish, with my faith, my prayers,
And look still sighing up for better times.
Myself I evermore will fear,
But thee, my rest, my hope, still keep,
Thy darkest clouds, thy lightnings clear,
Thy thunders rock me, that break others' sleep.

VII.

My purgatory, O Lord, make
My bridal chamber, wedded to thy will ;
And let my couch still witness take,
In tears still steep'd, that I adore thee still.
My body I'll make pay the pains
Hell-jaws shall never need to ope.
Though all loves fail, thine ever reigns,
Thou art my refuge, last, and only hope.
All glory to the Father, &c.

PSALM III.

Miserere Domine.

I.

STAY now, O Lord, my bleeding woes,
The vein grows low and dry ;
O now enough, and too much flows,
My sin is swoln too high.

II.

What rests for the abhorr'd event?
Time wastes, but not my woe :
Woe's me, poor man, my life is spent
In asking what to do.

III.

Pale Death stands fix'd before mine eyes,
My grave gasps, and my knell
Rings out in my cold ears the cries
And gnashed teeth of hell.

IV.

How long shall this day mock my hope,
With what the next will be?
When shall I once begin to ope
My lock'd up way to thee?

V.

Ease, Lord, my still-increasing smart,
Salve not, but cure my wounds :
Direct the counsels of my heart,
And give my labours bounds.

VI.

As in me thou hast skill infused,
So will and action breathe ;
Lest chidden for thy gifts abused
I weep and pine to death.

VII.

See, bound beneath the foe I lie,
Rapt to his blasted shore:
O claim thy right, nor let me die,
Let him insult no more.

VIII.

Tell all the ransom I must give
Out of my hourly pains:
See how from all the world I live
To give grief all the reins.

IX.

What is behind, in this life ask,
And in these members' sums:
Before the never-ending task
And bed-rid beggary comes.

X.

Show me thy way, ere thy chief light
Down to the ocean dives:
O now 'tis evening, and the night
Is chiefly friend to thieves.

XI.

Compel me, if thy call shall fail,
To make thy strait way mine,
In any scorn'd state let me wail,
So my poor soul be thine.

All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son as great as he,
With the coequal sacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be evermore.
Glory, all glory to their merit.

PSALM IV.

Recordari libet.

I.

ONCE let me serve, Lord, my desire,
Thy gifts to me recounting, and their price;
That shame may set my cheeks on fire,
And just confusion tear in tears mine eyes.
Since quite forgetting what I am,
Adorn'd so Godlike with thy grace,
I yet neglect to praise thy name.
And make thy image in me, poor and base.

II.

Thou hast created, even for me,
The stars, all heaven, and all the turns of time:
For of what use are these to thee,
Though every one distinguish'd by his clime?
Thou Sun and Moon, thou Nights and Days,
Thou Light and Darkness hast disposed:
Wrapt earth in water's nimble ways,
Her vales, hills, plains, with founts, floods, seas enclosed.

III.

Her rich womb thou hast fruitful made,
With choice of seeds that always varied are;
And every way our eyes invade
With forms and graces, in being common, rare.
In sweet green herbs thou clothest her fields,
Distinguishest her hills with flowers,
Her woods thou makest her meadows' shields,
Adorn'd with branches, leaves, and odorous bowers.

IV.

The weary thou hast rest prepared,
The hot refreshest with cool shades of trees,
Which streams melodious interlared
For sweet retreats, that none but thy eye sees:
The thirsty, thou givest silver springs;
The hungry, berries of all kinds;
Herbs wholesome, and a world of things
To nurse our bodies, and inform our minds.

V.

Now let me cast mine eye, and see
With what choice creatures, strangely form'd and fair,
All seas, and lands, are fill'd by thee:
And all the round spread tracts of yielding air.
Whose names or numbers who can reach?
With all earth's power yet in thy span,
All which, thy boundless bounties preach,
All laid, O glory! at the foot of man.

VI.

Whose body past all creatures shines,
Such wondrous orders of his parts thou makest,
Whose countenance, state and love combines:
In him unmoved, when all the world thou shakest,
Whose soul thou givest power even of thee,
Ordaining it to leave the earth,
All heaven, in her discourse to see
And note how great a womb went to her birth.

VII.

Unnumber'd arts thou add'st in him,
To make his life more queint, and more exact:
His eye, eternesse cannot dim,
Whose state he mounts to, with a mind infract:
Thou show'st him all the milk-white way,
Opest all thy Tabernacles' doors.
Learn'st how to praise thee, how to pray,
To shun, and choose, what likes and what abhors.

VIII.

To keep him in which hallow'd path,
As his companions and perpetual guides,
Prayer thou ordain'st, thy word and faith,
And love, that all his foul offences hides.
And to each step his foot shall take,
Thy covenants stand like walls of brass,
Which, from thy watch-tower, good to make,
Thou add'st thine eye for his securer pass.

IX.

All this, dear Lord, I apprehend,
Thy spirit even partially inspiring me;
Which to consort me to my end,
With endless thanks I'll strew my way to thee.
Confessing falling, thou hast staid:
Confirm'd me fainting, prostrate raised,
With comforts rapt me, quite dismay'd,
And dead hast quicken'd me, to see thee praised.
All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son, &c.

PSALM V.

Noctes meæ in mœrore transeunt.

I.

YET, Lord, unquiet sin is stirring,
My long nights longer grow, like evening shades:
In which woe lost is always erring:
And varied terror every step invades.
Ways made in tears, shut as they ope,
My lode-star I can no way see:
Lame is my faith, blind love and hope,
And, Lord, 'tis passing ill with me.

II.

My sleep, like glass, in dreams is broken,
No quiet yielding, but affright and care,
Signs that my poor life is forspoken:
Lord, curb the ill, and good in place prepare.
No more delay my spent desire,
'Tis now full time for thee to hear:
Thy love hath set my soul on fire,
My heart quite broke 'twixt hope and fear.

III.

No outward light my life hath graced,
My mind hath ever been my only sun:
And that so far hath envy chased,
That all in clouds her hated head is run.
And while she hides, immortal cares
Consume the soul, that sense inspires:
Since outward she sets eyes and ears,
And other joys spend her desires.

IV.

She musters both without and in me,
Troubles, and tumults: she's my household thief,
Opes all my doors to lust, and envy,
And all my persecutors lends relief.
Bind her, Lord, and my true soul free,
Prefer the gift thy hand hath given:
Thy image in her, crown in me,
And make us here free, as in heaven.
All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son, &c.

PSALM VI.

Circumvallarunt me inimici.

I.

MY foes have girt me in with arms,
And earthquakes tost up all my joints,

No flesh can answer their alarms,
Each spear they manage hath so many points.

II.

Death, arm'd in all his horrors, leads:
Whom more I charge, the less he yields:
Affections, with an hundred heads
Conspire with them, and turn on me their shields.

III.

Nor look I yet, Lord, to the east,
Nor hope for help, where I am will'd:
Nor as I ought, have arm'd my breast;
But rust in sloth, and naked come to field.

IV.

And therefore hath the host of stars
Now left me, that before I led:
Arm'd angels took my pay in wars,
From whose height fall'n, all leave me here for dead.

V.

In falling, I discern'd how sleight
My footing was on those blest towers,
I look'd to earth, and her base height,
And so lost heaven, and all his aidful powers.

VI.

Now, broke on earth, my body lies,
Where thieves insult on my sad fall:
Spoil me of many a dainty prize,
That far I fetch'd, t' enrich my soul withal.

VII.

Nor cease they, but deform me too
With wounds that make me all engored:
And in the desert leave me so,
Half dead, all naked, and of all abhorr'd.

VIII.

My head, and bosom, they transfix'd
But in my torn affections raged:
Wounds there, with blood and matter mix'd,
Corrupt and leave my very soul engaged.

IX.

There, Lord, my life doth most misgive,
There quickly thy white hand bestow:
Thou livest, and in thee I may live,
Thy fount of life doth ever overflow.

X.

All this from heaven, thy eyes explore,
Yet silent sitt'st, and suffer'st all:
Since all I well deserve, and more;
And must confess me wilful in my fall.

XI.

And hence 'tis that thou lett'st me bleed,
Makest all men shun and scorn my life:
That all my works such envy breed,
And my disgrace gives food to all men's strife.

XII.

But this, since Goodness oft doth cause,
And 'tis God's grace to hear his ill.
Since 'tis a chief point in his laws,
No thought, without our power, to make our will.

XIII.

Still let the green seas of their gall,
Against this rock with rage be borne:
And from their height, still let me fall,
Then, stand and laugh, and me lie still and scorn.

XIV.

But, Lord, my fall from thee, oh raise,
And give my fainting life thy breath:
Sound keep me ever in thy ways,
Thou mighty art, and sett'st down laws to death.

XV.

Drive thou from this my ruin's rape,
These thieves, that make thy fane their den:
And let my innocence escape,
The cunning malice of ungodly men.

All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son as great as he:
With the coequal sacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be evermore.
Glory, all glory to their merit.

PSALM VII.

Cogitabam stare.

I.

WHILE I was fall'n, I thought to rise,
And stand, presuming, on my thighs:

But thighs, and knees, were too much broken.
My hair stood up to see such bane
Depress presumption so profane,
I tremble but to hear it spoken.

II.

Yet in my strength, my hope was such,
Since I conceived, thou vow'dst as much :
I feign'd dreams, and rejoiced to feign them ;
But weighing awake thy vows profound,
Their depth, my lead came short to sound ;
And now, ay me, my tears contain them.

III.

For calms, I into storms did steer,
And look'd through clouds, to see things clear,
Thy ways show'd crook'd, like spears in water ;
When mine went traverse, and no snake
Could wind with that course I did take,
No courtier could so grossly flatter.

IV.

But which way I soever bend,
Thou meet'st me ever in the end :
Thy finger strikes my joints with terrors ;
Yet no more strikes than points the way :
Which, weighing weeping, straight I stay,
And with my tears cleanse feet and errors.

V.

But of myself, when I believe
To make thy steps thy ways achieve,
I turn head, and am treading mazes ;
I feel sin's ambush, and am vex'd
To be in error so perplex'd,
Nor yet can find rest's holy places.

VI.

I loathe myself, and all my deeds,
Like rhubarb taste, or Colchean weeds ;
I fly them, with their throes upon me.
In each new purpose, customs old
So check it, that the stone I roll'd
Never so oft, again falls on me.

VII.

No step in man's trust should be trod,
Unless in man's, as his in God ;
Of which trust, make good life the founder ;
Without which, trust no form, nor art ;
Faith's lode-star is a guiltless heart ;
Good life is truth's most learn'd expounder.

VIII.

With which, Lord, ever rule my skill ;
In which, as I join power with will,
So let me trust my truth in learning,
To such minds, thou all truth sett'st ope ;
The rest are rapt with storms past hope ;
The less, for more deep arts discerning.

IX.

Bless, Lord, who thus their arts employ,
Their sure truth celebrate with joy,
And tear the masks from others' faces,
That make thy name a cloak for sin ;
Learning but terms to jangle in,
And so disgrace thy best of graces.

X.

Whereof since I have only this,
That learns me what thy true will is,
Which thou in comforts still concludest
My poor Muse still shall sit and sing
In that sweet shadow of thy wing,
Which thou to all earth's state obtrudest.

XI.

As oft as I my frail foot move
From this pure fortress of thy love,
So oft let my glad foes deride me.
I know my weakness yet, and fear
By trial, to build comforts there,
It doth so like a ruin hide me.

XII.

My worth is all, but shade I find,
And like a fume before the wind,
I gasp with sloth, thy ways applying ;
Lie tumbling in corrupted blood :
Love only, but can do no good ;
Help, Lord, lest I amend not dying.

All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son as great as he,
With the coequal sacred Spirit :
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be evermore.
Glory, all glory to their merit.

THE FIRST PSALM MORE STRICTLY TRANSLATED.

I.

O ME accursed, since I have set on me
(Incensed so sternly) my so meek Redeemer;
And have been proud in pride's supreme degree;
Of his so serious law, a slight esteemer.

II.

I left the narrow right-way with my will,
In byways broad, and far about transferr'd:
And every way found toil, and every ill,
Yet still in tracts more rough and steep I err'd.

III.

Where one or other of the brutish herd
My feet encounter'd, yet more brute affected:
Even to the dens of savage beasts I err'd,
And there my manless mansion-house erected.

IV.

I haunted pleasure still, where sorrow mourn'd,
My couch of ease, in sharpest brambles making:
I hoped for rest, where restless torment burn'd,
In ruin's bosom, sleeps securely taking.

V.

Now then, ay me, what resteth to be done,
Where shall I turn me, where such dangers tremble?
My youth's fair flowers are altogether gone,
And now a wretched shipwrack I resemble,

VI.

That (all the merchandize, and venture lost)
Swims naked forth, with seas and tempests tost.

VII.

Far from my haven I rove, touch at no stream
That any course to my salvation tenders:
But ways sinister, ravish me with them;
I see a little; which more glorious renders

VIII.

My inward conflict, since my charges pass
Upon myself; and my sad soul endanger:
Anger with sin strives; but so huge a mass
Of cruel miseries oppress mine anger,

IX.

That it confounds me, nor leaves place for breath;
Oft I attempt to fly, and meditation
Contends to shake off my old yoke of death,
But to my bones cleaves the uncured vexation.

X.

O that at length, my neck his yoke could clear,
Which would be straight, wouldst thou, oh highest, will it:
O that so angry with my sin I were,
That I could love thee, though thus late fulfil it.

XI.

But much I fear it, since my freedom is
So with mine own hands out of heart, and sterved:
And I must yield, my torment just in this,
Sorrow, and labour, wring me most deserved.

XII.

Mad wretch, what have I to myself procured?
Mine own hands forged the chains I have endured.

XIII.

In death's black ambush, with my will I fell,
And wheresoever vulgar broad ways train me;
Nets are disposed for me, by him of hell,
When more retired, more narrow paths contain me.

XIV.

There meet my feet with fitted snares as sure,
I, wretch, look downward, and of one side ever;
And every slippery way I walk secure,
My sins forget their traitorous flatteries never.

XV.

I thought the grace of youth could never err,
And follow'd where his boundless force would drive me,
Said to myself: "Why should th' extremes deter,
Before youth's season, of the mean deprive me?

XVI.

"Each age is bounded in his proper ends;
God, I know, sees this, but he laughs and sees it:
Pardon, at any time, on prayer attends;
Repentance still weeps when thy wish decrees it."

XVII.

Then vilest custom challengeth his slave,
And lays on hand, that all defence denies me:
And then no place reserved for flight I have,
Subdued I am, and far my refuge flies me.

XVIII.

Die in my sin, I shall, unless my aid,
Stoops from aloft, of which deserts deprive me.
Yet have thou mercy, Lord, help one dismay'd,
Thy word retain, and from hell mouth retrive me.

All glory to the Father be,
And to the Son as great as he:
With the coequal sacred Spirit:
Who all beginnings were before,
Are, and shall be evermore.
Glory, all glory to their merit.

A HYMN TO OUR SAVIOUR ON THE CROSS.

HAIL, great Redeemer, man, and God, all hail,
Whose fervent agony tore the Temple's veil,
Let sacrifices out, dark prophecies
And miracles; and let in, for all these,
*A simple piety, a naked heart,
And humble spirit, that no less impart
And prove thy Godhead to us, being as rare,
And in all sacred power, as circular.
Water and blood mix'd, were not sweat from thee
With deadlier hardness, more divinity
Of supportation, than through flesh and blood,
Good doctrine is diffused, and life as good.
O open to me than (like thy spread arms,
That East and West reach) all those mystic charms
That hold us in thy life and discipline;
Thy merits in thy love so thrice divine;
It made thee, being our God, assume our man;
And like our Champion Olympian,
Come to the field 'gainst Satan, and our sin:
Wrastle with torments, and the garland win,
From death and hell; which cannot crown our brows,
*But blood must follow: thorns mix with thy boughs
Of conquering laurel, fast nail'd to thy Cross,
Are all the glories we can here engross.
Prove then to those, that in vain-glory's place,
Their happiness here they hold not by thy grace,
To those whose powers, proudly oppose thy laws,
Oppressing Virtue, giving Vice applause:
They never manage just authority,
But thee in thy dear members crucify.
Thou couldst have come in glory past them all,
With power to force thy pleasure, and empale
Thy Church with brass and adamant, that no swine,
Nor thieves, nor hypocrites, nor †fiends divine,

* Simplicity of piety, and good life, answerable to such doctrine in men; now as rare as miracles in other times, and require as much divinity of supportation.

* As our Saviour's brows bled with his crown of thorns.

† Such as are Divines in profession; and, in fact, devils, or wolves in sheep's clothing.

Could have broke in, or rooted, or put on
Vestments of piety, when their hearts had none:
Or rapt to ruin with pretext to save,
Would *pomp, and radiance, rather not outbrave
Thy naked truth, than clothe, or countenance it
With grace, and such sincereness as is fit:
But since true piety wears her pearls within,
And outward paintings only prank up sin:
Since bodies strengthen'd, souls go to the wall;
Since God we cannot serve and Belial,
Therefore thou putt'st on earth's most abject plight,
Hidd'st thee in humblesse, underwent'st despite,
Mockery, detraction, shame, blows, vilest death.
These thou thy †soldiers taught'st to fight beneath,
Madest a commanding precedent of these,
Perfect, perpetual, bearing all the keys
To holiness and heaven. To these, such laws
Thou in thy blood writ'st, that were no more cause
‡T'enflame our loves and fervent faiths in thee,
Than in them, truth's divine simplicity,
'Twere full enough; for therein we may well
See thy white finger furrowing blackest hell,
In turning up the errors that our sense
And sensual powers, incur by negligence
Of our eternal truth-exploring soul.
All Churches' powers thy writ word doth control,
And, mixt it with the fabulous Alcoran,
A man might boult it out, as flour from bran;
Easily discerning it a heavenly birth,
Break it but now out, and but crept on earth.
Yet (as if God lack'd man's election,
And shadows were creators of the sun)
Men must authorize it: antiquities
Must be explored, to spirit, and give it thighs,
And *controversies, thick as flies at spring,
Must be maintain'd about the ingenuous meaning;
When no style can express itself so clear,
Nor holds so even and firm a character.
Those mysteries that are not to be reach'd,
Still to be strived with, make them more impeach'd.
And as the Mill fares with an ill-pick'd grist,
When any stone the stones is got betwist,
Rumbling together, fill the grain with grit,
Offends the ear, sets teeth on edge with it;
Blunts the pick'd quarry so, 'twill grind no more,
Spoils bread, and scants the Miller's custom'd store.
So in the Church, when controversy falls,
It mars her music, shakes her batter'd walls,
Grates tender consciences, and weakens faith;
The bread of life taints, and makes work for Death;
Darkens truth's light with her perplex'd Abysms,
And dust-like grinds men into sects and schisms.
And what's the cause? The word's deficiency
In volume, matter, perspicuity?
Ambition, lust, and damned avarice,
Pervert, and each the sacred word applies
To his profane ends; all to profit given,
†And pursenets lay to catch the joys of heaven.
Since truth and real worth men seldom sease,
Impostors most, and sleightest learnings please;
And, where the true Church, like the nest should be
Of chaste, and provident ‡Alcione:
To which is only one straight orifice,
Which is so strictly fitted to her size,
§That no bird bigger than herself, or less,
Can pierce and keep it, or discern th' access:

* Pomp and outward glory rather outface truth than countenance it.

† Christ taught all his militant soldiers to fight under the ensigns of Shame and Death.

‡ We need no other excitation to our faith in God and good life, but the Scriptures, and use of their means prescribed.

* Τα μὲν παρεργα ὡς ἔργα: τα δέ ἔργα ὡς πάρεργα. In these controversies men make the by the main: the main the by.

† Men seek heaven with using the enemies to it: Money and Avarice.

‡ Alcione's nest described in part, out of Plut., to which the Church is compared.

§ If the bird be less, the sea will get in; by which means though she may get in, she could not preserve it.

Nor which the sea itself, on which 'tis made,
Can ever overflow, or once invade.
*Now ways so many to her Altars are,
So easy, so profane, and popular:
That torrents charged with weeds, and sin-drown'd beasts,
Break in, load, crack them: sensual joys and feasts
Corrupt their pure fumes; and the slenderest flash
Of lust or profit, makes a standing plash
Of sin about them, which men will not pass.
Look, Lord, upon them, build them walls of brass,
To keep profane feet off: do not thou
In wounds and anguish ever overflow,
And suffer such in ease and sensuality,
Dare to reject thy rules of humble life:
The mind's true peace, and turn their zeals to strife,
For objects earthly and corporeal.
A trick of humblesse now they practise all,
Confess their no deserts, abilities none;
Profess all frailties, and amend not one:
As if a privilege they meant to claim
In sinning by acknowledging the maim
Sin gave in Adam: nor the surplusage
Of thy redemption, seem to put in gage
For his transgression; that thy virtuous pains,
Dear Lord, have eat out all their former stains;
That thy most mighty innocence had power
To cleanse their guilts: that the unvalued dower
Thou madest the Church thy spouse, in piety,
And (to endure pains impious) constancy,
Will and alacrity (if they invoke)
To bear the sweet load, and the easy yoke
Of thy injunctions, in diffusing these
(In thy perfection) through her faculties;
In every fibre, suffering to her use,
And perfecting the form thou didst infuse
†In man's creation: made him clear as then
Of all the frailties since defiling men.
‡And as a runner at th' Olympian games,
With all the luggage he can lay on, frames
His whole powers to the race, bags, pockets, greaves,
Stuff'd full of sand he wears, which when he leaves,
And doth his other weighty weeds uncover,
With which half smother'd, he is wrapt all over:
Then seems he light, and fresh as morning air;
Girds him with silks, swaddles with rollers fair
His lightsome body: and away he scours
So swift and light, he scarce treads down the flowers:
So to our game proposed, of endless joy
(Before thy dear death) when we did employ
Our tainted powers, we felt them clogg'd and chain'd
With sin and bondage, which did rust, and reign'd
In our most mortal bodies; but when thou
Stripp'dst us of these bands, and from foot to brow
Girt, roll'd, and trimm'd us up in thy deserts:
Free were our feet and hands, and sprightly hearts
Leapt in our bosoms; and (ascribing still
All to thy merits; both our power and will
To every thought of goodness wrought by thee;
*That divine scarlet, in which thou didst dye
Our cleansed consistence; lasting still in power
T' enable acts in us, as the next hour
To thy most saving, glorious sufferance)
We may make all our manly powers advance
Up to thy Image; and these forms of earth,
Beauties and mockeries, match in beastly birth;
We may despise with still aspiring spirits
To thy high graces, in thy still fresh merits;
Not touching at this base and spongy mould
For any springs of lust, or mines of gold.
For else (mild Saviour, pardon me to speak)
How did thy foot the Serpent's forehead break?
How hath the nectar of thy virtuous blood,
The sink of Adam's forfeit overflow'd?

* Altars of the Church for her holiest places understood.

† Ubi abundavit delictum, superabundavit gratia. Rom. v., ver. 20.

‡ A simile to life, expressing man's estate before our Saviour's descension.

* Our Saviour's blood now and ever as fresh and virtuous as in the hour it was shed for us.

How doth it set us free, if we still stand
*(For all thy sufferings) bound both foot and hand
Vassals to Sathan? Didst thou only die,
Thine own divine deserts to glorify,
And show thou couldst do this? O were not those
Given to our use in power? If we shall lose
By damn'd relapse, grace to enact that power;
And basely give up our redemption's tower,
Before we try our strengths, built all on thine,
†And with a humblesse false and asinine,
Flattering our senses, lay upon our souls
The burthens of their conquests, and like moles
Grovel in earth still, being advanced to heaven:
(Cows that we are) in herds how are we driven
To Sathan's shambles! Wherein stand we for
Thy heavenly image, Hell's great Conqueror?
Didst thou not offer, to restore our fall
Thy sacrifice, full, once, and one for all?
If we be still down, how then can we rise
Again with thee, and seek crowns in the skies?
But we excuse this, saying, "We are but men,
And must err, must fall: what thou didst sustain
To free our beastly frailties, never can
With all thy grace, by any power in man
Make good thy Rise to us:" O blasphemy
In hypocritical humility!
‡As we are men, we death and hell control,
Since thou created'st man a living soul;
§As every hour we sin, we do like beasts,
Needless and wilful, murthering in our breasts
Thy sacred* image, out of which, one calls
Our human souls, mortal celestials;
When casting off a good life's godlike grace,
We fall from God; and then make good our place
When we return to him; and so are said
To live: when life like his true form we lead,
And die (as much as an immortal creature);
†Not that we utterly can cease to be,
But that we fall from life's best quality.
But we are toss'd out of our human Throne
By pied and Protean opinion;
We vouch thee only, for pretext and fashion,
And are not inward with thy death and passion.
We slavishly renounce the royalty
With which thou crown'st us in thy victory;
Spend all our manhood in the fiend's defence,
And drown thy right in beastly negligence.
God never is deceived so, to respect
His shade in Angels' beauties, to neglect
His own most clear and rapting loveliness;
Nor Angels dote so on the species
And grace given to our soul (which is their shade)
That therefore they will let their own forms fade.
And yet our soul (which most deserves our woe,
And that from which our whole mishap doth flow)
So soften'd is, and rapt (as with a storm)
With flatteries of our base corporeal form
(Which is her shadow) that she quite forsakes
Her proper noblesse, and for nothing takes
The beauties that for her love, thou putt'st on,
In torments rarefied far past the Sun.
Hence came the cruel fate that Orpheus
Sings of Narcissus; who being amorous
Of his shade in the water (which denotes
Beauty in bodies, that like water floats)
Despised himself, his soul, and so let fade
His substance for a never-purchased shade.

* Our Saviour suffered nothing for himself, his own betterness or comfort; but for us and ours.

† It is false humility to lay necessarily (all our Saviour's grace understood) the victory of our bodies on our souls.

‡ Man is a living soul. Gen. ii.

§ We do not like men when we sin (for as we are true and worthy men, we are God's images); but like brutish creatures, slavishly and wilfully conquered with the powers of flesh.

[* Orig. "saued."—Ed.]

† Οὐτε εις το μη ἐἰ ἐκβασει ἀλλα τὸτω ευ εἰ αλποπι ὠ σοι. Hier. in Carm. Pythag. Non quod existere desinat, sed quod vitæ præstantia exciderit.

Since souls of their use ignorant are still,
With this vile body's use, men never fill.
And, as the Sun's light, in streams ne'er so fair,
Is but a shadow to his light in air,
His splendour that in air we so admire
Is but a shadow to his beams in fire:
In fire his brightness, but a shadow is
To radiance fired, in that pure breast of his;
So as the subject on which thy grace shines,
Is thick, or clear; to earth or heaven inclines;
So that truth's light shows; so thy passion takes;
With which, who inward is, and thy breast makes
Bulwark to his breast, against all the darts
The foe still shoots more, more his late blow smarts,
And sea-like raves most, where 'tis most withstood.
He tastes the strength and virtue of thy blood:
He knows that when flesh is most soothed, and graced,
Admired and magnified, adored, and placed
In height of all the blood's idolatry,
And fed with all the spirits of Luxury,
One thought of joy,* in any soul that knows
Her own true strength, and thereon doth repose;
Bringing her body's organs to attend
Chiefly her powers to her eternal end;
Makes all things outward, and the sweetest sin
That ravisheth the beastly flesh within;
All but a fiend, prank'd in an Angel's plume:
A shade, a fraud, before the wind a fume.
Hail, then, divine Redeemer, still all hail,
All glory, gratitude, and all avail,
Be given thy all-deserving agony;
Whose vinegar thou nectar makest in me,
Whose goodness freely all my ill turns good:
Since thou being crush'd, and strain'd through flesh and blood:
Each nerve and artery* needs must taste of thee.
What odour burn'd in airs that noisome be,
Leaves not his scent there? O then how much more
Must thou, whose sweetness swet eternal odour,
Stick where it breathed: and for whom thy sweet breath,
Thou freely gavest up, to revive his death?
Let those that shrink then as their conscience loads,
That fight in Sathan's right, and faint in God's,
Still count them slaves to Sathan. I am none:
Thy fight hath freed me, thine thou makest mine own.

†O then (my sweetest and my only life)
Confirm this comfort, purchased with thy grief,
And my despised soul of the world, love thou:
No thought to any other joy I vow.
Order these last steps of my abject state,
Straight on the mark a man should level at;
And grant that while I strive to form in me,
Thy sacred image, no adversity
May make me draw one limb, or line amiss:
Let no vile fashion wrest my faculties
From what becomes that Image. Quiet so
My body's powers, that neither weal nor woe,
May stir one thought up, 'gainst thy freëst will.
Grant that in me, my mind's waves may be still:
The world for no extreme may use her voice;
Nor Fortune treading reeds, make any noise.

Amen.

Complain not whatsoever need invades,
But heaviest fortunes bear as lightest shades.

* The mind's joy far above the body's, to those few whom God hath inspired with the soul's true use.

[* *Artery*—"artire" in orig.—ED.]
† Invocatio.

POEMS.

VIRGIL'S EPIGRAM OF A GOOD MAN.

*A GOOD and wise man (such as hardly one
Of millions, could be found out by the Sun)
Is Judge himself, of what stuff he is wrought,
And doth explore his whole man to a thought.
Whate'er great men do; what their saucy bawds;
What vulgar censure barks at, or applauds:
His carriage still is cheerful and secure,
He in himself, worldlike, full, round, and sure.
†Lest, through his polish'd parts, the slenderest stain
Of things without, in him should sit and reign;
To whatsoever length the fiery Sun,
Burning in Cancer, doth the daylight run;
How far soever Night shall stretch her shades,
When Phœbus gloomy Capricorn invades;
He studies still; and with the equal beam,
‡His balance turns; himself weighs to th' extreme.
Lest any cranny gasp, or angle swell
Through his strict form; and that he may compel
His equal parts to meet in such a sphere,
That with a §compass tried, it shall not err:

*Whatever subject is, is solid still:
Wound him, and with your †violent fingers feel
All parts within him, you shall never find
An empty corner, or an abject mind.
He never lets his watchful lights descend,
To those sweet sleeps that all just men attend,
Till all the acts the long day doth beget,
With thought on thought laid, he doth oft repeat:
Examines what hath past him, as forgot:
What deed or word was used in time, what not.
Why this deed of decorum felt defect?
Of reason, that? what left I by neglect?
Why set I this opinion down for true,
That had been better changed? Why did ‡I rue
Need in one poor so, that I felt my mind
(To breach of her free powers) with grief declined?
Why will'd I what was better not to will?
Why (wicked that I was) preferr'd I still
Profit to honesty? why any one
Gave I a foul word? or but look'd upon
With countenance churlish? Why should nature draw
More my affects, than manly reason's law?

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* The Sun usurped for Apollo, whose Oracle being asked for such a man, found only Socrates.

† *Externæ nequid labis per lævia sidat.* This verse Ascensius joins with the next before, which is nothing so; the sense being utterly repugnant, as any impartial and judicial conferrer (I suppose) will confirm.

‡ *Cogitat, et justo tentinæ se examine pensat.* This verse is likewise misjoined in the order of Ascensius, which makes the period to those before.

§ I here needlessly take a little licence, for the word is *Amussis*, the mind of the author being as well expressed in a compass.

* *Sit solidum quodcunque subest, nec inania subtus. Subest* and *subtus* Ascens. confounds in his sense; which the pressness and matter of this Poem allows not: it being in a Translator sooner and better seen than a Commentator.

† He would turn *digitis pellentibus* to *digitis palantibus*, to which place the true order is hard to hit, and that truth in my conversion (how opposite soever any way stand) with any conference, I make no doubt I shall persuade.

‡ *Miseratus egentem, cur aliquem fracta persensi mente dolorem.* Ascens. very judicially makes this good man in this ditty, opposite to a good Christian, since Christ (the president of all good men) enjoins us, *ut supra omnia misericordes simus.* But his meaning here is, that a good and wise man should not so pity the want of any, that he should want manly patience himself to sustain it. And his reason Servius allegeth for him is this, saying: *In quem cadit una mentis perturbatio, posse in eum omnes cadere: sicut potest omni virtute pollere cui virtus una contigerit.*

Through all this thoughts, words, works, thus making way,
And all revolving from the Even till Day:
Angry, with what amiss, abused the light,
Palm and reward he gives to what was right.

A GREAT MAN.

*A GREAT and politic man (which I oppose
To good and wise) is never as he shows.
Never explores himself to find his faults:
But cloaking them, before his conscience halts.
Flatters himself, and others' flatteries buys,
Seems made of truth, and is a forge of lies.
Breeds bawds and sycophants, and traitors makes
To betray traitors; plays, and keeps the stakes.
Is judge and juror, goes on life and death:
And damns before the fault hath any breath.
Weighs faith in falsehood's balance; justice does
To cloak oppression; tail-like downward grows;
Earth his whole end is; heaven he mocks, and hell:
†And thinks that is not, that in him doth dwell.
Good, with God's right hand given, his left takes t' evil;
When holy most he seems, he most is evil.
Ill upon ill he lays; th' embroidery
Wrought on his state, is like a leprosy,
The whiter, still the fouler. What his like,
What ill in all the body politic
Thrives in, and most is cursed, his most bliss fires,
And of two ills, still to the worst aspires.
When his thrift feeds, justice and mercy fear him,
And, ‡wolf-like fed, he gnarrs at all men near him.
Never is cheerful, but when flattery trails
On *squatting profit; or when Policy veils
Some vile corruption, that looks red with anguish,
Like waving reeds, his wind-shook comforts languish.
Pays never debt, but what he should not owe;
Is sure and swift to hurt, yet thinks him slow.
His bounty is most rare, but when it comes,
'Tis most superfluous, and with strook-up drums.
Lest any true good pierce him, with such good
As ill breeds in him, mortar made with blood,
Heaps stone-walls in his heart to keep it out.
His sensual faith his soul's truth keeps in doubt,
And, like a rude †unlearn'd Plebeian,
Without him seeks his whole insulting man.
‡Nor can endure, as a most dear prospect,
To look into his own life, and reflect
Reason upon it, like a Sun still shining,
To give it comfort, ripening and refining;
But his black soul, being so deform'd with sin,
He still abhors, with all things hid within;
And forth he wanders, with the outward fashion,
Feeding, and fatting up his reprobation.
Disorderly he sets forth every deed,
Good never doing, but where is no need.
If any §ill he does (and hunts through blood
For shame, ruth, right, religion) be withstood,
The mark'd withstander, his race, kin, least friend,
That never did in least degree offend,
He prosecutes, with hired intelligence
To fate, defying God and conscience,

* A great and politic man, such as is, or may be opposed to good or wise.

† The privation of a good life, and therein the joys of heaven, is hell in this world.

‡ As Wolves and Tigers horribly gnarr in their feeding, so these zealous and given-over great ones to their own lusts and ambitions; in aspiring to them and their ends, fare, to all that come near them in competency; or that resist their devouring.

* This alludeth to hounds upon the trail of a squat Hare, and making a cheerful cry about her, is applied to the forced cheer or flattery this great man showeth when he hunts for his profit.

† *Plebeii status et nota est nunquam à seipso vel damnum expectare, vel utilitatem, sed à rebus externis.*

‡ How a good great man should employ his greatness.

§ The most unchristian disposition of a great and ill man in following any that withstand his ill.

And to the utmost mite he ravisheth
All they can yield him, rack'd past life and death.
In all his acts he this doth verify,
The greater man, the less humanity.
While *Phœbus runs his course through all the signs,
He never studies ; but he undermines,
Blows up, and ruins, with pretext to save ;
Plots treason, and lies hid in th' actor's grave.
Vast crannies gasp in him, as wide as hell,
And angles, gibbet-like, about him swell ;
Yet seems he smooth and polish'd, but no more
Solid within, than is a medlar's core.
The king's frown fells him, like a gun-strook fowl :
When down he lies, and casts the calf his soul.
He never sleeps but being tired with lust ;
Examines what past, not enough unjust ;
Not bringing wealth enough, not state, not grace,
Not showing misery bed-rid in his face ;
Not scorning virtue, not depraving her,
Whose ruth so flies him, that her bane's his cheer.
In short, exploring all that pass his guards,
Each good he plagues, and every ill rewards.

A SLEIGHT MAN.

A SLEIGHT and mix'd man (set as 'twere the mean
'Twixt both the first) from both their heaps doth glean :
Is neither good, wise, great, nor politic,
Yet tastes of all these with a natural trick.
Nature and Art sometimes meet in his parts :
Sometimes divided are : the austere arts,
Splint him together, set him in a brake
Of form and reading. Nor is let partake
With judgment, wit, or †sweetness : but as time,
Terms, language, and degrees, have let him climb,
To learn'd opinion ; so he there doth stand,
Stark as a statue ; stirs not foot nor hand.

Nor any truth knows : knowledge is a mean
To make him ignorant, and rapts him clean,
In storms from truth. For what Hippocrates,
Says of *foul bodies (what most nourishes,
That most annoys them) is more true of minds :
For there, their first inherent gravity blinds
Their powers prejudicate ; and all things true
Proposed to them, corrupts, and doth eschew :
Some, as too full of toil ; of prejudice some :
Some fruitless, or past power to overcome :
With which, it so augments, that he will seem
With† judgment, what he should hold, to contemn,
And is incurable. And this is he
Whose learning forms not life's integrity.
This the mere Artist ; the mix'd naturalist,
With fool-quick memory, makes his hand a fist,
And catcheth flies, and nifles : and retains
With hearty study, and unthrifty pains,
What your composed man shuns. With these his pen
And prompt tongue tickles th'ears of vulgar men :
Sometimes takes matter too, and utters it
With an admired and heavenly strain of wit :
Yet with all this, hath humours more than can
Be thrust into a fool, or to a woman.
As nature made him, reason came by chance,
Held her torch to him, cast him in a trance ;
And makes him utter things that (being awake
In life and manners) he doth quite forsake.
He will be grave, and yet is light as air ;
He will be proud, yet poor even to despair.

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* This hath reference (as most of the rest hath) to the good man before, being this man's opposite.

† Intending in his writing, &c.

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* *Quo magis alantur, eo magis ea lædi.*

† To be therefore instructed in the truth of knowledge, or aspire to any egregious virtue, not stiff and unjointed Art serves ; but he must be helped besides, *benigniore nascendi hora.* According to this of Juvenal :—

Plus etenim fati valet hora benigni,
Quam si te Veneris commendet epistola Marti.

Never sat Truth in a tribunal fit,
But in a modest, staid, and humble wit.
I rather wish to be a natural bred,
Than these great wits with madness leavened.
He's bold, and frontless, passionate, and mad,
Drunken, adulterous, good at all things bad.
Yet for one good, he quotes the best in pride,
And is enstyled a man well qualified.
These delicate shadows of things virtuous then
Cast on these vicious, pleasing, patch'd-up men,
Are but the devil's cozenages to blind
Men's sensual eyes, and choke the envied mind
And where the *truly learn'd is evermore
God's simple Image and true imitator:
These sophisters are emulators still
(Cozening, ambitious) of men true in skill.
Their imperfections yet are hid in sleight
Of the felt darkness breathed out by deceit,
The truly learn'd is likewise hid, and fails
To pierce eyes vulgar, but with other veils.
And they are the divine beams truth casts round
About his beauties, that do quite confound
Sensual beholders. 'Scuse these rare seen then,
And take more heed of common sleighted men.

A GOOD WOMAN.

A WOMAN good and fair (which no dame can
Esteem much easier found than a good man)
Sets not herself to show, nor found would be;
Rather her virtues fly abroad than she.
Dreams not on fashions, loves no gossips' feasts,
Affects no news, no tales, no guests, no jests:
Her work, and reading writs of worthiest men:
Her husband's pleasure, well-taught children:
Her household's fit provision to see spent,
As fits her husband's will, and his consent:
Spends pleasingly her time, delighting still
To her just duty to adapt her will.
Virtue she loves, rewards and honours it,
And hates all scoffing, bold and idle wit:
Pious and wise she is, and treads upon
This foolish and this false opinion,
That learning fits not women; since it may
Her natural cunning help, and make more way
To light, and close affects; for so it can
Curb and compose them too, as in a man;
And, being noble, is the noblest mean
To spend her time: thoughts idle and unclean
Preventing and suppressing; to which end
She entertains it; and doth more commend
Time spent in that, than housewiferies' low kinds,
As short of that, as bodies are of minds.
If it may hurt, is power of good less great,
Since food may lust excite, shall she not eat?
She is not Moon-like, that the Sun, her spouse
Being furthest off, is clear and glorious:
And being near, grows pallid and obscure;
But in her husband's presence, is most pure,
In all chaste ornaments, bright still with him,
And in his absence, all retired and dim:
With him still kind and pleasing, still the same;
Yet with her weeds, not putting off her shame;
But when for bed-rites her attire is gone,
In place thereof her modest shame goes on.
Not with her husband lies, but he with her;
And in their love-joys doth so much prefer
Modest example, that she will not kiss
Her husband, when her daughter present is.
When a just husband's right he would enjoy,
She neither flies him, nor with moods is coy.
One of the light dame savours, th' other shows
Pride, nor from love's ingenuous humour flows.

* The truly learned imitateth God, the sophister emulateth man. His imperfections are hid in the mists imposture breathes; the other's perfections are unseen by the brightness truth casts about his temples, that dazzle ignorant and corrupt beholders or apprehenders.

And as *Geometricians approve
That lines, nor superficies do move
Themselves, but by their bodies' motions go:
So your good woman never strives to grow
Strong in her own affections and delights,
But to her husband's equal appetites,
Earnests and jests, and looks' austerities,
Herself in all her subject powers applies.
Since life's chief cares on him are ever laid,
†In cares she ever comforts, undismay'd,
Though her heart grieves, her looks yet makes it sleight,
Dissembling evermore without deceit.
‡And as the twins of learn'd Hippocrates,
If one were sick, the other felt disease:
If one rejoiced, joy th' other's spirits fed:
If one were grieved, the other sorrowed:
§So fares she with her husband; every thought
Weighty in him, still watch'd in her, and wrought.
And as those that in Elephants delight,
Never come near them in weeds rich and bright,
Nor Bulls approach in scarlet; since those hues
Through both those beasts enraged affects diffuse;
And as from Tigers men the Timbrel's sound
And Cymbal's keep away; since they abound
Thereby in fury and their own flesh tear;
So when t' a good wife, it is made appear
That rich attire and curiosity
In wires, tires, shadows, do displease the eye
Of her loved husband; music, dancing, breeds
Offence in him; she lays by all those weeds,
Leaves dancing, music; and at every part
Studies to please; and does it from her heart.
As greatness in a Steed, so dignity
Needs in a woman, curb, and bit, and eye.
If once she weds, she's two for one before;
Single again, she never doubles more.

* *Geometræ dicunt, lineas et superficies, non seipsis moveri, sed motus corporum comitari.* [The same simile is used in almost the same words by Tamyra towards the close of the first Act of *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois.*]

† A good wife in most cares should ever undismayed comfort her husband.

[‡ This simile is twice used by Chapman in his Plays; by Strozza in the fourth Act of *The Gentleman Usher*, and by Honour in *The Masque of the Middle Temple* (1613), almost in the words of the text.]

§ A good wife watcheth her husband's serious thoughts in his looks, and applies her own to them.

VIRGIL'S EPIGRAM OF PLAY.

Despise base gain; mad Avarice hurts the mind;
Ye wise, shun fraud; believe the learn'd, ye blind.
At play put passions down, as moneys are.
He plays secure, whose trunks hold crowns to spare:
Who brings all with him, shall go out with none;
A greedy gamester ever ends undone.
Peace holy is to men of honest minds;
If ye will play, then curb your warring spleens:
No man wins always. It shames man's true worth,
Of but three Furies, to fare like a fourth.
Correct your earnest spirits, and play indeed;
At staid years be not moved; ne'er play for need.

VIRGIL'S EPIGRAM OF WINE AND WOMEN.

Be not enthrall'd with wine, nor women's love,
For both by one means hurt; as women prove
Means to effeminate, and men's powers decline,
So doth the too much indulgence of wine,
Staggers the upright steps a man should take,
Dissolves his nerves, and makes his goers weak.
Blind love makes many all their thoughts express,
Whose like effect hath brainless drunkenness.
Wild Cupid oft beats up war's stern alarms,
As oft fierce Bacchus calls our hands to arms.
Dishonest Venus made Mars Ilion sease:
And Bacchus lost with wine the Lapithes.

Lastly, when both make mad misgovern'd minds
Fear, shame, all virtues vanish with the winds.
With gyves make Venus hold her legs together,
And bind Lyæus in his ivy with her.
Let wine quench thirst, sweet Venus children bear,
Whose bounds once broke, ye buy their pleasures dear.

VIRGIL'S EPIGRAM OF THIS LETTER Y.

THIS letter of Pythagoras, that bears
This fork'd distinction, to conceit prefers
The form man's life bears. Virtue's hard way takes
Upon the right hand path, which entry makes
(To sensual eyes) with difficult affair;
But when ye once have climb'd the highest stair,
The beauty and the sweetness it contains,
Give rest and comfort, far past all your pains.
The broadway in a bravery paints ye forth,
(In th' entry) softness, and much shade of worth;
But when ye reach the top, the taken ones
It headlong hurls down, torn at sharpest stones.
He then, whom virtues love, shall victor crown
Of hardest fortunes, praise wins and renown:
But he that sloth and fruitless luxury
Pursues, and doth with foolish wariness fly
Opposed pains (that all best acts befall),
Lives poor and vile, and dies despised of all.

A FRAGMENT OF THE TEARS OF PEACE.*

O THAT some sacred labour would let in
The ocean through my womb, to cleanse my sin;
I, that beloved of Heaven, as his true wife
Was wont to bring forth a delightsome life
To all his creatures: and had virtue's hand
To my deliverance, decking every land
(Where war was banish'd) with religious temples,
Cloisters and monuments in admired examples
Of Christian piety, and respect of souls,
Now drunk with avarice and th' adulterous bowls
Of the light Cyprian, and by Dis deflower'd,
I bring forth seed by which I am devour'd:
Infectious darkness from my entrails flies,
That blasts Religion, breeds black heresies,
Strikes virtue bed-rid, fame dumb, knowledge blind,
And for free bounties (like an Eastern wind)
Knits nets of caterpillars, that all fruits
Of planting peace, catch with contentious suits.
And see, O heaven, a war that inward breeds
Worse far than civil, where in brazen steeds
Arms are let in unseen, and fire and sword
Wound and consume men with the ravenous hoard
Of private riches, like prick'd pictures charm'd,
And hid in dunghills, where some one is arm'd
With arms of thousands; and in such small time
(Even out of nakedness) that the dismal crime
Sticks in his blazing forehead like a star,
Signal of rapine and spoil worse than war.
These wars give such sly poison for the spleen,
That men affect and study for their teen,
That it recures the wolf in avarice,
And makes him freely spend his golden thighs:
Yet no one thought spends on poor Virtue's peace.
Wars, that as peace abounds, do still increase.
Wars where in endless rout the kingdom errs,
Where misers mighty grow the mighty misers,
Where partial Lucre Justice sword doth draw,
Where Eris turns into Eunomia,

* Probably written originally to form part of the poem bearing that name, and published in 1609.—ED.

And makes Mars wear the long robe, to perform
A fight more black and cruel, with less storm,
To make for stratagem, a policy driven
Even to the conquest, ere th' alarm be given.
And for set battles where the quarrel dies,
Wars that make lanes through whole posterities.
Arachne wins from Pallas all good parts,
To take her part, and every part converts
His honey into poison : abused Peace
Is turn'd to fruitless and impostumed ease,
For whom the dwarf Contraction is at work
In all professions ; and makes heaven lurk
In corner pleasures : learning in the brain
Of a dull linguist, and all right in gain,
All rule in only power, all true zeal
In trustless avarice : all the common weal
In few men's purses. Volumes fill'd with fame
Of deathless souls, in signing a large name.
Love of all good in self-love : all deserts
In sole desert of hate. Thus Ease inverts
*My fruitful labours, and swoln blind with lust,
Creeps from herself, travails in yielding dust ;
Even reeking in her never-shifted bed :
Where with benumb'd security she is fed :
Held up in Ignorance, and Ambition's arms,
Lighted by Comets, sung to by blind charms.
Behind whom Danger waits, subjection, spoil,
Disease and massacre, and uncrown'd Toil :
Earth sinks beneath her, heaven falls : yet she, deaf,
Hears not their thundering ruins : nor one leaf
Of all her aspen pleasures, ever stirs ;
In such dead calms her stark presumption errs.

FOR GOOD MEN.

A GOOD man want? will God so much deny
His laws, his witnesses, his ministry?
Which only for examples he maintains
Against th' unlearn'd, to prove he is, and reigns :
And all things governs justly : nor neglects
Things humane, but at every part protects
A good man so, that if he lives or dies,
All things sort well with him. If he denies
A plenteous life to me, and sees it fit
I should live poorly ; what, alas, is it?
But that (refusing to endanger me
In the forlorn hope of men rich and high),
Like a most careful Captain, he doth sound
Retreat to me ; makes me come back, give ground
To any, that hath least delight to be
A scuffler in man's war for vanity?
And I obey, I follow, and I praise
My good Commander. All the cloudy days
Of my dark life, my envied Muse shall sing
His secret love to goodness ; I will bring
Glad tidings to the obscure few he keeps ;
Tell his high deeds, his wonders, which the deeps
Of poverty and humblesse, most express,
And weep out (for kind joy) his holiness.

OF SUDDEN DEATH.

WHAT action wouldst thou wish to have in hand,
If sudden death should come for his command?
I would be doing good to most good men
That most did need, or to their childeren,
And in advice (to make them their true heirs)
I would be giving up my soul to theirs.
To which effect if Death should find me given,
I would with both my hands held up to heaven,
Make these my last words to my Deity :
" Those faculties thou hast bestow'd on me
To understand thy government and will,
I have, in all fit actions offer'd still
To thy divine acceptance, and as far
As I had influence from thy bounty's star,
I have made good thy form infused in me ;
Th' anticipations given me naturally,
I have with all my study, art, and prayer,
Fitted to every object and affair
My life presented, and my knowledge taught.
My poor sail, as it hath been ever fraught
With thy free goodness, hath been ballast too
With all my gratitude. What is to do,

* Ease and Security described.

Supply it, sacred Saviour ; thy high grace
In my poor gifts, receive again, and place
Where it shall please thee ; thy gifts never die,
But, having brought one to felicity,
Descend again, and help another up," &c.

HEIGHT IN HUMILITY.

"WHY should I speak imperious courtiers fair?"
"Lest they exclude thee, at thy Court repair."
"If they shall see me enter willingly,
Let them exclude me. If necessity
Drive me amongst them, and they shut the door,
I do my best, and they can do no more.
God's will, and mine, then weigh'd, I his prefer,
Being his vow'd lackey and poor sufferer ;
I try what his will is, and will with it ;
No gate is shut to me ; that shame must fit
Shameless intruders. Why fear I disgrace
To bear ill censure by a man of face?
Will any think that impudence can be
An equal demonstration of me?
'Tis kingly, Cyrus (said Antisthenes)
When thou doest well, to hear this ill of these.
But many pity thy defects in thee.
I mock them ever that so pity me.
Strangers they are, and know not what I am ;
Where I place good and ill, nor ever came
Where my course lies ; but theirs the world may know ;
They lay it out, only to name and show.
If comfort follow truth of knowledge still,
They meet with little truth ; for if their skill
Get not applause, their comfort comes to nought.
I study still to be, they to be thought.
Are they less frustrate of their ends than I?
Or fall they less into the ills they fly?
Are they industrious more? less passionate?
Less faltering in their course? more celebrate
Truth in their comforts?"—"But they get before,
Much in opinion."—"True, they seek it more."

FOR STAY IN COMPETENCE.

"THOU that enjoy'st only enough to live,
Why grievest thou that the giver does not give
Food with the fullest, when as much as thou
He thinks him empty?" "'Tis a state so low,
That I am fearful every hour to sink."
"Well said. Unthankful, fearful, eat and drink,
And fear to starve still! Know'st thou not who sings
Before the thief?* The penury of things
Whither confers it? Draws it not one breath
With great satiety? End not both in death?
Thy entrails, with thy want, together shrink ;
He bursts with crudity, and too much drink.
Will not thy want then with a cheerful eye
Make thee expect death? whom stern tyranny,
Empire, and all the glut of thirsty store,
Shun with pale cheeks affrighted evermore?
Earth is a whore, and brings up all her brats
With her insatiate gadfly ; even her flats
High as her hills look ; lusting, lusting still,
No earthly pleasure ever hath her fill,
Turn a new leaf then ; thirst for things past death,
And thou shalt never think of things beneath."
"How should I thirst so, having no such heat?"
"Fast, pray, to have it ; better never eat,
Than still the more thou eat'st the more desire.
But wilt thou quench this over-needy fire?
Canst thou not write, nor read, nor keep a gate?
Teach children, be a porter. That poor state
Were base and hateful. Is that base to thee,
That is not thy work? That necessity
Inflicts upon thee? that invades thee too,
Only as headaches and [as] agues do?
That the great Orderer of th' universe sees
So good, he puts it in his master-piece?"
"But men will scorn me."
"Let them then go by ;
They will not touch thee ; he that shifts his eye
To others' eyebrows, must himself be blind.
Leavest thou thyself for others? 'tis the mind

[* *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.*]

Of all that God and every good forsakes.
If he goes thy way, follow: if he takes
An opposite course, canst thou still go along,
And end thy course? Go right, though all else wrong.
But you are learn'd, and know philosophy
To be a shift to salve necessity;
Love syllogisms, figures, and to make
All men admire how excellent you spake.
Your caution is to keep a studious eye,
Lest you be caught with carps of sophistry,
To be a man of reading, when alas,
All these are caught in a plebeian's case.
None such poor fools, incontinent, covetous,
Atheistical, deceitful, villanous.
Show me thy studies' end, and what may be
Those weights and measures that are used by thee,
To mete these ashes barrell'd up in man.
Is not the wreath his, that most truly can
Make a man happy? And, in short, is that
Any way wrought more, than in teaching what
Will make a man most joyfully embrace
The course his end holds, and his proper place?
Not suffering his affections to disperse,
But fit the *main sway of the universe."

OF THE WILL.

THE empire of the Will is ever saved,
Except lost by itself, when 'tis depraved.

OF MAN.

MAN is so sovereign and divine a state,
That not contracted and elaborate,
The world he bears about with him alone,
But even the Maker makes his breast his throne.

OF A PHILOSOPHER.

DOES a Philosopher invite, or pray
Any to hear him? or not make his way,
As meat and drink doth? or the Sun excite
Only by virtue of his heat and light?

OF AMBITION.

WHO others' loves and honours goes about,
Would have things outward not to be without.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

NOW I am old, my old friends' loves I wish,
As I am good; and more old, grow more fresh.
Friends constant, not like lakes are standing ever,
But like sweet streams, ever the same, yet never.
Still profiting themselves, and perfecting.
And as a river furthest from his spring,
Takes virtue of his course, and all the way
Greater and greater grows, till with the sea
He combats for his empire, and gets in,
Curling his billows, till his stile he win:
So worthy men should make good to their ends,
Increase of goodness; such men make thy friends.
Such nobler are, the poorer was their source;
And though with crooks and turns, yet keep their course,
Though till their strength, they did some weakness show
(All thanks to God yet), now it is not so.
Will is the garden first, then Knowledge plants;
Who knows and wills well, never virtue wants:
Though oft he fail in good, he nought neglects;
The affect, not the effect, God respects.
But as the Academics ever rate
A man for learning, with that estimate
They made of him, when in the schools he lived;
And howsoe'er he scatter'd since, or thrived,
Still they esteem him as they held him then:
So fares it with the dooms of vulgar men;
If once they knew a man defective, still
The stain sticks by him; better he his skill,
His life and parts, till quite refined from him
He was at first; good drowns, ill still doth swim:

[* This was a favourite phrase of Chapman's. It is used twice in *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*.]

Best men are long in making; he that soon
Sparkles and flourishes, as soon is gone.
A wretched thing it is, when nature gives
A man good gifts, that still the more he lives,
The more they die. And where the complete man
(Much less esteem'd) is long before he can
The passage clear, betwixt his soul and sense,
And of his body gain such eminence,
That all his organs open are, and fit
To serve their Empress; th' other man of wit
At first is served with all those instruments;
Open they are, and full, and free events
All he can think obtains, and forth there flies
Flashes from him, thick as the meteor'd skies,
Like which he looks, and up draws all men's eyes,
Even to amaze: yet like those meteors
(Only in air impress'd), away he soars,
His organs shut; and 'twixt his life and soul,
Sue a divorce alive. Such ne'er enrol
In thy brass book of friendship: such are made
To please light spirits, not to grow but fade.
Nor friends for old acquaintance choose, but faith,
Discretion, good life, and contempt of death:
That foe's wrong bear with Christian patience,
Against which fighting, Reason hath no sense:
That lay their fingers on their lips the more,
The more their wrong'd simplicities deplore,
And stop their mouths to every enemy's ill,
With th' ill he does them. Thus good men do still,
And only good men friends are; make no friend
Of fleshy-beast-men, friendship's of the mind.

OF ATTENTION.

When for the least time, thou lett'st fall thine ear
From still attending things still fit to hear,
And givest thy mind way to thy body's will:
Imagine not thou hold'st the reins so still,
That at thy pleasure thou canst turn her in:
But be assured that one day's soothed sin
Will ask thee many to amend and mourn,
And make thy mind so willing to adjourn
That instant-due amendment, that 'twill breed
A custom to do ill; and that will need
A new birth to reform. "What? may I then
(By any diligence or power in men)
Avoid transgression?" No, 'tis past thy power:
But this thou may'st do; every day and hour,
In that be labouring still, that lets transgression:
And worth my counsel 'tis, that this impression
Fix'd in thy mind, and all means used in man,
He may transgress as little as he can.
If still thou say'st, "To-morrow I will win
My mind to this attention:" therein
Thou say'st as much as "This day I will be
Abject and impudent: it shall be free
This day for others to live lords of me,
To lead and rule me: this day I will give
Reins to my passions, I will envious live,
Wrathful and lustful: I will leave the state
Man holds in me, and turn adulterate,
Vulgar and beastly." See to how much ill
Thou stand'st indulgent. But all this thy will
Shall mend to-morrow: how much better 'twere
This day thou shouldst men's godlike sceptre bear:
For if to-morrow, in thy strength's neglect,
Much more to-day, while 'tis uncounter-check'd.

TO LIVE WITH LITTLE.

When thou seest any honour'd by the king,
Oppose thou this, thou thirst'st for no such thing.
When thou seest any rich, see what instead
Of those his riches, thou hast purchased.
If nothing, nothing fits such idle wretches.
If thou hast that, that makes thee need no riches.
Know thou hast more, and of a greater price,
And that which is to God a sacrifice.

When thou seest one link'd with a lovely wife,
Thou canst contain, and lead a single life.
Seem these things small to thee? O how much more
Do even those great ones, and those men of store
Desire those small things than their greatest own:
That they could scorn their states so bladder-blown,
Their riches, and even those delicious dames,
That feast their blood with such enchanted flames:
For have not yet thy wits the difference found
Betwixt a fevery man's thirst, and one sound?
He having drunk, is pleased: the other lies
Fretting and loathing, vomits out his eyes:
His drink to choler turns, and ten parts more
His vicious heat inflames him, than before.
So while the long fit of his dry desire
Lasts in a rich man, such insatiate fire
He feels within him. While the like fit lasts
In one ambitious, so he thirsts, and wastes.
While the fit lasts, and lust hath any fuel;
So fares the fond Venerean with his jewel,
There being link'd to every one of these
Fears, emulations, sleepless jealousies,
Foul cogitations, foul words, fouler deeds.
Enough be that then, that may serve thy needs,
What thou canst keep in thy free power alone,
Others affect, and thou reject'st thine own.
Both will not draw in one yoke: one release
And th' other use, or neither keep in peace
'Twixt both distracted. Things within thee prize:
Only within thy help and ruin lies.
What wall so fenceful? what possession
So constant, and so properly our own?
What dignity so expert of deceits?
All trade-like, beggarly, and full of sleights.
On which who sets his mind is sure to grieve,
Feed on faint hopes, never his ends achieve,
Fall into that he shuns, and never rest,
But bad esteem his state, when 'tis at best.
Serve but thy mind with objects fit for her,
And for things outward thou shalt never care.
Obtain but her true and particular use,
And obtain all things. Nor let doubt abuse
Thy will to win her, as being coy inclined,
Nought is so pliant as a humane mind.
"And what shall I obtain, obtaining her,
Not wishing all, but some particular?"
What wouldst thou wish for her dower more than these?
To make thee pleasant, of one hard to please?
To make thee modest, of one impudent;
Temperate and chaste, of one incontinent;
Faithful, being faithless. Fit not these thy will?
Affect'st thou greater? What thou dost, do still:
I give thee over, doing all I can,
Th'art past recure, with all that God gives man.

TO YOUNG IMAGINARIES IN KNOWLEDGE.

NEVER for common signs, dispraise or praise,
Nor art, nor want of art, for what he says
Ascribe to any. Men may both ways make
In form and speech, a man's quick doom mistake.
All then that stand in any rank of Art,
Certain decrees have, how they shall im part
That which is in them: which decrees, because
They are within men, making there the laws
To all their actions, hardly show without:
And till their ensigns are display'd, make doubt
To go against or with them; nor will they
So well in words, as in their deeds display.
Decrees are not degrees. If thou shalt give
Titles of learning to such men as live
Like rude plebeians, since they have degrees,
Thou shalt do like plebeians. He that sees
A man held learn'd do rudely, rather may
Take for that deed, his learned name away,
Than give't him for his name. True learning's act
And special object is, so to compact

The will, and every active power in man,
That more than men illiterate, he can
Keep all his actions in the narrow way
To God and goodness, and there force their stay,
As in charm'd circles. Terms, tongues, reading, all
That can within a man, call'd learned, fall;
Whose life is led yet like an ignorant man's;
Are but as tools to gouty artisans
That cannot use them; or, like children's arts,
That out of habit, and by roots of hearts,
Construe and parse their lessons, yet discern
Nought of the matter, whose good words they learn:
Or, like our Chimick Magi, that can call
All terms of Art out, but no gold at all:
And so are learn'd like them, of whom, none knows
His Art's clear truth, but are mere Cinifios.
But sacred learning men so much profane,
That when they see a learn'd-accounted man
Live like a brute man; they will never take
His learn'd name from him, for opinion's sake:
But on that false ground* brutishly conclude
That learning profits not. You beastly rude,
Know it more profits, being exact and true,
Than all earth's highways choked with herds of you.
But must degrees, and terms, and time in schools,
Needs make men learn'd, in life being worse than fools?
What other Art lives in so happy air
That only for his habit and his hair,
His false professor's worth you will commend?
Are there not precepts, matter, and an end
To every science? which, not kept, nor shown
By understanding; understanding known
By fact; the end, by things to th' end directed,
What hap or hope have they to be protected?

[* The original reads "gound."]

Yet find such greatest friends; and such profess
Most learning, and will prease for most access
Into her presence, and her priviest state,
When they have hardly knock'd yet at her gate.
External circumscription never serves
To prove us men: blood, flesh, nor bones nor nerves,
But that which all these useth and doth guide,
God's image in a soul eternified,
Which he that shows not in such acts as tend
To that eternesse, making that their end:
In this world nothing knows, nor after can,
But is more any creature than a man.
This rather were the way, if thou would'st be
A true proficient in philosophy,
Dissemble what thou studiest, till alone
By thy impartial contention
Thou provest thee fit to do as to profess.
And if thou still profess it not, what less
Is thy philosophy, if in thy deeds
Rather than signs and shadows, it proceeds?
Show with what temper thou dost drink and eat;
How far from wrong thy deeds are, anger's heat;
How thou sustain'st and abstain'st; how far gone
In appetite and aversation:
To what account thou doest affections call,
Both natural and adventitial;
That thou art faithful, pious, humble, kind,
Enemy to envy; of a cheerful mind,
Constant and dauntless. All this when men see
Done with the learned'st, then let censure thee;
But if so dull and blind of soul they are,
Not to acknowledge heavenly Mulciber,
To be a famous Artist by his deeds,
But they must see him in his working weeds;
What ill is it, if thou art never known
To men so poor of apprehension?
Are they within thee, or so much with thee
As thou thyself art? Can their dull eyes see
Thy thoughts at work? Or how like one that's sworn
To thy destruction, all thy powers are borne

T'entrap thyself? whom thou dost hardlier please
Than thou canst them? Arm then thy mind with these:
I have decrees set down 'twixt me and God:
I know his precepts, I will bear his load,
But what men throw upon me, I reject,
No more shall let the freedom I elect;
I have an owner that will challenge me,
Strong to defend, enough to satisfy;
The rod of Mercury will charm all these,
And make them neither strange, nor hard to please.
And these decrees in houses constitute
Friendship and love; in fields cause store of fruit;
In cities, riches; and in temples zeal,
And all the world would make one common-weal.
Shun braggart glory, seek no place, no name,
No shows, no company, no laughing game,
No fashion, nor no champion of thy praise,
As children sweetmeats love and holi-days.
Be knowing shamefacedness thy grace and guard,
As others are with doors, walls, porters barr'd.
Live close awhile; so fruits grow; so their seed
Must in the earth a little time lie hid;
Spring by degrees, and so be ripe at last.
But if the ear be to the blade's top past
Before the joint amidst the blade be knit,
The corn is lank, and no sun ripens it.
Like which art thou, young novice; flourishing
Before thy time, winter shall burn thy spring.
The husbandman dislikes his fields' fair birth
When timeless heat beats on unready earth;
Grieves lest his fruits with air should be too bold,
And not endure the likely-coming cold.
Comfort the root then first, then let appear
The blade's joint knit, and then produce the ear:
So Nature's self thou shalt constrain, and be
Blest with a wealthy crop in spite of thee.

OF CONSTANCY IN GOODNESS.

Who fears disgrace for things well done, that knows it?
Wrong ever does most harm to him that does it.
Who more joy takes, that men his good advance,
Than in the good itself, does it by chance:
That being the work of others, this his own.
In all these actions, therefore, that are common,
Men never should for praise or dispraise care,
But look to the Decrees, from whence they are.

OF LEARNING.

Learning, the Art is of good life: they then
That lead not good lives, are not learned men.

FOR ILL SUCCESS.

If thou sustain'st in any sort an ill,
Bear some good with thee to change for it still.

OF NEGLIGENCE.

When thou lett'st loose thy mind to objects vain,
'Tis not in thee to call her back again;
And, therefore, when thy pleasure in her good
Droops, and would down in melancholy blood,
Feed her alacrity with any thought
Or word, that ever her recomfort wrought.

OF INJURY.

When thou art wrong'd, see if the wrong proceed
From fault within thy judgment, word, or deed:
If not, let him beware that injures thee,
And all that soothe him; and be thy state free.

OF ATTIRE.

In habit, nor in any ill to th' eye,
Affright the vulgar from philosophy:
But as in looks, words, works, men witness thee

Comely and checkless, so in habit be.
For if a man shall show me one commended
For wit, skill, judgment, never so extended,
That goes fantastically, and doth fit
The vulgar fashion, never think his wit
Is of a sound piece, but hath bracks in it.
If slovenly and nastily in weeds
Thou keep'st thy body, such must be thy deeds.
Hence, to the desert, which thou well deservest,
And now no more for man's society servest.
External want to this height doth express
Both inward negligence and rottenness.

FRAGMENTS.

OF CIRCUMSPECTION.

In hope to 'scape the law, do nought amiss,
The penance ever in the action is.

OF SUFFERANCE.

It argues more power willingly to yield
To what by no repulse can be repell'd,
Than to be victor of the greatest state
We can, with any fortune, subjugate.

OF THE SOUL.

The Soul serves with her functions to excite,
Abhor, prepare, and order appetite,
Cause aversation, and susception :
In all which, all her ill is built upon
Ill-received judgments ; which reform with good ;
And as with ill she yielded to thy blood,
And made thy pleasures God and man displease,
She will as well set both their powers at peace,
With righteous habits, and delight thee more
With doing good now than with ill before.

OF LEARNED MEN.

Who knows not truth, knows nothing ; who what's best
Knows not, not* truth knows. Who (alone profest
In that which best is) lives bad, best not knows,
Since with that Best and Truth, such joy still goes,
That he that finds them, cannot but dispose
His whole life to them. Servile Avarice can
Profane no liberal knowledge-coveting man.
Such hypocrites opinion only have,
Without the* mind's use : which doth more deprave
Their knowing powers, than if they† nought did know.
For if with all the sciences they flow,
Not having that, that such joy brings withal
As cannot in unlearn'd men's courses fall :
As with a ‡tempest they are rapt past hope
Of knowing Truth, because they think his scope
Is in their tongues, much reading, speech profuse,
Since they are means to Truth in their true use :
§But 'tis a fashion for the damned crew,
One thing to praise, another to pursue :
As those learn'd men do, that in words prefer
Heaven and good life, yet in their lives so err,
That all heaven is not broad enough for them
To hit or aim at, but the vulgar stream
Hurries them headlong with it : and no more
They know or shall know than the rudest boor.

* Si absit scientia optimi, nihil scitur.

* Qui opinioni absque mente, consenserint.
† Prodest multis non nosse quicquam.
‡ Nonne meritò, multa tempestate jactabitur ?
§ Absurdum alia laudare, alia sequi.

EPICEDIUM;

OR,

A FUNERAL SONG.

"*An Epicede, or, Funerall Song*: On the most disastrous Death of the High-borne Prince of Men, Henry Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornewaile and Rothsay, Count Palatine of Chester, Earle of Carick, and late Knight of the most Noble Order of the Garter. Which Noble Prince deceased at St. James, the sixt day of November, 1612, and was most Princely interred the seuenth day of December following, within the Abbey of Westminster, in the Eighteenth yeere of his Age. London: Printed by T. S. for Iohn Budge, and are to bee sould at his shop at the great south dore of Paules and at Brittanes Bursse. 1612."

Epicedium; or, a Funeral Song.

[1612.]

TO MY AFFECTIONATE AND TRUE FRIEND,

MR. HENRY JONES.

MY TRUEST FRIEND,

The most unvaluable and dismayful loss of my most dear and heroical Patron, Prince Henry, hath so stricken all my spirits to the earth, that I will never more dare to look up to any greatness; but resolving the little rest of my poor life to obscurity, and the shadow of his death, prepare ever hereafter for the light of Heaven.

So absolute, constant, and noble your love hath been to me, that if I should not as effectually by all my best expressions acknowledge it, I could neither satisfy mine own affection, nor deserve yours.

Accept, therefore, as freely as I acknowledge, this unprofitable sign of my love; till, God blessing my future labours, I may add a full end to whatsoever is begun in your assurance of my requital. A little, blest, makes a great feast, my best friend; and therefore despair not but that out of that little, our loves always made even may make you say, you have rather been happy in your kindness than in the least degr- nurt. There may favours pass betwixt poor friends, which even the richest and greatest may envy. And God that yet never let me live, I know will never let me die, an impair to any friend. If any good more than requital succeed, it is all yours as freely as ever yours was mine; in which noble freedom and alacrity of doing, you have thrice done all I acknowledge. And thus knowing I give you little contentment in this so far unexpected publication of my gratitude; I rest satisfied with the ingenuous discharge of mine own office. Your extraordinary and noble love and sorrow borne to our most sweet Prince, entitles you worthily to this Dedication; which, with my general love unfeignedly protested to your whole name and family, I conclude you as desertful of at my hands, as our noblest Earl; and so ever remain,

Your most true poor friend,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

If ever adverse influence envied
The glory of our Lands, or took a pride
To trample on our height; or in the eye
Struck all the pomp of Principality,
Now it hath done so; oh, if ever Heaven,
Made with the earth his angry reckoning even,
Now it hath done so. Ever, ever be
Admired, and fear'd, that Triple Majesty,
Whose finger could so easily stick a Fate
'Twixt least felicity, and greatest state;
Such as should melt our shore into a sea,
And dry our ocean with calamity.
Heaven open'd, and but show'd him to our eyes,
Then shut again, and show'd our miseries.

Expostulatio a perturbatione

O God, to what end are thy Graces given?
Only to show the world, men fit for heaven,
Then ravish them, as if too good for earth,
We know the most exempt in wealth, power, birth,
Or any other blessing, should employ,
As to their chief end, all things they enjoy
To make them fit for heaven; and not pursue
With hearty appetite, the damned crew
Of merely sensual and earthy pleasures.
But when one hath done so, shall straight the treasures
Digg'd to in those deeps be consumed by death?

Shall not the rest, that error swalloweth,
Be, by the pattern of that master-piece
Help'd to instruct their erring faculties?
When, without clear example, even the best,
That cannot put by knowledge to the test
What they are taught? serve like the worst in field,
Is power to force who will not freely yield,
Being great assistant to divine example,
As vain a pillar to thy manly temple?
When without perfect knowledge, which scarce one
Of many kingdoms reach, no other stone
Man hath to build one corner of thy Fane
Save one of these? But when the desperate wane
Of power, and of example to all good,*
So spent is that one cannot turn the flood
Of goodness 'gainst her ebb, but both must ply
And be at full too; or her stream will dry;
Where shall they meet again, now he is gone,
Where both went foot by foot: and both were one?
One that in hope took up to topless height
All his great ancestors; his one sail, freight
With all, all Princes' treasures; he like one
Of no importance, no way built upon,
Vanish'd without the end, for which he had
Such matchless virtues, and was Godlike made?
Have thy best works no better cause t' express
Themselves like men, and thy true images?
To toil in virtue's study, to sustain
With comfort for her, want and shame and pain
No nobler end in this life, than a death
Timeless and wretched, wrought with less than breath?
And nothing solid worthy of our souls?
Nothing that reason more than sense extols!
Nothing that may in perfect judgment be
A fit foot for our crown Eternity.
All which thou seem'st to tell us in this one
Killing discomfort, apt to make our moan
Conclude 'gainst all things, serious and good;
Ourselves not thy forms but Chimera's† brood.

Now, Princes, dare ye boast your vigorous states
That Fortune's breath thus builds and ruinates?
Exalt your spirits? trust in flowery youth?
Give reins to pleasure, all your humours soothe?
License in rapine, powers exempt from laws,
Contempt of all things, but your own applause?
And think your swinge to any tyranny given
Will stretch as broad and last as long as Heaven;
When he that curb'd with Virtue's hand his power,
His youth with continence, his sweet with sour,
Boldness with pious fear, his palate's height,
Applied to health and not to appetite,
Felt timeless sickness charge; state, power to fly,
And glutted Death with all his cruelty.
Partial devourer ever of the best, — To Death.
With headlong rapture, sparing long the rest
Could not the precious tears his Father shed
(That are with kingdoms to be ransomed),
His bleeding prayer upon his knees t' implore,
That if for any sin of his Heaven tore — The Prayer of the King in the Prince's Sickness.
From his most royal body that chief limb,
It might be ransom'd for the rest of him?
Could not the sacred eyes thou didst profane
In his great Mother's tears; the spiteful bane
Thou pour'd'st upon the cheeks of all the Graces
In his more gracious sister's; the defaces,
With all the furies' overwhelming galls,
Cursedly fronting her near nuptials?
Could not, O could not, the almighty ruth
Of all these force thee to forbear the youth
Of our incomparable Prince of Men?
Whose age had made thy iron fork his pen,
T' eternize what it now doth murder merely;
And shall have from my soul my curses yearly.

* *Potentia expers sapientiæ quo major est, eo perniciosior; sapientia procul à potentia manca videtur.*—PLAT.

† Chimera, a monster having his head and breast like a Lion, his belly like a Goat, and tail like a Dragon.

Tyrant, what knew'st thou, but the barbarous wound
Thou gavest the son, the Father might confound?
Both lived so mix'dly, and were jointly one,
Spirit to spirit cleft. The humour bred
In one heart, straight was with the other fed;
The blood of one, the other's heart did fire;
The heart and humour, were the Son and Sire;
The heart yet, void of humour's slender'st part,
May easier live, than humour without heart;
The river needs the helpful fountain ever,
More than the fountain the supplied river.
Simile. As th' iron then, when it hath once put on
The magnet's quality, to the virtuous stone
Is ever drawn, and not the stone to it:
Apodesis. So may the heavens, the son's fate, not admit
To draw the Father's till a hundred years
Have drown'd that issue to him in our tears.
Reditio ad Principem. Blest yet, and sacred shall thy memory be,
O nothing-less-than-mortal Deity.
Thy graces like the Sun, to all men giving;
Fatal to thee in death, but kill me living.
Now as inverted like th' Antipodes
The world (in all things of desert to please)
Is fall'n on us with thee; thy ruins lie
On our burst bosoms, as if from the sky
The Day-star, greater than the world were driven
Sunk to the earth, and left a hole in heaven;
Through which a second deluge now pours down
On our poor earth; in which are overflown
The seeds of all the sacred virtues, set
In his spring-Court; where all the prime spirits met
*Of all our kingdoms; as if from the death,
That in men living, baseness and rapine sheath,
Where they before lived, they unwares were come
Into a free and fresh Elysium;
Casting regenerate, and refined eyes
On him that raised them from their graves of vice,
Digg'd in their old grounds to spring fresh on those,
That his divine Ideas did propose
First to himself, and then would form in them.
Who did not thirst to plant his son near him
As near the Thames their houses? What one worth
Was there in all our world, that set not forth
All his deserts, to Pilgrim to his favours,
With all devotion, offering all his labours?
And how the wild boar, barbarism, now
Will root these quick-sets up? what herb shall grow,
That is not sown in his inhumane tracts?
No thought of good shall spring, but many acts
Will crop, or blast, or blow it up: and see,
*How left to this, the mournful family,
Muffled in black clouds, full of tears are driven
With storms about the relics of this heaven;
Retiring from the world, like corses, hearsed,
Home to their graves, a hundred ways dispersed.
†O that this Court-school, this Olympus merely,
Where two-fold man was practised, should so early
Dissolve the celebration purposed there,
Of all heroic parts, when far and near,
All were resolved t' admire, none to contend,
When, in the place of all, one wretched end
Will take up all endeavours; harpy Gain,
Pandar to goat, Ambition; golden chain‡
To true man's freedom; not from heaven let fall
To draw men up, but shot from hell to hale
All men, as bondslaves, to his Turkish den,
For toads and adders far more fit than men.

* Those that came to the Prince's service seemed (compared with the places they lived in before) to rise from death to the fields of life, intending the best part of young and noble gentlemen.

* The parting of the Prince's servants.
† The Prince's house an Olympus, where all contention of virtues were practised.
‡ Non Homeri Aurea Restis.

His house had well his surname from a Saint,
All things so sacred, did so lively paint
Their pious figures in it.* And as well
His other house,† did in his name foretell
What it should harbour; a rich world of parts,
Bonfire-like building, the still-feasted Arts,
Which now on bridle's bite, and puff'd contempt
Spurs to Despair, from all fit food exempt.
O what a frame of good, in all hopes raised,
Came tumbling down with him! as when was seized
By Grecian fury, famous Ilion,
Whose fall still rings out his confusion.
What *Triumphs* scatter'd at his feet, lie smoking!
Banquets that will not down; their cheerers' choking;
Fields fought, and hidden now, with future slaughter,
Furies sit frowning, where late sat sweet laughter,
The active lying maim'd, the healthful crazed,
All round about his hearse! And how amazed
The change of things stands! How astonish'd joy
Wonders he ever was? yet every toy
Quits this grave loss. Rainbows no sooner taint
Thin dewy vapours, which opposed beams paint
Round in an instant (at which children stare,
And slight the sun, that makes them circular,
And so disparent), than mere gauds pierce men,
Slighting the grave, like fools and children.
So courtly near plagues soothe and stupefy,
And with such pain men leave self-flattery,
Of which, to see him free (who stood no less
‡Than a full siege of such) who can express
His most direct infusion from above,
Far from the humorous seed of mortal love?
§He knew that Justice simply used was best,
Made princes most secure, most loved, most blest;

No artisan, no scholar could pretend,
No statesman, no divine, for his own end,
Anything to him, but he would descend
The depth of any right belong'd to it,
Where they could merit, or himself should quit.
He would not trust, with what himself concern'd,
Any in any kind; but ever learn'd
*The grounds of what he built on.
Nothing lies
In man's fit course, that his own knowledge flies
Either direct or circumstantial.
O what are princes then, that never call
Their actions to account, but flatterers trust
To make their trial, if unjust or just?
Apostrophe. †Flatterers are household thieves, traitors by law,
That rob kings' honours, and their souls'-blood draw;
Diseases that keep nourishment from their food,
And as to know himself is man's chief good,
So that which intercepts that supreme skill,
Which flattery is, is the supremest ill:
Whose looks will breed the basilisk in kings' eyes,
That, by reflexion of his sight, dies.
Simile. And as a nurse, labouring a wayward child,
Day and night watching it like an offspring wild,
Talks infinitely idly to it still;
Sings with a standing throat to worse from ill;
Lord-blesses it; bears with his pukes and cries;
And to give it a long life's miseries,
Sweetens his food, rocks, kisses, sings again;
Plies it with rattles, and all objects vain:
So flatterers, with as servile childish things,
Observe and soothe the wayward moods of kings.
So kings, that flatterers love, had need to have
As nurse-like counsellors, and contemn the grave;

* Saint James, his house.
† Richmond.
‡ The Prince not to be wrought on by flattery.
§ His knowledge and wisdom.

* Any man is capable of his own fit course and office in anything.
† Men grow so ugly by trusting flattery with their informations, that when they see themselves truly by casting their eyes inward, they cast themselves away with their own loathing.

Themselves as wayward and as noisome too,
Full as untuneable in all they do,
As poor sick infants; ever breeding teeth
In all their humours, that be worse than death.
How wise, then, was our Prince that hated these,
And would with nought but truth his humour please;
Nor would he give a place, but where he saw
One that could use it, and become a law
Both to his fortunes and his prince's honour.
Who would give Fortune nought she took upon her,
Nor give but to desert; nor take a chance
That might not justly his wish'd ends advance.
His good he join'd with equity and truth;
Wisdom in years crown'd his ripe head in youth;
His heart wore all the folds of policy,
Yet went as naked as simplicity.
Knew good and ill, but only good did love;
In him the serpent did embrace the dove.
He was not curious to sound all the stream
Of others' acts, yet kept his own from them:
"He whose most dark deeds dare not stand the light,
Begot was of imposture and the night.
Who surer than a man doth ends secure,
Either a God is, or a devil sure."
The President of men; whom, as men can,
All men should imitate, was God and Man.
In these clear deeps our prince fish'd troubled streams
Of blood and vantage challenge diadems.
In sum, knot-like, he was together put
That no man could dissolve, and so was cut.
But we shall see our foul-mouth'd faction's spite
Mark'd, witch-like, with one black eye, th' other white,
Ope, and oppose against this spotless sun;
Such, heaven strike blinder than the eclipsed moon
'Twixt whom and noblesse, or humanity's truth,
As much dull earth lies, and as little ruth
(Should all things sacred perish), as there lies
'Twixt Phœbe and the Light-fount of the skies
In her most dark delinquence; vermin right,
That prey in darkness and abhor the light;
Live by the spoil of virtue; are not well
But when they hear news from their father hell
Of some black mischief, never do good deed,
But where it does much harm or hath no need.
What shall become of Virtue's far-short train
When thou their head art reach'd, high prince of men?
O that thy life could have dispersed death's storms,
To give fair act to those heroic forms
With which all good rules had enrich'd thy mind,
Preparing for affairs of every kind;
Peace bring but a pause to breathe fierce war;
No warrant dormant to neglect his star;
The licence sense hath, is t'inform the soul;
Not to suppress her, and our lusts extol;
This life in all things, to enjoy the next;
Of which laws thy youth both contain'd the text
And the contents; ah, that thy grey-ripe years
Had made of all Cæsarean Commentares,
More than can now be thought, in fact t'enrol
And make black Faction blush away her soul.
That as a Temple, built when Piety — Simile.
Did to divine ends offer specially,
What men enjoy'd; that wondrous state express'd
Strange Art, strange cost; yet who had interest
In all the frame of it, and saw those days,
Admired but little; and as little praise
Gave to the goodly fabric: but when men
That live whole ages after, view it, then
They gaze and wonder; and the longer time
It stands, the more it glorifies his prime;
Grows fresh in honour, and the age doth shame
That in such Monuments neglect such fame;
So had thy sacred Fame been raised to height,
Form fulness, ornament; the more the light

Had given it view, the more had men admired;
And though men now are scarce to warmness fired
With love of thee; but rather cold and dead
To all sense of the grace they forfeited
In thy neglect and loss; yet after-ages
Would be inflamed, and put on holy rages
With thy inspiring virtues; cursing those
Whose breaths dare blast thus, in the bud, the Rose.
But thou, woe's me! art blown up before blown,
And as the ruins of some famous town
Show here a temple stood; a palace here;
A citadel, an amphitheatre;
Of which, alas, some broken arches still
(Pillars, or columns razed; which Art did fill
With all her riches and divinity)
Retain their great and worthy memory;
So of our prince's state, I nought rehearse
But show his ruins, bleeding in my verse.
What poison'd Asterism, may his death accuse?
Tell thy astonish'd prophet, deathless muse,
And make my stars therein, the more adverse,
The more advance, with sacred rage my verse,
And so adorn my dearest Fautor's hearse.
That all the wits profane, of these bold times
May fear to spread the spawn of their rank rhymes
On any touch of him, that should be sung
To ears divine, and ask an Angel's tongue.
With this it thunder'd, and a lightning show'd
Where she sat writing in a sable cloud;
A pen so hard and sharp express'd her plight,
It bit through flint, and did in diamant write;
Her words she sung, and laid out such a breast,
As melted heaven, and vex'd the very blest.
In which she call'd all worlds to her complaints,
And how our loss grew, thus with tears she paints:

Musæ lachrymæ. *Hear earth and heaven, and you that have no ears,
Hell, and the hearts of tyrants, hear my tears;

* The cause and manner of the Prince's death.

Thus Britain Henry took his timeless end
When his great father did so far transcend
All other kings; and that he had a Son
In all his father's gifts, so fair begun
As added to Fame's pinions double wings;
And (as brave rivers broken from their springs,
The further off grow greater and disdain
To spread a narrower current than the main)
Had drawn in all deserts such ample spheres
As Hope yet never turn'd about his years,
All other Princes with his parts comparing
Like all Heaven's petty luminaries faring,
To radiant Lucifer, the day's first-born,
It hurl'd a fire, red as a threatening morn
On fiery Rhamnusia's* sere and sulphurous spite,
Who turn'd the stern orbs of her ghastly sight
About each corner of her vast command;
And, in the turning of her bloody hand,
Sought how to ruin endlessly our hope,
And set to all mishap all entries ope.
And see how ready means to mischief are;
She saw, fast by, the blood-affecting Fever,†
Even when th' autumnal star began t'expire
Gathering in vapours thin ethereal fire:
Of which her venom'd finger did impart
To our brave Prince's fount of heat, the heart;
A preternatural heat, which through the veins
And arteries, by th' blood and spirits' means
Diffused about the body, and inflamed,
Begat a fever to be never named.
And now this loather of the lovely light,
Begot of Erebus and ugly night;
Mounted in haste her new and noiseful car,
Whose wheels had beam-spokes from the Hungarian Star,‡
And all the other frame and freight from thence
Derived their rude and ruthless influence,
Up to her left side leapt infernal Death,
His head hid in a cloud of sensual breath;

* Rhamnusia (goddess of Revenge, and taken for Fortune), in envy of our Prince, excited Fever against him.

† The Fever the Prince died on (by prosopopeia) described by her effects and circumstances.

‡ The Fever the Prince died of is observed by our modern physicians to be begun in Hungary.

By her sat furious Anguish, pale Despight;
Murmur and Sorrow and possess'd Affright;
Yellow Corruption, marrow-eating Care;
Languor, chill Trembling, fits irregular;
Inconstant Choler, feeble-voiced Complaint;
Relentless Rigour, and Confusion faint;
Frantic Distemper, and hare-eyed Unrest,*
And short-breathed Thirst, with th' ever-burning breast,
A wreath of adders bound her trenched brows;
Where Torment ambush'd lay with all her throes,
†Marmarian Lions, fringed with flaming manes,
Drew this grim fury and her brood of banes,
Their hearts of glowing coals, murmur'd and roar'd
To bear her crook'd yokes, and her banes abhorr'd
To their dear Prince, that bore them in his arms,
And should not suffer for his good their harms;
Then from Hell's burning whirlpit up she haul'd
The horrid monster, fierce Echidna call'd;
That from her Stygian jaws doth vomit ever
Quitture and venom, yet is empty never:
Then burnt her blood-shot eyes, her temples yet
‡Were cold as ice, her neck all drown'd in sweat;
Paleness spread all her breast, her life's heat stung:
The mind's interpreter, her scorched tongue,
Flow'd with blue poison: from her yawning mouth
Rheums fell like spouts fill'd from the stormy South:
Which being corrupt, the hue of saffron took
A fervent vapour, all her body shook;
From whence her vexed spirits, a noisome smell
Expired in fumes that look'd as black as Hell.

A ceaseless torrent did her nostrils steep,
Her wither'd entrails took no rest, no sleep;
Her swoln throat rattled, warm'd with life's last spark,
And in her salt jaws painful coughs did bark:
Her teeth were stain'd with rust, her sluttish hand
She held out reeking like a new-quench'd brand;
Arm'd with crook'd talons like the horned moon,
All cheer, all ease, all hope with her was gone;
In her left hand a quenchless fire did glow,
And in her right palm freezed Sithonian snow:
The ancient Romans did a temple build
To her, as whom a Deity they held:
So hid, and far from care of man she flies,
In whose Life's Power she mates the Deities.
When fell Rhamnusia saw this monster near,
Her steel heart sharpening, thus she spake to her:*
"Seest thou this Prince, great Maid and seed of Night—
Whose brows cast beams about them like the light:
Who joys securely in all present state,
Nor dreams what Fortune is, or future Fate:
At whom, with fingers, and with fixed eyes
All kingdoms point and look, and sacrifice
Could be content to give him; temples raise
To his expectance, and unbounded praise:
His now-ripe spirits and valour doth despise
Sickness and sword that give our godhead's prize:
His worth contracts the worlds, in his sole hope,
Religion, Virtue, Conquest have no scope;
But his endowments; at him, at him, fly;
More swift and timeless, more the Deity;
His summer winter with the gelid flakes;
His pure life, poison, sting out with thy snakes;

* Out of the property of the Hare that never shuts her eyes sleeping.

† *Marmaricæ Leones*, of Marmarica, a region in Africa where the fiercest lions are bred, with which Fever is supposed to be drawn, for their excessive heat and violence, part of the effects of this Fever.

‡ The properties of the Fever in these effects.

* Rhamnusia's excitation of Fever.

This is a work will fame thy maiden-
head."
*With this, her speech and she together
fled;
Nor durst she more endure her dreadful
eyes,
Who stung with goads her roaring lions'
thighs;
And brandish'd round about her snake-
curl'd head,
With her left hand the torch it managed.
†And now Heaven's Smith kindled his
forge and blew,
And through the round Pole thick the
sparkles flew;
When great Prince Henry, the delight of
fame,
Darken'd the palace of his Father's name,
And hid his white limbs in his downy bed;
Then Heaven wept falling stars that
summoned
With soft and silent motion, sleep to
breath
On his bright temples th' ominous form of
Death,
Which now the cruel goddess did permit,
That she might enter so her maiden fit.
‡When the good Angel, his kind
Guardian,
Her wither'd foot saw near this spring of
man;
He shriek'd and said: "What, what are
thy rude ends?
Cannot, in him alone, all virtue's friends
(Melted into his all-upholding nerves,
For whose assistance every Deity serves),
Move thee to prove thy Godhead, blessing
him
With long long life, whose light extinct will
dim
All heavenly graces?" All this moved her
nought
But on, and in his all our ruins wrought.
She touch'd the thresholds, and the
thresholds shook;
The door-posts Palenes pierced with her
faint look;
The doors brake open, and the fatal bed
Rudely sh' approach'd, and thus her fell
mouth said:

*"Henry, why takest thou thus thy rest
secure?
Nought doubting what Fortune and fates
assure.
Thou never yet felt'st my red right hand's
maims
That I to thee and fate to me proclaims;
Thy fate stands idle; spins no more thy
thread;
Die thou must, great Prince, sigh not;
bear thy head
In all things free, even with necessity.
If sweet it be to live; 'tis sweet to die."
This said, she shook at him her torch,
and cast
A fire in him that all his breast embraced;
Then darting through his heart a deadly
cold,
And as much venom as his veins could
hold.
Death, Death, O Death inserting, thrusting
in,
Shut his fair eyes and oped our ugly sin.
This scene resolved on by herself and Fate,
Was there a sight so pale and desperate
Ever before seen in a thrust-through
State?
†The poor Virginian, miserable sail,
A long-long-night-turn'd-day, that lived in
Hell,
Never so portray'd, where the billows
strove
(Black'd like so many devils) which should
prove
The damned Victor; all their furies
heightening;
Their drum the thunder; and their colours
lightning;
Both soldiers in the battle; one contending
To drown the waves in noise; the other
spending
His Hell-hot sulphurous flames to drink
them dry:
When heaven was lost, when not a tear-
wrack'd eye
Could tell, in all that dead time, if they were
Sinking or sailing; till a quickening clear

* Rhamnusia durst no longer endure her being stirred into fury.

† The starry evening described by Vulcan's setting to work at that time, the night being ever chiefestly consecrated to the works of the gods; and out of this deity's fires the stars are supposed to fly as sparkles of them.

‡ The good angel of the Prince to the Fever as she approached.

* Fever to the Prince, who is thought by a friend of mine to speak too mildly; not being *satis compos mentis Portice*, in this. Her counsel or persuasion showing only how the Prince was persuaded and resolved in his deadliest sufferance of her which she is made to speak in spite of herself, since he at her worst was so sacredly resolute.

† Description of the tempest that cast Sir Th. Gates on the Bermudas, and the state of his ship and men, to this kingdom's plight, applied in the Prince's death.

Gave light to save them by the ruth of rocks
At the Bermudas ; where the tearing shocks
And all the miseries before, more felt
Than here half told ; all, all this did not melt
Those desperate few, still dying more in tears,
Than this death all men to the marrow wears ;
All that are men : the rest, those drudging beasts,
That only bear of men the coats and crests ;
And for their slave, sick, that can earn them pence,
More mourn, O monsters, than for such a Prince ;
Whose souls do ebb and flow still with their gain,
Whom nothing moves but pelf and their own pain ;
Let such, great Heaven, be only born to bear
All that can follow this mere massacre.
Lost is our poor Prince ; all his sad endurers ;
The busy art of those that should be curers ;
The sacred vows made by the zealous King,
His godlike sire ; his often visiting ;
Nor thy grave prayers and presence, holy Man,
This realm's thrice-reverend Metropolitan,*
That was the worthy Father to his soul,
Th' insulting Fever could one fit control.
Nor let me here forget one far and near,
And in his life's love passing deep and dear ;
That doth his sacred memory adore
Virtue's true fautor, his grave Chancellor ;†
Whose worth in all works should a place enjoy,
Where his fit Fame her trumpet shall employ ;
Whose cares and prayers were ever used to ease
His feverous war, and send him healthful peace ;
Yet sick our Prince is still ; who though the steps
Of bitter Death he saw bring in by heaps
Clouds to his lustre and poor rest of light ;
And felt his last day suffering lasting night ;
His* true-bred brave soul shrunk yet at no part ;
Down kept he all sighs, with his powers' all-heart ;
Clear'd even his dying brows ; and in an eye
Manly dissembling, hid his misery.
And all to spare the Royal heat so spent
In his sad Father, fearful of th' event.
And now did† Phœbus with his twelfth lamp show
The world his hapless light ; and in his brow
A torch of pitch stuck, lighting half the skies,
When life's last error press'd the broken eyes
Of this heart-breaking Prince ; his forced look fled ;
Fled was all colour from his cheeks ; yet fed
His spirit his sight ; with dying now, he cast
On his kind King, and Father : on whom fast,
He fix'd his fading beams ; and with this view
A little did their empty orbs renew.
His Mind saw him come from the deeps of Death,
To whom he said, "O Author of my Breath ; The Prince dying, to the King.
Soul to my life, and essence to my soul ;
Why grieve you so, that should all grief control?
Death's sweet to me, that you are still life's creature.
I now have finish'd the great work of Nature.
I see you pay a perfect Father's debt ;
And in a feastful Peace your Empire kept ;
If your true Son's last words have any right,
In your most righteous bosom, do not fright
Your hearkening kingdoms to your carriage now ;
All yours in me I here resign to you ;

* The Archbishop of Canterbury, passing pious, in care of the Prince.

† Sir Ed. Phillips, Master of the Rolls, and the Prince's Chancellor : a chief sorrower for him.

* The Prince, heroical, his bearing his sickness at the King's coming to see him, careful not to discomfort him.

† The twelfth day after his beginning to be sick, his sickness was held incurable.

My youth, I pray to God with my last powers,
Substract from me may add to you and yours."
Thus vanish'd he, thus swift, thus instantly;
Ah, now I see even heavenly powers must die,
Now shift the* King and Queen from Court to Court,
But no way can shift off their cares' resort;
That which we hate, the more we fly pursues;
That which we love, the more we seek eschews:
Now weeps his Princely Brother; now, alas,
His Cynthian Sister, our sole earthly Grace,
Like Hebe's fount still overflows her bounds,
And in her cold lips stick astonish'd sounds;
Sh' oppresseth her sweet kind; in her soft breast
Care can no vent find, it is so compress'd.
And see how the Promethean liver grows
As vulture Grief devours it; see fresh shows†
Revive woe's sense and multiply her soul;
And worthily; for who would tears control
On such a springing ground? 'Tis dearly fit
To pay all tribute thought can pour on it.
For why were Funerals first used but for these,
Presaged and cast in their nativities?
The streams were check'd awhile; so torrents stay'd
Enrage the more; but are, left free, allay'd.
Now our grim waves march altogether; now
Our black seas run so high, they overflow
The clouds they nourish: now the gloomy hearse
Puts out the sun. Revive, revive, dead Verse,
Death hath slain Death. There, there the person lies
Whose death should buy out all mortalities.

But let the world be now a heap of death,
Life's joy lies dead in him, and challengeth
No less a reason. If all motion stood
Benumb'd and stupefied with his frozen blood;
And like a tombstone, fix'd, lay all the seas;
There were fit pillars for our Hercules
To bound the world with. Men had better die
Than outlive free times, slaves to policy.
On, on, sad Train, as from a crannied rock
Bee-swarms robb'd of their honey ceaseless flock.
Mourn, mourn; dissected now his cold limbs lie;
Ah, knit so late with flame and majesty!
Where now his gracious smile, his sparkling eye,
His judgment, valour, magnanimity?
O God! what doth not one short hour snatch up
Of all man's gloss? Still overflows the cup
Of his burst cares; put with no nerves together,
And lighter than the shadow of a feather.
On: make Earth pomp as frequent as ye can,
'Twill still leave black the fairest flower of man.
Ye well may lay all cost on misery,
'Tis all can boast the proud'st humanity.
If young Marcellus had to grace his fall,
Six hundred hearses at his funeral;
Sylla six thousand; let Prince Henry have
Six millions bring him to his greedy grave.
And now the States of Earth, thus mourn below,
Behold in Heaven, Love with his broken bow,
His quiver downwards turn'd, his brands put out,
Hanging his wings with sighs all black about.
Nor less our loss his Mother's heart infests;
Her melting palms beating her snowy breasts;
As much confused as when the Calidon Boar
The thigh of her divine Adonis tore:
Her vows all vain, resolved to bless his years
With issue royal, and exempt from freres,
Who now died fruitless; and prevented then
The blest of women, of the best of men.

* The sorrows and bemoans of the King, Queen, Prince, and his most princely Sister for the Prince's death.
† The funeral described.

Mourn all ye Arts, ye are not of the Earth;
Fall, fall with him; rise with his second birth.
Lastly with gifts enrich the sable Fane,
And odorous lights eternally maintain.
Sing Priests, O sing now his eternal rest;
His light eternal, and his soul's free breast
As joys eternal, so of those the best;
And this short verse be on his Tomb impress'd.

EPITAPHIUM.

So flits, alas, an everlasting river,
As our loss in him, past, will last for ever.
The golden age, star-like, shot through our sky,
Aim'd at his pomp renew'd, and stuck in's eye.
And, like the sacred knot, together put,
Since no man could dissolve him, he was cut.

ALIUD EPITAPH.

WHOM all the vast frame of the fixed Earth
Shrunk under; now a weak hearse stands beneath;
His fate, he pass'd in fact; his hope, in birth;
His youth, in good life; and in spirit, his death.

ALIUD EPITAPH.

BLEST be his great Begetter, blest the Womb
That gave him birth, though much too near his Tomb.
In them was he, and they in him, were blest:
What their most great powers gave him, was his least.
His Person graced the Earth; and of the skies
His blessed Spirit the praise is, and the prize.

TO

THE IMMORTAL MEMORY OF THE INCOMPARABLE HERO,

HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES.

THY tomb, arms, statue, all things fit to fall
At foot of Death, and worship funeral,
Form hath bestow'd; for form is nought too dear
Thy solid virtues yet, eternized here,
My blood and wasted spirits have only found
Commanded cost, and broke so rich a ground,
Not to inter, but make thee ever spring,
As arms, tombs, statues, every earthy thing,
Shall fade and vanish into fume before.
What lasts thrives least; yet wealth of soul is poor,
And so 'tis kept. Not thy thrice-sacred will,
Sign'd with thy death, moves any to fulfil
Thy just bequests to me. Thou dead, then I
Live dead, for giving thee eternity.

Ad Famam.

To all times future this time's mark extend,
Homer no patron found, nor Chapman friend.

Ignotus nimis omnibus,
Sat notus, moritur sibi

TO HIS LOVED SON,

NAT. FIELD AND HIS "WEATHERCOCK WOMAN."*

To many forms, as well as many ways,
Thy active Muse turns like thy acted woman;
In which dispraised inconstancy turns praise;
Th' addition being and grace of Homer's seamen,
In this life's rough seas toss'd, yet still the same:
So turns thy wit, inconstancy to stay
And stay t' inconstancy. And as swift Fame
Grows as she goes, in fame so thrive thy Play,
And thus to standing turn thy woman's fall.
Wit turn'd to everything proves stay in all.

A HYMN TO HYMEN FOR THE MOST TIME-FITTED NUPTIALS OF OUR THRICE-GRACIOUS PRINCESS,

ELIZABETH.†

SING, sing a rapture to all nuptial ears,
Bright Hymen's torches, drunk up Parcæ's tears.
Sweet Hymen, Hymen, mightiest of Gods,
Atoning of all-taming blood the odds;
Two into one contracting; one to two
Dilating, which no other God can do.
Makest sure, with change, and lett'st the married try,
Of man and woman, the variety.
And as a flower, half scorch'd with day's long heat.
Thirsts for refreshing, with night's cooling sweat,
The wings of Zephyr, fanning still her face,
No cheer can add to her heart thirsty grace;
Yet wears she 'gainst those fires that make her fade,
Her thick hairs proof, all hid in midnight's shade,
Her health is all in dews; hope all in showers,
Whose want bewail'd, she pines in all her powers:
So love-scorch'd virgins, nourish quenchless fires;
The father's cares, the mother's kind desires,
Their gold, and garments of the newest guise,
Can nothing comfort their scorch'd fantasies,
But, taken ravish'd up, in Hymen's arms,
His circle holds, for all their anguish, charms;
Then, as a glad graft, in the spring sun shines,
That all the helps of earth and heaven combines
In her sweet growth: puts in the morning on
Her cheerful airs; the sun's rich fires, at noon;

* Prefixed to "*A Woman is a Weather-cocke*, A New Comedy, Written by Nat. Field. Lond., 1612." Field, as we learn from the Prologue to the posthumous edition, performed the part of the hero with great spirit in Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*.—ED.

† Printed at the end of Chapman's "*Masque of the Middle Temple*, 1613."

At even the sweet dews, and at night with stars,
In all their virtuous influences shares;
So, in the bridegroom's sweet embrace, the bride
All varied joys tastes, in their naked pride;
To which the richest weeds are weeds to flowers;
Come Hymen, then; come, close these nuptial hours
With all years' comforts. Come; each virgin keeps
Her odorous kisses for thee. Golden sleeps
Will, in their humours, never steep an eye,
Till thou invitest them with thy harmony.
Why stay'st thou? see each virgin doth prepare
Embraces for thee; her white breasts lays bare
To tempt thy soft hand; lets such glances fly
As make stars shoot, to imitate her eye.
Puts Art's attires on, that put Nature's down;
Sings, dances, sets on every foot a crown,
Sighs in her songs and dances; kisseth air
Till rites, and words past, thou in deeds repair;
The whole court Iö sings: Iö the air:
Iö, the floods, and fields: Iö most fair,
Most sweet, most happy Hymen; come: away;
With all thy comforts come; old matrons pray,
With young maids' languors; birds bill, build, and breed
To teach thee thy kind, every flower and weed
Looks up to gratulate thy long'd-for fruits;
Thrice given are free and timely granted suits:
There is a seed by thee now to be sown,
In whose fruit earth shall see her glories shown,
At all parts perfect; and must therefore lose,
No minute's time; from time's use all fruit flows;
And as the tender hyacinth, that grows
Where Phœbus most his golden beams bestows,
Is propt with care; is water'd every hour,
The sweet winds adding their increasing power,
The scatter'd drops of night's refreshing dew,
Hasting the full grace of his glorious hue,
Which once disclosing, must be gather'd straight,
Or hue and odour both will lose their height;
So, of a virgin, high, and richly kept,
The grace and sweetness full grown must be reap'd,
Or forth her spirits fly, in empty air;
The sooner fading, the more sweet and fair.
Gentle, O gentle Hymen, be not then
Cruel, that kindest art to maids, and men;
These two, one twin are; and their mutual bliss
Not in thy beams, but in thy bosom is.
Nor can their hands fast, their hearts' joys make sweet;
Their hearts, in breasts are: and their breasts must meet.
Let there be peace, yet murmur; and that noise
Beget of peace the nuptial battle's joys.
Let peace grow cruel; and take wrack of all,
The war's delay brought thy full festival.
Hark, hark, O now the sweet twin murmur sounds;
Hymen is come, and all his heat abounds;
Shut all doors; none but Hymen's lights advance.
No sound stir; let dumb joy enjoy a trance.
Sing, sing a rapture to all nuptial ears,
Bright Hymen's torches drunk up Parca's tears.

ANDROMEDA LIBERATA.

"*Andromeda Liberata, or the Nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda.* By George Chapman

"*Nihil a veritate nec virtute remotius quam vulgaris opinio.*—Plut.

'London: Printed for Laurence L'isle, and are to be sold at his shop in St. Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the Tigers-head. 1614."

Andromeda Liberata.

[1614.]

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO

THE RIGHT WORTHILY HONOURED,

ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.

AND HIS MOST NOBLE LADY,

THE LADY FRANCES.

As nothing under heaven is more removed
From Truth and Virtue, than opinions proved
By vulgar voices; so is nought more true,
Nor soundly virtuous than things held by few,
Whom knowledge, enter'd by the sacred line,
And govern'd evermore by grace divine,
Keeps in the narrow path to spacious heaven,
And therefore should no knowing spirit be driven
From fact nor purpose; for the spleens profane
Of humours errant and plebeian;
But, Fame-like, gather force as he goes forth.
The crown of all acts ends in only worth.
Nor will I fear to prostrate this poor rage
Of forespoke Poesy, to your patronage,
Thrice worthy Earl, and your unequall'd grace,
Most noble Countess, for the one-ear'd race
Of set-eyed vulgars, that will no way see
But that their stiff necks drive them headlongy,
Stung with the gad-fly of misgovern'd zeal;
Nor hear but one tale, and that ever ill.
These I contemn, as no rubs fit for me
To check at in my way to integrity;
Nor will ye be incensed that such a toy
Should put on the presumption to enjoy
Your graver ear, my Lord, and your fair eye,
Illustrious lady, since poor Poesy
Hath been a jewel in the richest ear
Of all the nuptial states that ever were.
For as the body's pulse in physic is
A little thing, yet therein th' arteries
Betray their motion, and disclose to Art
The strength or weakness of the vital part;
Perpetually moving, like a watch
Put in our bodies; so this three men's catch
This little soul's pulse, Poesy, panting still—
Like to a dancing pease upon a quill
Made with a child's breath up and down to fly,
Is no more manly thought. And yet thereby
Even in the corps of all the world we can
Discover all the good and bad of man,
Anatomize his nakedness and be
To his chief ornament a majesty;
Erect him past his human period
And heighten his transition into God.

Thus, sun-like, did the learn'd and most divine
Of all the golden world, make Poesy shine;
That now, but like a glow-worm gleams by night
Like Teachers, scarce found, by their proper light.
But this, my Lord, and all poor virtues else
Exposed, alas, like perdu sentinels
To warn the world of what must needs be nigh,
For pride, and avarice glazed by sanctity,
Must be distinguish'd and decided by
Your clear, ingenuous, and most quiet eye,
Exempt from passionate and dusky fumes
That blind our reason; and in which consumes
The soul, half choked with stomach-casting mists
Bred in the purest, turn'd mere humourists.
And where with dove-like sweet humility
They all things should authorize or deny
The vulgar heat and pride of spleen and blood,
Blaze their opinions, which cannot be good.
For as the body's shadow never can
Show the distinct and expact form of man,
So nor the body's passionate affects
Can ever teach well what the soul respects.
For how can mortal things immortal show?
Or that which false is, represent the true?
The peaceful mixture then that meets in you,
Most temperate Earl, that nought to rule doth owe;
In which as in a thorough kindled fire
Light and Heat marry Judgment and Desire.
Reason is still in quiet, and extends
All things t' advantage of your honour'd ends.
May well authorize all your acts of note,
Since all acts vicious are of passion got.
Through dead calms of our perturbations ever
Truth's voice, to souls' ears set, we hear or never.
The merely animate man doth nothing see
That tends to heaven: it must be only he
That is mere soul; her separable powers
The sceptre giving here: that then discourse
Of motions that in sense do never fall,
Yet know them too, and can distinguish all
With such a freedom, that our earthly parts
Sink all to earth. And then th' ingenuous arts
Do their true office, then true Policy
Winds, like a serpent, through all Empery,
Her folds on both sides bounded, like a flood,
With high-shores lifted, making great and good
Whom she instructeth, to which you, my Lord,
May lay all claims that temperance can afford;
Nought gathering ere 'tis ripe, and so must taste
Kindly and sweetly, and the longer last.
All fruits in youth ripe in you, and must so
Imply a faculty to ever grow.
And as the morning that is calm and grey,
Deck'd all with curl'd clouds, that the sun doth lay
With varied colours; all aloft exhaled,
As they t' adorn even heaven itself were call'd,
And could not fall in slenderest dews till night,
But keep day's beauty firm and exquisite,
More for delight fit, and doth more adorn
Even th' even with graces, than the youthful morn:
So you, sweet Earl, stay youth in aged bounds,
Even absolute now, in all life's gravest grounds;
Like air, fill every corner of your place;
Your grace, your virtue heightening; virtue, grace;
And keeping all clouds high, air calm and clear,
And in yourself all that their height should rear,
Your life and light will prove a still full moon,
And all your night time nobler than your noon;
The sun is in his rising, height, and set,
Still, in himself, alike, at all parts great;
His light, heat, greatness, colours that are shown
To us, as his charge, merely is our own.
So let your charge, my Lord, in others be,
But in yourself hold sun-like constancy.
For as men skill'd in Nature's study, say
The world was not the world, nor did convey

To coupling bodies Nature's common form,
But all confused, like waves struck with a storm,
Some small were, and in no set being staid,
All comprehension and connexion fled ;
The greater and the more compact disturb'd
With ceaseless war, and by no order curb'd,
Till Earth receiving her set magnitude,
Was fix'd herself, and all her birth indued
With stay and law, so this small world of ours
Is but a Chaos of corporeal powers ;
Nor yields his mix'd parts forms that may become
A human nature, but at random roam
Past brutish fashions, and so never can
Be call'd the civil body of a man ;
But in it, and against itself still fights,
In competence of cares, joys, appetites ;
The more great in command, made servile more,
Glutted, not satisfied ; in plenty, poor :
Till up the soul mounts, and the sceptre sways,
Th' admired fabric of her world surveys ;
And as it hath a magnitude confined,
So all the powers therein she sees combined
In fit acts for one end, which is t' obey
Reason, her regent, Nature giving way ;
Peace, concord, order, stay, proclaim'd, and law,
And none commanding, if not all in awe ;
Passion and Anger made to underlie,
And here concludes man's moral monarchy,
In which your Lordship's mild soul sits so high,
Yet cares so little to be seen or heard,
That in the good thereof her scope is sphered.
The Theban ruler, paralleling right,
Who thirst of glory turn'd to appetite
Of inward goodness, was of speech so spare,
To hear and learn, so covetous and yare,
That, of his years, none things so many knew,
Nor in his speeches ventured on so few.
Forth then, my Lord, and these things ever thirst,
Till scandal pine, and bane-fed envy burst.
And you, most noble lady, as in blood,
In mind be noblest, make our factious brood,
Whose forked tongues would fain your honour sting,
Convert their venom'd points into their spring ;
Whose own hearts guilty of faults feign'd in yours,
Would fain be posting off ; but, arm your powers
With such a siege of virtues, that no vice
Of all your foes, Advantage may entice
To sally forth, and charge you with offence ;
But starve within for very conscience
Of that integrity, they see express'd
In your clear life ; of which th' example's rest
May be so blameless, that all past must be,
Being fount to th'other, most undoubtedly
Confess'd untouch'd ; and Curiosity,
The beam pick rather from her own squint eye,
Than ramp still at the mote's shade, feign'd in yours,
Nought doth so shame this chimic search of ours,
As when we pry long for assured huge prize,
Our glasses broke, all up in vapour flies.
And, as the royal beast whose image you
Bear in your arms, and air's great eagle too ;
Still as they go, are said to keep in close
Their seres and talons, lest their points should lose
Their useful sharpness, when they serve no use ;
So this our sharp-eyed search that we abuse
In others' breasts, we should keep in t'explore
Our own foul bosoms, and quit them before
We ransack others ; but, great lady, leave
These rules to them they touch. Do you receive
Those free joys in your honour, and your love
That you can say are yours ; and ever move
Where your command as soon is served as known ;
Joys placed without you never are your own.

Your Honour's ever most humbly
and faithfully vowed,
GEO. CHAPMAN.

TO THE PREJUDICATE AND PEREMPTORY READER.

I AM still in your hands, but was first in his, that (being our great sustainer of sincerity and innocence) will, I hope, defend me from falling. I think you know not him I intend, more than you know me; nor can you know me, since your knowledge is imagined so much above mine that it must needs oversee. He that lies on the ground can fall no lower. By such as backbite the highest, the lowest must look to be devoured. Forth with your curious scrutiny, and find my rush as knotty as you lust, and your own crab-tree as smooth. 'Twill be most ridiculous and pleasing to sit in a corner and spend your teeth to the stumps in mumbling an old sparrow till your lips bleed and your eyes water; when all the faults you can find are first in yourselves, 'tis no Herculean labour to crack what you breed. Alas, who knows not your uttermost dimensions, or loves not the best things you would seem to love indeed, and better? Truth was never the fount of faction. In whose sphere since your purest thoughts move, their motion must of force be oblique and angular. But whatsoever your disease be, I know it incurable, because your urine will never show it. At adventure, at no hand be let blood for it, but rather soothe your rank bloods and rub one another.

You yet, ingenuous and judicious reader; that, as you are yourself, retain in a sound body as sound a soul; if your gentle tractability have unwares let the common subject surprise you, abstain, take physic here, and recover. Since you read to learn, teach; since you desire to be reformed, reform freely. Such strokes shall be so far from breaking my head, they shall be rich balms to it, comfort, and strengthen the brain it bears, and make it healthfully neese out whatsoever annoys it.

THE ARGUMENT.

ANDROMEDA, daughter of Cepheus, King of Æthiopia, and Cassiope, a virgin exempted from comparison in all the virtues and beauties both of mind and body, for the envy of Juno to her Mother, being compared with her for beauty and wisdom, or as others write, maligned by the Nereides for the eminent graces of herself, moved so much the deities' displeasures that they procured Neptune to send into the region of Cepheus a whale, so monstrously vast and dreadful that all the fields he spoiled and wasted; all the noblest edifices tumbling to ruin; the strongest cities of the kingdom not forcible enough to withstand his invasions. Of which so unsufferable a plague Cepheus consulting with an Oracle, and asking both the cause and remedy, after accustomed sacrifices the Oracle gave answer that the calamity would never cease till his only daughter Andromeda was exposed to the monster. Cepheus returned, and with iron chains bound his daughter to a rock before a city of the kingdom called Ioppe. At which city, the same time, Perseus arrived with the head of Medusa, &c., who pitying so matchless a virgin's exposure to so miserable an event, dissolved her chains and took her from the rock. Both sitting together to expect the monster, and be ravenously hasting to devour her, Perseus turned part of him into stone, and through the rest made way with his sword to his utter slaughter. When, holding it wreath enough for so renowned a victory, he took Andromeda to wife, and had by her one daughter called Perse, another Erythræa, of whom the sea in those parts is called *Mare Erythræum*, since she both lived and died there; and one son called after himself, another Electryon, a third Sthenelus; and after lived princely and happily with his wife and his own mother to his death. Then fained for their virtues to be made constellations in Heaven.

ANDROMEDA LIBERATA.

AWAY ungodly vulgars, far away,
Fly ye profane, that dare not view the day,
Nor speak to men but shadows, nor would hear
Of any news, but what seditious were,
Hateful and harmful ever to the best,
Whispering their scandals, glorifying the rest,
Impious, and yet 'gainst all ills but your own,
The hottest sweaters of religion.
Whose poisons all things to your spleens pervert,
And all streams measure by the fount your heart,
That are in nought but misrule regular,
To whose eyes all seem ill, but those that are,
That hate ye know not why, nor with more cause,
Give whom ye most love your profane applause,
That when Kings and their Peers, whose piercing eyes
Broke through their broken sleeps and policies,
Men's inmost cabinets disclose, and hearts,
Whose hands Jove's balance, weighing all desarts,
Have let down to them; which grave conscience,
Charged with the blood and soul of innocence,
Holds with her white hand (when her either skole
Apt to be sway'd with every grain of soul,
Herself sways up or down, to heaven or hell,
Approve an action), you must yet conceal
A deeper insight, and retain a taint
To cast upon the pure soul of a saint.
Away, in our mild sphere doth nothing move
But all-creating, all-preserving Love;
At whose flames, virtues, lighted ev'n to stars
All vicious envies and seditious jars,
Bane-spitting murmurs and detracting spells,
Banish with curses to the blackest hells:
Defence of Beauty and of Innocence;
And taking off the chains of Insolence,
From their profaned and god-like lineaments,
Actions heroic, and divine descents,
All the sweet Graces, even from death revived,
And sacred fruits from barren rocks derived,
Th' immortal subjects of our nuptials are:
Thee then, just scourge of factious popular,
Fautor of peace, and all the powers that move
In sacred circle of religious love;
Fountain of royal learning, and the rich
Treasure of counsels, and mellifluous speech;
Let me invoke that one drop of thy spring
May spirit my aged Muse and make her sing,
As if th' inspired breast of eternal youth
Had lent her accents, and all-moving truth.
The kingdom that the gods so much did love,
And often feasted all the powers above;
At whose prime beauties the enamour'd sun,
His morning beams lights and doth overrun
The world with Ardour, Æthiopia,
Bore in her throne divine Andromeda,
To Cepheus and Cassiope his queen;
Whose boundless beauties made o'erflow the spleen
Of every Nereid, far surpassing them;
The Sun to her resign'd his diadem;
And all the Deities admiring stood,
Affirming nothing moved like flesh and blood:
Thunder would court her with words sweetly phrased,
And lightning stuck 'twixt heaven and earth amazed.
This matchess virgin had a mother too,
That did for beauty and for wisdom go
Before the foremost ladies of her time;
To whom of super-excellence the crime
Was likewise laid by Juno, and from hence
Pined Envy suck'd the poison of offence.
No truth of excellence was ever seen
But bore the venom of the vulgar's spleen.
And now the much-enraged Nereides
Obtain'd of him that moves the marble seas—
(To wreak the virtue, they call'd Insolence)
A whale so monstrous, and so past defence,
That all the royal region he laid waste,
And all the noblest edifices rased

Nor from his plague were strongest cities free,
His body's vast heap raged so heavily.
With noblest names and bloods is still embrued
The monstrous beast, the ravenous multitude.
This plague thus preying upon all the land,
With so incomprehensible a hand ;
The pious father of the virgin sought
By Oracles, to know what cause had brought
Such baneful outrage over all his state,
And what might reconcile the deities' hate.
His orisons and sacrifices past,
The Oracle gave answer that the waste
His country suffer'd, never would conclude
Till his Andromeda he did extrude,
To rapine of the Master : he, good man,
Resolved to satiate the Leviathan
With her, before his country ; though he loved
Her past himself and bore a spirit moved
To rescue Innocence, in any one
That was to him, or his, but kindly known ;
To grace, or profit, do them any good
That lay in swift stream of his noblest blood,
Constant to all, yet to his dearest seed,
For rights' sake, flitting ; thinking true indeed
The general uproar that 'twas sin in her,
That men made so exclaim, and gods confer
Their approbation : saying the kingdom's bale
Must end by her exposure to the whale ;
With whom the whale-like vulgar did agree,
And their foul spleens thought her impiety.
Her most wise mother yet, the stern intent
Vow'd with her best endeavour to prevent.
And told her what her father did address ;
She, fearful, fled into the wilderness ;
And to th' instinct of savage beasts would yield
Before a father that would cease to shield
A daughter so divine and innocent :
Her feet were wing'd, and all the search out went,
That after her was order'd ; but she flew,
And burst the winds that did incensed pursue,
And with enamour'd sighs, her parts assail,
Play'd with her hair, and held her by the veil :
From whom she brake, and did to woods repair :
Still where she went her beauties dyed the air,
And with her warm blood made proud Flora blush :
But seeking shelter in each shady bush :
Beauty, like fire, compress'd more strength receives.
And she was still seen shining through the leaves.
Hunted from thence, the sun even burn'd to see
So more than sun-like a Divinity
Blinded her eyes, and all invasion seeks
To dance upon the mixture of her cheeks,
Which show'd to all, that follow'd after far,
As underneath the roundure of a star,
The evening sky is purpled with his beams ;
Her looks fired all things with her love's extremes.
Her neck a chain of orient pearl did deck,
The pearls were fair, but fairer was her neck ;
Her breasts, laid out, show'd all enflamed sights,
Love, lie a sunning, 'twixt two chrysolites ;
Her naked wrists show'd as if through the sky
A hand were thrust, to sign the Deity.
Her hands, the confines and digestions were
Of Beauty's world ; Love fix'd his pillars there.
Her eyes that others caught now made her caught
Who to her father, for the whale was brought,
Bound to a barren rock and death expected ;
But heaven hath still such Innocence protected :
Beauty needs fear no Monsters, for the sea,
Mother of Monsters, sent Alcyone
To warrant her, not only 'gainst the waves,
But all the deaths hid in her watery graves.
The loving birds' flight made about her still,
Still good presaging, show'd heaven's saving will ;
Which cheering her, did comfort all the shore
That mourn'd in shade of her sad eyes before ;
Her looks to pearl turn'd pebble, and her locks
To burnish'd gold transform'd the burning rocks.

And now came roaring to the tied, the Tide,
All the Nereides deck'd in all their pride,
Mounted on Dolphins, rode to see their wreak,
The waves foam'd with their envies; that did speak
In mutest fishes, with their leaps aloft,
For brutish joy of the revenge they sought.
The people greedy of disastrous sights
And news (the food of idle appetites)
From the King's chamber, straight knew his intent,
And almost his resolved thoughts did prevent;
In dry waves beating thick about the shore,
And then came on the prodigy that bore
In one mass mix'd their image, that still spread
A thousand bodies under one sole head.
Of one mind still to ill all ill men are,
Strange sights and mischiefs fit the Popular.
Upon the Monster red Rhamnusia rode,
The savage leap'd beneath his bloody load,
Mad of his prey, given over now by all;
When any high have any means to fall,
Their greatest lovers prove false props to prove it,
And for the mischief only praise and love it.
There is no good they will not then commend,
Nor no religion but they will pretend
A mighty title to, when both are used
To warrant Innovation; or see bruised
The friendless reed that under all feet lies;
The sound parts evermore they pass like flies,
And dwell upon the sores, ill in themselves.
They clearly sail with over rocks and shelves,
But good in others shipwrack in the deeps;
Much more unjust is he that truly keeps
Laws for more show, his own ends understood,
Than he that breaks them for another's good,
And 'tis the height of all malignity
To tender good so, that ye ill imply;
To tread on Pride but with a greater pride,
When where no ill, but in ill thoughts is tried.
To speak well is a charity divine;
The rest retain the poison serpentine
Under their lips, that sacred lives condemn,
And we may worthily apply to them,
This tragic execration: perish he
That sifts too far human infirmity.

But as your cupping-glasses still exhale
The humour that is ever worst all,
In all the flesh; so these spiced conscienced men,
The worst of things explore still, and retain;
Or rather, as in certain cities were,
Some parts through which all rites piacular,
All executed men, all filth were brought
Of all things chaste, or pure, or sacred, nought
Entering or issuing there; so curious men,
Nought manly, elegant, or not unclean,
Embrace, or bray out; acts of stain are still
Their sirens and their muses; any ill
Is to their appetites their supreme good,
And sweeter than their necessary food.
All men almost in all things they apply
The by the main make, and the main the by.
Thus this sweet Lady's sad exposure was
Of all these moods in men the only glass;
But now the man that next to Jove controll'd
The triple world got with a shower of gold;
(Arm'd with Medusa's head, and Enyos' eye,
The adamantine sword of Mercury,
The helm of Pluto, and Minerva's Mirror,
That from the Gorgus made his pass with terror)
Came to the rescue of this envied maid:
Drew near, and first in admiration stay'd,
That for the common ill of all the land
She the particular obloquy should stand;
And that a beauty no less than divine
Should men and women find so serpentine
As but to think her any such event:
Much less that eyes and hands should give consent
To such a danger and to such a death.
But though the whole realm labour'd underneath
So foul an error, yet since Jove and he
Tender'd her beauty and integrity,
In spite of all, the more he set up spirit
To do her right, the more all wrong'd her merit;
He that both virtue had and beauty too,
Equal with her, to both knew what to do.
The ruthless still go laugh'd at to the grave,
Those that no good will do no goodness have:
The mind a spirit is, and call'd the glass
In which we see God; and corporeal grace

The mirror is, in which we see the mind.
Amongst the fairest women you could find
Than Perseus, none more fair; 'mongst worthiest men,
No one more manly. This the glass is then
To show where our complexion is combined;
A woman's beauty, and a manly mind;
Such was the half-divine-born Trojan Terror
Where both sex graces, met as in their mirror.
Perseus of Love's own form, those five parts had
Which some give man that is the loveliest made;
Or rather that is loveliest inclined,
And bears, with shape, the beauty of the mind:
Young was he, yet not youthful, since mid-years
The golden mean holds in men's hopes and fears;
Aptly composed, and soft or delicate,
Flexible or tender, calm or temperate,
Of these five, three make most exactly known
The body's temperate complexion:
The other two the order do express
The measure and whole trim of comeliness.
A temperate corporature, learn'd nature saith,
A smooth, a soft, a solid flesh bewrayeth:
Which state of body shows the affections' state
In all the humours to be moderate:
For which cause soft or delicate they call
Our conquering Perseus, and but young withal;
Since time and years too much in men revolved,
The subtler parts of humour being resolved
More thick parts rest, of fire and air the want,
Makes earth and water more predominant.
Flexible they call'd him, since his quick conceit,
And pliant disposition, at the height
Took each occasion, and to acts approved,
As soon as he was full inform'd he moved,
Not flexible, as of inconstant state,
Nor soft, as if too much effeminate,
For these to a complexion moderate,
Which we before affirm in him, imply
A most unequal contrariety,
Composure fit for Jove's son Perseus had,
And to his form his mind fit answer made:

"As to be loved the fairest fittest are,
To love so too most apt are the most fair,
Light like itself transparent bodies makes,
At one's act th'other joint impression takes.
Perseus, as if transparent, at first sight
Was shot quite thorough with her beauty's light;
Beauty breeds love, love consummates a man.
For love, being true, and Eleutherean,
No injury nor contumely bears;
That his beloved either feels or fears,
All goodwill's interchange it doth conclude,
And man's whole sum holds, which is gratitude.
No wisdom, noblesse, force of arms, nor laws,
Without love wins man his complete applause.
Love makes him valiant, past all else desires
For Mars, that is, of all heaven's erring fires
Most full of fortitude—since he inspires
Men with most valour—Cytherea tames;
For when in heaven's blunt angels shine his flames,
Or he, his second or eight house ascends
Of ruled nativities, and then portends
Ill to the then-born; Venus in aspect
Sextile or Trine doth, being conjoin'd, correct
His most malignity; and when his star,
The birth of any governs, fit for war,
The issue making much to wrath inclined,
And to the venturous greatness of the mind,
If Venus near him shine, she doth not let
His magnanimity, but in order set,
The vice of Anger making Mars more mild
And gets the mastery of him in the child:
Mars never masters her; but if she guide
She love inclines; and Mars set by her side,
Her fires more ardent render with his heat;
So that if he at any birth be set
In th' house of Venus, Libra, or the Bull,
The then-born burns, and love's flames feels at full.
"Besides, Mars still doth after Venus move,
Venus not after Mars; because of Love
Boldness is handmaid, Love not so of her;
For not because men bold affections bear,
Love's golden nets doth their affects enfold;
But since men love, they therefore are more bold,

And made to dare even death for their beloved ;
And finally, Love's fortitude is proved
Past all most clearly, for this cause alone
All things submit to Love, but love to none.
Celestials, animals, all corporeal things,
Wise men and strong, slave-rich, and free-born kings
Are love's contributories ; no gifts can buy,
No threats can love constrain, or terrify,
For love is free, and his impulsions still
Spring from his own free and ingenious will.
Not God himself would willing love enforce,
But did at first decree his liberal course :
Such is his liberty, that all affects,
All arts and acts, the mind besides directs
To some wish'd recompense, but love aspires
To no possessions but his own desires ;
As if his wish in his own sphere did move
And no reward were worthy love but love."
Thus Perseus stood affected, in a time
When all love, but of riches, was a crime,
A fancy and a folly. And this fact
To add to love's deservings did detract ;
For 'twas a Monster and a monstrous thing
Whence he should combat out his nuptial ring,
The monster vulgar thought, and conquer'd gave
The combatant already, the foul grave
Of their fore-speakings, gaping for him stood,
And cast out fumes as from the Stygian flood
'Gainst his great enterprise, which was so fit
For Jove's chief Minion, that Plebeian wit
Could not conceive it. Acts that are too high
For Fame's crack'd voice, resound all infamy :
O poor of understanding ; if there were
Of all your acts, one only that did bear
Man's worthy image, even of all your best
Which truth could not discover, to be drest
In your own ends, which Truth's self not compels,
But covers in your bottoms, sinks and hells,
Whose opening would abhor the sun to see,
So ye stood sure of safe delivery,
Being great with gain or propagating lust,
A man might fear your hubbubs ; and some trust
Give that most false Epiphonem, that gives
Your voice the praise of gods, but view your lives
With eyes impartial, and ye may abhor
To censure high acts, when your own taste more
Of damned danger. Perseus scorn'd to fear
The ill of good acts, though hell-mouth gaped there :
Came to Andromeda ; sat by, and cheer'd:
But she that loved, through all the death she fear'd,
At first sight, like her lover ; for his sake
Resolved to die, ere he should undertake
A combat with a monster so past man
To tame or vanquish, though of Jove he wan
A power past all amends, for man should still
Advance his powers to rescue good from ill,
Where means of rescue served : and never where
Ventures of rescue, so impossible were
That would increase the danger ; two for one
Expose to ruin. Therefore she alone
Would stand the Monster's fury and the shame
Of those harsh bands ; for if he overcame,
The monstrous world would take the monster's part
So much the more ; and say some sorcerous art,
Not his pure valour, nor his innocence
Prevail'd in her deliverance : her offence
Would still the same be counted, for whose ill
The land was threaten'd by the oracle.
The poison'd murmurs of the multitude
Rise more, the more desert or power obtrude.
"Against their most," said he, "come I the more :
Virtue in constant sufferance we adore.
Nor could death fright him, for he dies that loves :
And so all bitterness from death removes.
He dies that loves, because his every thought,
Himself forgot, in his beloved is wrought.

If of himself his thoughts are not employ'd
Nor in himself they are by him enjoy'd.
And since not in himself, his mind hath act,
The mind's act chiefly being of thought compact—
Who works not in himself, himself not is;
For these two are in man joint properties,
To work and Be; for Being can be never
But Operation is combined ever.
Nor Operation, Being doth exceed,
Nor works man where he is not: still his deed,
His being consorting, no true lover's mind,
He in himself can therefore ever find,
Since in himself it works not, if he gives
Being from himself, not in himself he lives:
And he that lives not, dead is, Truth then said
That whosoever is in love is dead."
If death the Monster brought then, he had laid
A second life up, in the loved maid:
And had she died, his third life Fame decreed,
Since death is conquer'd in each living deed.
Then came the Monster on, who being shown
His charmed shield, his half he turn'd to stone,
And through the other with his sword made way;
Till like a ruin'd city, dead he lay
Before his love. The Nereids with a shriek,
And Sirens (fearful to sustain the like),
And even the ruthless and the senseless tide
Before his hour, ran roaring terrified
Back to their strength: wonders and monsters both,
With constant magnanimity, like froth
Suddenly vanish, smother'd with their prease;
No wonder lasts but virtue: which no less
We may esteem, since 'tis as seldom found
Firm and sincere, and when no vulgar ground
Or flourish on it, fits the vulgar eye
Who views it not but as a prodigy.
Plebeian admiration needs must sign
All true-born acts, or like false fires they shine:
If Perseus for such warrant had contain'd
His high exploit, what honour had he gain'd?
Who would have set his hand to his design
But in his scorn? Scorn censures things divine:
True worth, like truth, sits in a groundless pit,
And none but true eyes see the depth of it.
Perseus had Enyos' eye, and saw within
That grace which out-looks held a desperate sin:
He for itself, with his own end went on,
And with his lovely rescued Paragon
Long'd of his conquest, for the latest shock:
Dissolved her chains, and took her from the rock,
Now wooing for his life that fled to her
As hers in him lay: Love did both confer
To one in both: himself in her he found,
She with herself, in only him was crown'd.
"While thee I love," said he, "you loving me,
In you I find myself; thought on by thee,
And I, lost in myself, by thee neglected,
In thee recover'd am, by thee affected.
The same in me you work, miraculous strange
'Twixt two true lovers is this interchange;
For after I have lost myself, if I
Redeem myself by thee, by thee supply
I of myself have, if by thee I save
Myself so lost, thee more than me I have.
And nearer to thee than myself I am,
Since to myself no otherwise I came
Than by thee being the mean. In mutual love
One only death and two revivals move;
For he that loves, when he himself neglects
Dies in himself once. In her he affects
Straight he renews, when she with equal fire
Embraceth him, as he did her desire;
Again he lives too, when he surely seeth
Himself in her made him. O blessed death
Which two lives follow! O commerce most strange
Where, who himself doth for another change,
Nor hath himself, nor ceaseth still to have:
O gain, beyond which no desire can crave
When two are so made one, that either is
For one made two, and doubled as in this;
Who one life had, one intervenient death
Makes him distinctly draw a twofold breath;
In mutual love the wreak most just is found,
When each so kill that each cure other's wound;

But churlish Homicides must death sustain,
For who beloved, not yielding love again,
And so the life doth from his love divide
Denies himself to be a Homicide?
For he no less a Homicide is held,
That man to be born lets, than he that kill'd
A man that is born. He is bolder far
That present life reaves, but he crueller
That to the to-be born, envies the light
And puts their eyes out ere they have their sight;
All good things ever we desire to have,
And not to have alone, but still to save;
All mortal good defective is, and frail;
Unless in place of things on point to fail,
We daily new beget. That things innate
May last, the languishing we recreate
In generation, recreation is,
And from the prosecution of this
Man his instinct of generation takes;
Since generation in continuance makes
Mortals similitudes of powers divine,
Divine worth doth in generation shine."
Thus Perseus said, and not because he saved
Her life alone, he her in marriage craved;
But with her life, the life of likely race,
Was chief end of his action; in whose grace
Her royal father brought him to his court
With all the then assembled glad resort
Of Kings and Princes; where were solemnized
Th'admired nuptials: which great Heaven so prized
That Jove again stoop'd in a golden shower
T'enrich the nuptial, as the natal hour
Of happy Perseus; white-arm'd Juno too
Deposed her greatness, and what she could do
To grace the bride and bridegroom was vouchsafed.
All subject-deities stoop'd too, and the shaft
Golden and mutual, with which love compress'd
Both th' envied lovers, offer'd to, and kiss'd.
All answerable feasted to their states;
In all the stars' beams, stoop'd to reverend Fates;
And the rare banquet that foreran the bed
With his presage shut up and seconded;
And said they sung verse, that posterity
In no age should reprove for perfidy.

PARCARUM EPITHALAMION.

O YOU, this kingdom's glory that shall be
Parents to so renown'd a progeny
As earth shall envy and heaven glory in,
Accept of their lives' threads which Fate shall spin,
Their true-spoke oracle, and live to see
Your sons' sons enter such a progeny,
As to the last times of the world shall last.
Haste you that guide the web, haste, spindles, haste.

See Hesperus, with nuptial wishes crown'd,
Take and enjoy. In all ye wish abound,
Abound, for who should wish crown with her store
But you that slew what barren made the shore?
You that in winter make your spring to come,
Your summer needs must be Elysium:
A race of mere souls springing, that shall cast
Their bodies off in cares, and all joys taste.
Haste then that sacred web, haste, spindles, haste.

Jove loves not many, therefore let those few
That his gifts grace, affect still to renew,
For none can last the same; that proper is
To only more than semi-deities.
To last yet by renewing, all that have
More merit than to make their birth their grave,
As in themselves life, life in others save;
First to be great, seek; then loved, then to last.
Haste you that guide the web, haste, spindles, haste.

She comes, O Bridegroom, show thyself inflamed,
And of what tender, tinder Love is flamed;
Catch with each spark, her beauties hurl about,
Nay, with each thought of her be rapt throughout;
Melt let thy liver, pant thy startled heart,
Mount Love on earthquakes in thy every part;
A thousand hues on thine let her looks cast,
Dissolve thyself to be by her embraced.
Haste ye that guide the web, haste, spindles, haste.

As in each body there is ebb and flood,
Of blood in every vein, of spirits in blood ;
Of joys in spirits, of the soul in joys,
And nature through your lives this change employs
To make her constant, so each mind retains
Manners and customs where vicissitude reigns ;
Opinions, pleasures, which such change enchains,
And in this interchange all man doth last.
Haste then who guide the web, haste, spindles, haste.

Who body loves best, feeds on daintiest meats,
Who fairest seed seeks, fairest woman gets ;
Who loves the mind with loveliest disciplines,
Loves to inform her in which verity shines ;
Her beauty yet, we see not, since not her ;
But bodies, being her forms, who fair forms bears
We view, and chiefly seek her beauties there ;
The fairest then, for fair birth, see embraced.
Haste ye that guide the web, haste, spindles, haste.

Stars ye are now and overshine the earth ;
Stars shall ye be hereafter, and your birth
In bodies rule here, as yourselves in heaven.
What here detraction steals, shall there be given ;
The bond that here you freed shall triumph there,
The chain that touch'd her wrist shall be a star ;
Your beauties far can view, so bright they are ;
Like you shall be your birth, which grace disgraced.
Haste ye that rule the web, haste, spindles, haste.

Thus by divine instinct the Fates enraged,
Of Perseus and Andromeda presaged,
Who, when the worthy nuptial state was done
And that act past, which only two makes one
Flesh of each flesh, and bone of either's bone,
Left Cepheus' court ; both freed and honoured
The loving Victor, and blest Bridegroom led
Home to the Seriphins his rescued bride,
Who, after issue highly magnified,
Both rapt to heaven, did constellations reign,
And to an asterism was turn'd the chain
That only touch'd his grace of flesh and blood,
In all which stands the Fates' kind Omen good.

APODOSIS.

THUS through the Fount of storms, the cruel seas,
Her monsters and malignant deities,
Great Perseus made high and triumphant way
To his star-crown'd deed, and bright nuptial day.
And thus do you that Perseus' place supply
In our Jove's love, get Persean victory
Of our land-whale, foul Barbarism, and all
His brood of pride, and lives Atheistical :
That more their palates and their purses prize
Than propagating Persean victories :
Take monsters' parts, not author manly parts ;
For monsters kill the man-informing Arts :
And like a loathed prodigy despise
The rapture that the Arts doth naturalize.
Creating and immortalizing men.
Who scorns in her the Godhead's virtue then,
The Godhead's self hath boldness to despise
And hate not her, but their eternities ;
Seek virtue's love, and vicious flatteries hate,
Here is no true sweet, but in knowing state ;
Who honour hurts, neglecting virtue's love,
Commits but rapes on pleasures ; for not Jove
His power in thunder hath, or downright flames,
But his chief rule his love and wisdom frames.

You then, that in love's strife have overcome
The greatest subject blood of Christendom,
The greatest subject mind take, and in both
Be absolute man: and give that end your oath.
So shall my sad astonish'd Muse arrive
At her chief object; which is, to revive
By quickening honour, in the absolute best;
And since none are, but in eternity, blest,
He that in paper can register things
That brass and marble shall deny even kings;
Should not be trod on by each present flash;
The monster slain them, with your clear seas, wash
From spots of earth, Heaven's beauty in the mind,
In which, through death, hath all true noblesse shined.

A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda.*

As Learning hath delighted from her cradle to hide herself from the base and profane vulgar, her ancient Enemy, under divers veils of Hieroglyphics, Fables, and the like, so hath she pleased herself with no disguise more than in mysteries and allegorical fictions of Poesy. These have in that kind been of special reputation, as taking place of the rest both for priority of time and precedence of use, being born in the old world long before Hieroglyphics or Fables were conceived; and delivered from the fathers to the sons of Art without any author but Antiquity; yet ever held in high reverence and authority as supposed to conceal within the utter bark, as their Eternities approve, some sap of hidden Truth: as either some dim and obscure prints of divinity, and the sacred history; or the grounds of natural, or rules of moral Philosophy, for the recommending of some virtue, or curing of some vice in general (for howsoever physicians allege that their medicines respect *non Hominem sed Socratem*, not every, but such a special body; yet poets profess the contrary, that their physic intends *non Socratem sed Hominem*, not the individual but the universal); or else recording some memorable examples for the use of policy and state; ever, I say, enclosing within the rind some fruit of knowledge, howsoever darkened; and, by reason of the obscurity, of ambiguous and different construction. Ἔστι τε φύσει ποιητικὴ ἥ ζύμπασα αἰνιγματώδης,† &c. *Est enim ipsa Naturâ universa Poesis ænigmatum plena, nec quivis eam dignoscit.* This ambiguity in the sense hath given scope to the variety of expositions; while poets in all ages, challenging as their birthrights the use and application of these fictions, have ever been allowed to fashion both, *pro & contra*, to their own offenceless and judicious occasions. And borrowing so far the privileged licence of their professions, have enlarged or altered the Allegory with inventions and dispositions of their own, to extend it to their present doctrinal and illustrous purposes. By which authority, myself, resolving amongst others to offer up my poor mite to the honour of the late nuptials betwixt the two most noble personages whose honoured names renown the front of my poem, singled out, as in some parts harmlessly and gracefully applicable to the occasion, the nuptials of Perseus and Andromeda, an innocent and spotless virgin rescued from the polluted throat of a monster, which I in this place applied to the savage multitude; perverting her most lawfully-sought propagation, both of blood and blessing, to their own most lawless and lascivious intentions; from which in all right she was legally and formally delivered. Nor did I ever imagine till now so far-fetched a thought in malice (such was my simplicity) that the fiction being as ancient as the first world, was originally intended to the dishonour of any person now living; but presumed that the application being free, I might, *pro meo jure*, dispose it innocently to mine own object; if at least in mine own writing, I might be reasonably and conscionably master of mine own meaning. And to this sense I confined the Allegory throughout my poem; as every word thereof, concerning that point, doth clearly and necessarily demonstrate; without the least intendment, I vow to God, against any noble personage's free state or honour. Nor make I any noble, whose mere shadows herein the

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* "*A Free and offenceles Iustification of a Lately pvblisht and most maliciously misinterpreted Poeme: entitvled Andromeda liberata.* Veritatem qui amat, emat. London, Printed for Lavrence L'isle and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls* church-yard at the signe of the Tigers-head. 1614."

† Plato. in *Alcibid.*, ii. [147 *b*].

vulgar perhaps may imitate, any thought the more mixed with the gross substance of the vulgar; but present the vulgar only in their unsevered herd, as ever in ancient tradition of all authentical authors they have been resembled; to whom they were never beholden for any fairer titles than the base, ignoble, barbarous, giddy multitude; the monster with many heads, which the emperor,* in his displeasure, wished to have sprung all from one neck, that all at one blow he might have untrunked them, *cui lumen ademptum;* without an eye, or at most seeing all by one sight, like the Lamiæ who had but one eye to serve all their directions, which, as any one of them went abroad she put on, and put off when she came home—giving up their understandings to their affections, and taking up their affections on other men's credits,† never examining the causes of their loves or hates, but like curs, always barking at all they know not; whose most honoured deservings (were they known to them as to others of nearer and truer observation) might impress in them as much reverence as their ignorance doth rudeness; evermore baying loudest at the most eminent reputations, and with whom, as in the kingdom of frogs, the most loud crier is the loftiest ruler. No reason nor authority able to stoop them, though never so judicially and religiously urging them; whose impartial and clear truth not their own bold blindness can deny, unless they will dare to mutter with the orator touching the Delphic oracles, and say our oracles of Truth did likewise φιλιππίζειν,‡ incline to Philip; putting no difference betwixt illusion and truth, the consciences of learned religious men, and the cunnings of profane. And then how may my poor endeavours in duty to truth and my most dear conscience (for Reputation, since it stands for the most part on beasts' feet, and Desert's hand is nothing to warrant it, let it go with the beastly) reform or escape their unrelenting detractions? The loves of the right virtuous and truly noble, I have ever as much esteemed, as despised the rest; finding ever of the first sort in all degrees as worthy as any of my rank, till (having enough to do in mine own necessary ends, hating to insinuate and labour their confirmation and increase of opinion further than their own free judgments would excite and direct them) I still met with undermining labourers for themselves, who esteeming all worth their own which they detract from others, diminished me much in some changeable estimations (*Amicus enim Animal facile mutabile*), whose supplies yet far better have still brought me unsought; and till this most unequal oppression oppressed me I stood firm up with many, now only with God and myself. For the violent hubbub, setting my song to their own tunes, have made it yield so harsh and distasteful a sound to my best friends, that my integrity, even they hold affected with the shrill echo thereof by reflexion, receiving it from the mouths of others. And thus (to omit, as struck dumb with the disdain of it, their most unmanly lie both of my baffling and wounding, saying: "Take this for your Andromeda," not being so much as touched, I witness God, nor one syllable suffering) I will descend to a conclusion with this; that in all this my seed time, sowing others' honours, *Invidus super seminavit zizania*, &c. Whiles I slept in mine innocency, the envious man hath been here, who, like a venomous spider, drawing this subtle thread out of himself, cunningly spread it into the ears of the many, who, as they see all with one eye, so hear all with one ear, and that always the left, where multiplying and getting strength it was spread into an artificial web to entangle my poor poetical fly; being otherwise, God knows, far enough from all venom save what hath been forced into her by her poisonous enemy to sting her to death. But the allusion, you will say, may be extended so far; but *qui nimium emulget elicet sanguinem;* a malicious reader, by straining the allegory past his intentional limits, may make it give blood where it yields naturally milk, and over-curious wits may discover a sting in a fly; but, as a guiltless prisoner at the bar said to a lawyer thundering against his life, *Num quia tu diserluses, ego peribo?* because malice is witty, must innocence be condemned? Or if some other, not sufficiently examining what I have written, shall, by mistaking the title, suppose it carry such an understanding, doth any law therefore cast that meaning upon me? Or doth any rule of reason make it good that, let the writer mean what he list, his writing notwithstanding must be construed *in mentem legentis?* to the intendment of the reader? If then, for the mistaking of an envious or

* Caligula.

† *Canes ignotis allatrant notis blandiuntur.*—SEN. ‡ Demosthenes.

unskilful reader, who commonly bring *præjudicia pro judiciis*, I shall be exposed to the hate of the better sort, or taken forcibly into any powerful displeasure, I shall esteem it an act as cruel and tyrannous as that of the Emperor who put a consul to death for the error of a public crier misnaming him Emperor instead of Consul. For myself I may justly say this much, that if my whole life were laid on the rack, it could never accuse me for a Satirist or Libeller to play with worthy men's reputations; or, if my vein were so addicted, yet could I so far be given over as, without cause or end, to adventure on personages of renowned nobility? having infallible reason to assure myself that even those most honoured personages to whose graces I chiefly intended these labours, might they but in the least degree have suspected any such allusion by me purposed as is now most injuriously surmised against me, they would have abhorred me and banished me their sight. To conclude, *Hic Rhodus, hic saltus;* as I said of my life, so of my lines; here is the Poem; let every syllable of it be tortured by any, how partial and prejudicate soever; for as the case hath been carried I can now look for no difference; and if the least particle thereof can be brought necessarily or justly to confess any harmful intention of mine to the height imagined, having already passed the test of some of the most judicial and noble of this kingdom; if malice will still make unanswerably mine what herself hath merely invented, and say with physicians that the fault of the first concoction cannot be corrected in the second, (my meat supposed, harpy-like, ravished at first into her vicious stomach) and that as Herodotus is unjustly said to praise only the Athenians that all Grecians else he might the more freely deprave, so malice will as licentiously affirm that my poem hath something honourably applicable that the rest might the more safely discover my malignance; and lastly, if my judges, being prejudiced with my accusation, have no ear left to hear my defence, will therefore powerfully continue their hostility both against my life and reputation, then *Collo securi*, I must endure at how inhumane hands soever, at least, my poor credit's amputation; humbly retiring myself within the Castle of my Innocence, and there in patience possessing my soul, quietly abide their uttermost outrage; defending myself as I may from the better sort by a clear conscience, from the baser, by an eternal contempt.

Pereas, qui calamitates hominum colligis.—EUR.

The worst of the greatest act: Ætna quenched.

DIST. *Two plants in one soil fruitless; both transplanted:*
Untouch'd find fit means for posterity granted.

The worst of the least: the spleenless fly.

DIST. *The Innocent delivered, her destroyer*
Her trophy is; her Saver, her Enjoyer.

Tamen hæc fremit Plebs.—LIV.

Yet further opposed, admit a little further answer.

DIALOGUS.

The persons: Pheme *and* Theodines.

Ph. Ho! you, Theodines! you must not dream
Y'are thus dismiss'd in Peace; seas too extreme
Your song hath stirr'd up, to be calm'd so soon:
Nay, in your haven you shipwrack, y'are undone;
Your Perseus is displeased, and slighteth now
Your work as idle, and as servile, you.
The People's god-voice hath exclaim'd away
Your misty clouds, and he sees clear as day
You've made him scandal'd for another's wrong,
Wishing unpublish'd your unpopular song.
Th. O thou, with people's breaths and bubbles fill'd,
Ever deliver'd, evermore with child,
How court and city burnish with thy breed
Of news and nifles! seasoning all their feed

With nothing, but what only, drest like thee,
Of surfeit tastes and superfluity.
Let all thy bladder-blowers still inspire,
And make embroider'd foot-balls for the mire,
With thy suggestions ; on the cloven feet
Of thy Chimera, toss'd from street to street ;
Our Perseus scorns to scuffle with the prease,
Or like th' inconstant moon be, that, like these,
Makes herself ready by her glass, the seas,
The common rendezvous of all rude streams,
And fed in some part with our common Thames,
As that is hourly served with sewers and sinks,
Strengthening and cleansing our sweet meats and drinks ;
Our Perseus, by Minerva's perfect mirror,
Informs his beauties, that reform'd from th' error
Which Change and Fashion in most others find,
Like his fair body, he may make his mind.
Deck that with knowing ornaments, and then
Effuse his radiance upon knowing men,
Which can no more fail than the sun to show,
By his in-light, his outward overflow.
Perseus? (that when Minerva in her spring,
Which renders deathless every noble thing
Clarified in it, thrice wash'd hath his food)
Take from a sow that washeth in her flood,
The common kennel, every gut she feeds,
His food then thinking cleaner? and but then
Take it for manly, when unfit for men?
Can I seem servile to him, when, alas!
My whole life's freedom shows I never was?
If I be rude in speech, or not express
My plain mind with affected courtliness,
His insight can into the fountain reach,
And knows sound meaning ne'er used glosing speech.

Ph. Well, be he as you hope, but this believe,
All friends have left you, all that knew you grieve,
For fair condition in you, that your thrall
To one man's humour should so lose them all.

Th. One may be worth all, and they thus imply
Themselves are all bad that our good envy.
Goodness and Truth they are, the All-good knows,
To whom my free soul all her labours vows.
If friends for this forsake me, let them fly ;
And know that no more their inconstancy
Grieves or disheartens my resolved endeavours,
Than I had shaken off so many fevers.
My fair condition moans them. Even right thus
Fared the physician, Aristoxenus
With still poor Socrates ; who, terming rude
Lustful, unlearn'd, and with no wit indued
The most wise man did add yet, he is just ;
And with that praise would give his dispraise trust.
For as a man whom Art hath flattery taught,
And is at all parts master of his craft ;
With long and varied praises doth sometimes
Mix by the way some slight and pervial crimes
As sauce ; to give his flatteries taste and scope,
So that malignity may give her hope
Of faults' believed defect, she likewise lays
In her strow'd passage some slight flowers of praise.
But 'tis not me, alas! they thus pursue
With such unprofiting cunning, nor embrue
Their bitter spent mouths with such blood-mix'd foam,
In chase of any action that can come
From my poor form, but from the foot they tread
Those passages that thence affect the head.
And why? Who knows? not that next spirit that is
Organ to all their knowing faculties,
Or else I know I oft have read of one — Lynceus.
So sharp-eyed he could see through oak and stone,
Another that high set in Sicily — Callicrates.
As far as Carthage number'd with his eye
The navy under sail, which was dissite,
A night and day's sail ; with winds most fore-right ;

Mirmecides. And others that such curious chariots made,
As with a fly's wing, they hid all in shade,
And in a sesamine, small Indian grain,
Engraved a page of Homer's verses plain.
These far-seen marvels, I could never see,
Being made of downright, flat simplicity,
How near our curious craftsmen come to these,
They must demonstrate ere they win the wise.

Ph. But who are those you reckon homicides
In your rack'd poem? I swear that divides
Your wondering reader far from your applause.

Th. I joy in that, for weighing with this cause
Their other reason, men may clearly see
How sharp and pregnant their constructions be.
I prove by argument that he that loves
Is dead, and only in his lover moves.
His lover as 'twere taking life from him,
And praising that kind slaughter I condemn*
As churlish homicides who will deny,
In love 'twixt two, the possibility
To propagate their lives into a descent
Needful and lawful, and that argument
Is Plato's,† to a word, which much commends
The two great personages, who, wanting th' ends
Of wedlock as they were; with one consent
Sought clear disjunction, which, with blest event,
May join both otherwise, with such increase
Of worthy offspring, that posterities
May bless their fautors and their favours now;
Whom now such bans and poisons overflow.

Ph. Bound to a barren rock, and death expected,
See that with all your skill then clean dissected,
That, barren, clear your edge of, if you can.

Th. As if that could applied be to man!
O barren Malice! was it ever said
A man was barren? or the burthen laid
Of bearing fruit on Man? if not, nor this
Epithet barren, can be construed his
In least propriety; but that such a one
As was Andromeda; in whose parts shone*
All beauties, both of body and of mind,
The sea dame to a barren rock should bend
In envy lest some other of her kind
Should challenge them for beauty any more;
Increased the cause of making all deplore
So dear an innocent, with all desert;
No more then, for humanity's sake, pervert;
For of your whole huge reckonings here's the sum,
O sæclum insipiens, et inficetum.

Quod dignis adimit, transit ad Impios.

---

* See my reasons in their places.

† Quippe non minus homicida censendus est qui hominem præcipit nasciturum; quam qui natum tollit e medio. Proprior autem, qui presentem abrumpit vitam, crudelior, qui lucem invidet nasciturо, et nondum natos filios suos enecat.—PLAT. *in Sympo.*

* Virgo sanè egregia, et omnibus animi et corporis dotibus ornatissima, Natal.—*Co. de Andromeda.*

Sonnets.

[*Printed at the end of Chapman's Translation of the "Iliad."*]

I.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS AND WORTHY, THE DUKE OF LENNOX, ETC.

Divine HOMER humbly submits that desert of acceptation in his presentment which all worthiest Dukes have acknowledged worth honour and admiration.

AMONGST th' heröes of the world's prime years,
Stand here, great Duke, and see them shine about you.
Inform your princely mind and spirit by theirs,
And then, like them, live ever. Look without you,
For subjects fit to use your place and grace,
Which throw about you as the sun his rays,
In quickening with their power the dying race
Of friendless virtue; since they thus can raise
Their honour'd raisers to eternity.
None ever lived by self-love; others' good
Is th' object of our own. They living die
That bury in themselves their fortunes' brood.
To this soul, then, your gracious countenance give,
That gave to such as you such means to live.

II.

TO THE MOST GRAVE AND HONOURED TEMPERER OF LAW AND EQUITY, THE LORD CHANCELLOR, ETC.

The first Prescriber of both, Authentic HOMER, humbly presents his English Revival, and beseecheth noble countenance to the sacred virtues he eternizeth.

THAT Poesy is not so removed a thing
From grave administry of public weals
As these times take it, hear this Poet sing,
Most judging Lord, and see how he reveals
The mysteries of rule, and rules to guide
The life of man through all his choicest ways.
Nor be your timely pains the less applied
For Poesy's idle name, because her rays
Have shined through greatest counsellors and kings.
Hear royal Hermes sing th' Egyptian laws;
How Solon, Draco, Zoroastres, sings
Their laws in verse; and let their just applause
By all the world given, yours by us allow,
That, since you grace all virtue, honour you.

III.

TO THE MOST RENOWNED AND WORTHY EARL, LORD TREASURER AND TREASURE OF OUR COUNTRY, THE EARL OF SALISBURY, ETC.

The First Treasurer of human wisdom, divine HOMER, beseecheth grace and welcome to his English Arrival.

VOUCHSAFE, great Treasurer, to turn your eye,
And see the opening of a Grecian mine,
Which Wisdom long since made her Treasury,
And now her title doth to you resign.
Wherein as th' ocean walks not with such waves
The round of this realm, as your wisdom's seas,
Nor with his great eye sees; his marble saves
Our state, like your Ulyssean policies.
So none like HOMER hath the world ensphered,
Earth, seas, and heaven, fix'd in his verse, and moving;
Whom all times' wisest men have held unpeer'd;
And therefore would conclude with your approving.
Then grace his spirit, that all wise men hath graced,
And made things ever flitting, ever last.

An Anagram.

Robert Cecyl, Earle of Salisburye.
Curb foes; thy care, is all our erly be.

IV.

TO THE MOST HONOURED RESTORER OF ANCIENT NOBILITY, BOTH IN BLOOD AND VIRTUE, THE EARL OF SUFFOLK, ETC.

Old HOMER, the first eternizer of those combined graces, presents his revival in this English appearance, beseeching his honoured and free countenance.

JOIN, noblest Earl, in giving worthy grace
To this great gracer of nobility.
See here what sort of men your honour'd place
Doth properly command, if Poesy
Profess'd by them were worthily express'd.
The gravest, wisest, greatest, need not then
Account that part of your command the least,
Nor them such idle, needless, worthless, men.
Who can be worthier men in public weals
Than those at all parts that prescribed the best?
That stirr'd up noblest virtues, holiest zeals,
And evermore have lived as they profess'd?
A world of worthiest men see one create,
Great Earl, whom no man since could imitate.

V.

TO THE MOST ANCIENTLY NOBLE AND LEARNED EARL, THE EARL OF NORTHAMPTON, ETC.

Old HOMER, the first parent of learning and antiquity, presents this part of his eternal issue; and humbly desires (for help to their entire propagation) his cheerful and judicial acceptance.

To you, most learned Earl, whose learning can
Reject illiterate custom, and embrace
The real virtues of a worthy man,
I prostrate this great Worthy for your grace,
And pray that Poesy's well-deserved ill name,
Being such as many modern poets make her,
May nought eclipse her clear essential flame;
But as she shines here, so refuse or take her.
Nor do I hope but even your high affairs
May suffer intermixture with her view,
Where Wisdom fits her for the highest chairs,
And minds grown old with cares of state renew.
You then, great Earl, that in his own tongue know
This King of Poets, see his English show.

VI.

TO THE MOST NOBLE, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD, THE EARL OF ARUNDEL.

STAND by your noblest stock, and ever grow
In love and grace of virtue most admired,
And we will pay the sacrifice we owe
Of prayer and honour, with all good desired,
To your divine soul that shall ever live
In height of all bliss prepared here beneath,
In that ingenuous and free grace you give
To knowledge, only bulwark against death,
Whose rare sustainers here her powers sustain
Hereafter. Such reciprocal effects
Meet in her virtues. Where the love doth reign,
The act of knowledge crowns our intellects.
Where th' act nor love is, there like beasts men die;
Not life, but time, is their eternity.

VII.

TO THE LEARNED AND MOST NOBLE PATRON OF LEARNING, THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, ETC.

Against the two Enemies of Humanity and Religion (Ignorance and Impiety) the awaked spirit of the most-knowing and divine HOMER calls, to attendance of our Heroical Prince, the most honoured and uncorrupted hero, the EARL OF PEMBROKE, &c.

ABOVE all others may your honour shine,
As, past all others, your ingenuous beams
Exhale into your grace the form divine
Of godlike learning; whose exiled streams

Run to your succour, charged with all the wrack
Of sacred virtue. Now the barbarous witch,
Foul Ignorance, sits charming of them back
To their first fountain, in the great and rich;
Though our great Sovereign counter-check her charms,
Who in all learning reigns so past example,
Yet (with her) Turkish policy puts on arms,
To raze all knowledge in man's Christian Temple.
You following yet our king, your guard redouble:
Pure are those streams that these times cannot trouble.

VIII.

TO THE RIGHT GRACIOUS ILLUSTRATOR OF VIRTUE, AND WORTHY OF THE FAVOUR ROYAL, THE EARL OF MONTGOMERY.

THERE runs a blood, fair Earl, through your clear veins
That well entitles you to all things noble,
Which still the living Sydneian soul maintains,
And your name's ancient noblesse doth redouble;
For which I needs must tender to your graces
This noblest work of man, as made your right;
And though Ignoblesse all such works defaces
As tend to learning and the soul's delight,
Yet since the sacred Pen doth testify
That Wisdom (which is Learning's natural birth)
Is the clear mirror of God's Majesty
And image of his goodness here in earth,
If you the daughter wish, respect the mother;
One cannot be obtain'd without the other.

IX.

TO THE MOST LEARNED AND NOBLE CONCLUDER OF THE WAR'S ART, AND THE MUSES', THE LORD L'ISLE, ETC.

The first prescriber and concluder of both, divine HOMER, in all observation presents both.

NOR let my pains here g-honour'd Lord,
Fail of your ancient nobly-good respec
Though obscure fortune never would afford
My service show, till these thus late effects.
And though my poor deserts weigh'd never more
Than might keep down their worthless memory
From your high thoughts, enrich'd with better store,
Yet yours in me are fix'd eternally,
Which all my fit occasions well shall prove.
Mean space, with your most noble Nephews, deign
To show your free and honourable love
To this Greek poet in his English vein.
You cannot more the point of death control,
Than to stick close* by such a living soul.

X.

TO THE GREAT AND VIRTUOUS, THE COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.

YOUR fame, great Lady, is so loud resounded
By your free trumpet, my right worthy friend,
That with it all my forces stand confounded,
Arm'd and disarm'd at once to one just end,
To honour and describe the blest consent
'Twixt your high blood and soul in virtues rare.
Of which my friend's praise is so eminent,
That I shall hardly like his echo fare
To render only th' ends of his shrill verse.
Besides, my bounds are short, and I must merely
My will to honour your rare parts rehearse,
With more time singing your renown more clearly.
Meantime, take HOMER for my wants' supply,
To whom adjoin'd your name shall never die.

By the long-since admirer of your matchless Father's virtues; and now of your excellent Ladyship's,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

* The later editions read "to stand close."

long-honour'd ?

XI.

TO THE HAPPY STAR DISCOVERED IN OUR SYDNEIAN ASTERISM, COMFORT OF LEARNING, SPHERE OF ALL THE VIRTUES, THE LADY WROTHE.

WHEN all our other stars set in their skies
To virtue, and all honour of her kind,
That you, rare Lady, should so clearly rise,
Makes all the virtuous glorify your mind.
And let true reason and religion try
If it be fancy, not judicial right,
In you to oppose the time's apostasy
To take the soul's part, and her saving light,
While others blind and bury both in sense,
When 'tis the only end for which all live.
And could those souls in whom it dies dispense
As much with their religion, they would give
That as small grace. Then shun their course, fair star,
And still keep your way pure and circular.

To the honour and happiness whereof, certainly consequent,

GEO. CHAPMAN

inscribes this unworthy Poem; and prays endless proceeding in your matchless virtues.

XII.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE PATRONESS AND GRACE OF VIRTUE, THE COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

To you, fair Patroness and Muse to Learning,
The Fount of Learning and the Muses sends
This cordial for your virtues, and forewarning
To leave no good for th' ill the world commends.
Custom seduceth but the vulgar sort;
With whom when noblesse mixeth she is vulgar.
The truly-noble still repair their fort
With gracing good excitements and gifts rare,
In which the narrow path to happiness
Is only beaten. Vulgar Pleasure sets
Nets for herself in swinge of her excess,
And beats herself there dead ere free she gets.
Since Pleasure then with Pleasure still doth waste,
Still please with Virtue, Madam; that will last.

XIII.

TO THE RIGHT VALOROUS AND VIRTUOUS LORD, THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, ETC.

The Muses' Great Herald, HOMER, especially calls to the following of our most forward Prince, in his sacred expedition against Ignorance and Impiety.

IN choice of all our country's noblest spirits,
Born slavisher barbarism to convince,*
I could not but invoke your honour'd merits,
To follow the swift virtues of our Prince.
The cries of Virtue and her fortress Learning
Brake earth, and to Elysium did descend,
To call up HOMER; who therein discerning
That his excitements to their good had end,
As being a Grecian, puts on English arms,
And to the hardy natures in these climes
Strikes up his high and spiritful alarms,
That they may clear earth of those impious crimes,
Whose conquest, though most faintly all apply,
You know, learn'd Earl, all live for, and should die.

XIV.

To my ever-observed and singular good Lord, the EARL OF SUSSEX; with duty always professed to his most honoured COUNTESS.

YOU that have made in our great Prince's name,
At his high birth, his holy Christian vows,
May witness now, to his eternal fame,
How he performs them thus far, and still grows

* The earlier edition reads: "Fit those aforesaid monsters to convince."

Above his birth in virtue, past his years
In strength of bounty and great fortitude.
Amongst this train, then, of our choicest peers,
That follow him in chase of vices rude,
Summon'd by his great herald HOMER'S voice,
March you; and ever let your family,
In your vows made for such a prince, rejoice.
Your service to his State shall never die.
And, for my true observance, let this show
No means escapes when I may honour you.

XV.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND HEROICAL, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD, THE LORD OF WALDEN, ETC.

NOR let the vulgar sway Opinion bears,
Rare Lord, that Poesy's favour shows men vain,
Rank you amongst her stern disfavourers;
She all things worthy favour doth maintain.
Virtue in all things else at best she betters,
Honour she heightens, and gives life in death,
She is the ornament and soul of letters,
The world's deceit before her vanisheth.
Simple she is as doves, like serpents wise,
Sharp, grave, and sacred; nought but things divine,
And things divining, fit her faculties,
Accepting her as she is genuine.
If she be vain then, all things else are vile;
If virtuous, still be patron of her style.

XVI.

TO THE MOST TRULY NOBLE, AND VIRTUE-GRACING KNIGHT, SIR THOMAS HOWARD.

THE true and nothing-less-than-sacred spirit
That moves your feet so far from the profane,
In scorn of pride and grace of humblest merit,
Shall fill your name's sphere, never seeing it wane.
It is so rare in blood so high as yours
To entertain the humble skill of truth,
And put a virtuous end to all your powers,
That th' honour Age asks we give you in youth.
Your youth hath won the mastery of your mind,
As HOMER sings of his Antilochus,
The parallel of you in every kind,
Valiant, and mild, and most ingenious.
Go on in virtue, after death and grow,
And shine like Leda's twins, my Lord and you.

Ever most humbly and faithfully devoted to you, and all the rare patrons of divine Homer,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

XVII.

To our ENGLISH ATHENIA, chaste Arbitress of Virtue and Learning, THE LADY ARABELLA, revived HOMER submits cause of renewing her former conference with his original spirit, and prays her judicial grace to his English conversion.

WHAT to the learn'd Athenia can be given,
As offering, fitter than this Fount of Learning,
Of Wisdom, Fortitude, all gifts of heaven?
That, by them both the height, breadth, depth, discerning
Of this divine soul, when of old he lived,
Like his great Pallas leading through his wars,
Her fair hand, through his spirit, thus revived,
May lead the reader, show his commentors,
All that have turn'd him into any tongue;
And judge if ours reveal not mysteries
That others never knew, since never sung,
Not in opinion, but that satisfies.
Grace then, great Lady, his so gracious Muse,
And to his whole work his whole spirit infuse.

XVIII.

To the right Noble, and (by the great eternizer of Virtue, SIR P. SYDNEY) long since eternized, Right Virtuous, the accomplished LORD WOTTON, &c.

YOUR friend great Sydney, my long-honour'd Lord
(Since friendship is the bond of two in one),
Tell us that you (his quick part) do afford
Our land the living mind that in him shone.

To whom there never came a richer gift
Than the soul's riches from men ne'er so poor,
And that makes me the soul of HOMER lift
To your acceptance, since one mind both bore.
Our Prince vouchsafes it: and of his high train
I wish you, with the noblest of our time.
See here if Poesy be so slight and vain
As men esteem her in our modern rhyme.
The great'st and wisest men that ever were
Have given her grace; and, I hope, you will here.

XIX.

To conclude and accomplish the right Princely Train of our most excellent Prince HENRY, &c. In entertainment of all the virtues brought hither by the preserver HOMER, &c., his divine worth solicits the Right Noble and Virtuous Hero, THE EARL OF ARUNDEL, &c.

THE end crowns all; and therefore though it chance
That here your honour'd name be used the last,
Whose worth all right should with the first advance,
Great Earl, esteem it as of purpose past.
Virtue had never her due place in earth,
Nor stands she upon form, for that will fade.
Her sacred substance, grafted in your birth,
Is that for which she calls you to her aid.
Nor could she but observe you with the best
Of this heroical and princely train,
All following her great Patron to the feast
Of HOMER'S soul, inviting none in vain.
Sit then, great Earl, and feast your soul with his,
Whose food is knowledge, and whose knowledge bliss.

Subscribed by the most true observant of all your Heroical virtues,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

XX.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE AND MOST TOWARD LORD IN ALL THE HEROICAL VIRTUES, VISCOUNT CRANBORNE, ETC.

NEVER may honour'd expedition
In grace of wisdom (first in this book arm'd
With Jove's bright shield) be nobly set upon
By any other, but your spirit, charm'd
In birth with Wisdom's virtues, may set down
Foot with the foremost. To which honour'd end,
Dear Lord, I could not but your name renown
Amongst our other Worthies, and commend
The grace of him, that all things good hath graced,
To your fair countenance. You shall never see
Valour and virtue in such tropics placed,
And moving up to immortality,
As in this work. What then fits you so fairly,
As to see rarest deeds, and do as rarely?

XXI.

TO THE MOST HONOURED AND JUDICIAL HONOURER OF RETIRED VIRTUE, VISCOUNT ROCHESTER.

YOU that in so great eminence live retired
(Rare lord) approve your greatness cannot call
Your judgment from the inward state required
To blaze the outward; which doth never fall
In men by chance raised, but by merit still.
He seeks not state that curbs it being found;
Who seeks it not never comes by it ill,
Nor ill can use it. Spring then from this ground,
And let thy fruit be favours done to good,
As thy good is adorn'd with royal favours.
So shall pale Envy famish with her food,
And thou spread further by thy vain depravours.
True Greatness cares not to be seen but thus,
And thus above ourselves you honour us.

XXII.

TO THE RIGHT GRAVE AND NOBLE PATRON OF ALL THE VIRTUES, SIR EDWARD PHILIPS, MASTER OF THE ROLLS, ETC.

THE Lord not by the house must have his grace,
But by the Lord the house. Nor is a man
Anything better'd by his eminent place,
But his place by his merits. Neither can
Your last place here make you less first in honour,
Than if you stood first. Perfect honour ever
Virtue distinguishes; and takes upon he
Not place, but worth; which place abaseth never.
So much you know of this, so much you show,
In constant gracing for itself, each good.
That all form, but the matter which I owe
To your deserts, I still leave understood.
And if this first of works your grace you give,
It shall not be the last shall make you live.

THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

" *The Georgicks of Hesiod*, by George Chapman; translated elaborately out of the Greek: Containing Doctrine of Husbandrie, Moralitie, and Pietie; with a perpetuall Calendar of Good and Bad Daies; not superstitious, but necessarie (as farre as naturall Causes compell) for all Men to obserue, and difference in following their affaires.

" Nec caret vmbra Deo.

" London, printed by H. L. for Miles Partrich, and are to be solde at his Shop neare Saint Dunstans Church in Fleetstreet. 1618."

The Georgics of Hesiod.

[1618.]

TO THE MOST NOBLE COMBINER OF LEARNING AND HONOUR,

SIR FRANCIS BACON, KNIGHT,

LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND, ETC.

ANTIENT wisdom being so worthily eternized by the now-renewed instance of it in your Lordship; and this ancient Author, one of the most authentic for all wisdom crowned with justice and piety; to what sea owe these poor streams their tribute, but to your Lordship's ocean? The rather, since others of the like antiquity, in my Translation of Homer, teach these their way, and add comfort to their courses, by having received right cheerful countenance and approbation from your Lordship's most grave and honoured predecessor.

All judgments of this season (savouring anything the truth) preferring, to the wisdom of all other nations, these most wise, learned, and circularly-spoken Grecians. According to that of the poet:—

Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui.

And why may not this Roman eulogy of the *Graians* extend in praiseful intention (by way of prophetic poesy) to *Gray's-Inn* wits and orators? Or if the allusion (or petition of the principle) beg with too broad a licence in the general; yet serious truth, for the particular, may most worthily apply it to your Lordship's truly Greek inspiration, and absolutely Attic elocution. Whose all-acknowledged faculty hath banished flattery therein even from the Court; much more from my country and more-than-upland simplicity. Nor were those Greeks so circular in their elegant utterance, but their inward judgments and learnings were as round and solid; their solidity proved in their eternity; and their eternity propagated by love of all virtue and integrity;—that love being the only parent and argument of all truth, in any wisdom or learning; without which all is sophisticate and adulterate, howsoever painted and splinted with degrees and languages. Your Lordship's *Advancement of Learning*, then, well showing your love to it, and in it, being true to all true goodness, your learning, strengthening that love, must needs be solid and eternal. This ἴστωρ φὼς,[1] therefore, expressed in this Author, is used here as if prophesied by him then, now to take life in your Lordship, whose life is chief soul and essence to all knowledge and virtue; so few there are that live now combining honour and learning. This time resembling the terrible time whereof this poet prophesied; to which he desired he might not live, since not a Grace would then smile on any pious or worthy; all greatness much more gracing impostors

[1] Vir verè (seu clarè) sciens; aut illustris Judex, vel procul videns Arbiter, quia eos acutos visu, seu gnaros esse oporteat rei de quâ agitur.

than men truly desertful. The worse depraving the better; and that so frontlessly, that shame and justice should fly the earth for them. To shame which ignorant barbarism now emboldened, let your Lordship's learned humanity prove nothing the less gracious to Virtue for the community of Vice's graces; but shine much the more clear on her for those clouds that eclipse her; no lustre being so sun-like as that which passeth above all clouds unseen, over fields, turrets, and temples; and breaks out, in free beams, on some humblest cottage. In whose like Jove himself hath been feasted; and wherein your Lordship may find more honour than in the fretted roofs of the mighty. To which honour, oftentimes, nothing more conduceth than noble acceptance of most humble presentments. On this nobility in your Lordship my prostrate humility relying, I rest ever submitted, in all simple and hearty vows,

Your Honour's most truly,

And freely devoted,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

OF HESIODUS.

HESIODUS, surnamed Ascræus, was one, as of the most ancient Greek poets, so one of the purest and pressest writers. He lived in the later time of Homer, and was surnamed Ascræus, of Ascra, a town in Helicon; in which was built a temple sacred to the Muses; whose priest Hesiodus was consecrate; whom Virgil, among so many writers of Georgics, only imitated, professing it in this:

Ascræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen, Ἔργα καὶ Ἡμέραι.

Nor is there any doubt (saith Mel.) *quin idem Virgilius initio Georgicorum hanc inscriptionem expresserit hoc versu: 'Quid faciat lætas segetes, quo sidere terram,' &c.* His authority was such amongst the ancients, that his verses were commonly learned as *axioms* or *oracles*, all teaching good life and humanity; which though never so profitable for men's now readings, yet had they rather (saith Isocrates) consume their times still in their own follies, than be any time conversant in these precepts of wisdom; of which (with Homer) he was first father, whose interpreters were all the succeeding philosophers—not Aristotle himself excepted:—who before Thales, Solon, Pittacus, Socrates, Plato, &c., writ of life, of manners, of God, of nature, of the stars, and general state of the universe. Nor are his writings the less worthy, that Poesy informed them, but of so much the more dignity and eternity. Not Thales, nor Anaxagoras, (as Aristotle ingenuously confesseth), having profited the world so much, with all their writings, as Homer's one Ulysses or Nestor. And sooner shall all the atoms of Epicurus sustain division; the fire of Heraclitus be utterly quenched; the water that Thales extols so much be exhausted; the spirit of Anaximenes vanish; the discord of Empedocles be reconciled; and all dissolved to nothing; before by their most celebrated faculties they do the world so much profit for all humane instruction, as this one work of Hesiodus: here being no dwelling on any one subject; but of all humane affairs instructively concluded.

THE GEORGICS OF HESIOD.

THE FIRST BOOK.[1]

MUSES! that, out of your Pierian state,
All worth in sacred numbers celebrate,
Use[2] here your faculties so much renown'd,
To sing[3] your Sire; and him in hymns[4] resound
By whom all humans, that to death are bound,
Are bound together; both the great in fame,[5]
And men whose poor fates fit them with no name,[6]
Noble[7] and base;[8] great Jove's will orders all;
For he with ease extols, with ease lets fall;
Easely diminisheth the most in grace,
And lifts the most obscure to loftiest place;
Easely sets straight[9] the quite shrunk up together,[10]
And makes the most elated[11] beauty wither;
And this is Jove, that breaks his voice so high
In horrid sounds, and dwells above the sky.
Hear, then, O Jove, that dost both see and hear,
And, for thy justice' sake, be orderer
To these just precepts,[12] that in prophecy[13]
I use, to teach my brother piety.

Not one contention on the earth there reigns
To raise men's fortunes and peculiar gains,
But two. The one the knowing man approves;
The other[1] hate should force from human loves,
Since it derides our reasonable kind,
In two[2] parts parting man's united mind;
And is so harmful, for pernicious War
It feeds, and bites at every Civil jar;
Which no man[3] loves, but strong Necessity
Doth this Contention, as his plague, imply
By Heaven's hid counsels. Th' other strife black Night
Begat before; which Jove, that in the light
Of all the stars dwells, and, though throned aloft,
Of each man weighs yet both the work and thought,
Put in the roots of earth; from whose womb grow
Men's needful means to pay the debt they owe
To life and living. And this strife is far
More fit for men, and much the sprightlier:
For he in whose hands[4] lives no love of art,
Nor virtuous industry, yet plucks up heart,
And falls to work for living. Any one,
Never so stupid and so base a drone,
Seeing a rich man haste to sow, and plant,
And guide his house well, feels with shame his want,
And labours like him. And this strife is good.
When strife for riches warms and fires the blood,

ANNOTATIONS.

[1] To approve my difference from the vulgar and verbal exposition, and other amplifications fit and necessary for the true rendering and illustration of my author, I am enforced to annex some words of the original to my other annotations.

[2] Δεῦτε, *huc agite.* [3] Jove.

[4] Ὑμνείουσαι, *hymnis decantantes.*

[5] Φατὸς, *de quo magna fama est.*

[6] Ἄφατος, *non dicendus, incelebris.*

[7] Ῥητὸς, *honoratus, nobilis.*

[8] Ἄρρητος, *ignobilis, ad nullam functionem seu dignitatem assumptus.*

[9] Ἰθὺς, *rectus, erectus, non tortuosus.* Metaph.

[10] Σκολιὸς, *tortuosus, incurvus.*

[11] Ἀγήνορα κάρφει, *superbum, seu florentem, facit ut deflorescat.*

[12] Δίκῃ δ' ἰθυνε θέμιστας, *judicia vel vera præcepta de moribus, seu pietate.*

[13] Μυθέομαι, *vaticinor.*

[1] Ἐπιμωμητὸς, *reprehensione, et derisione dignus.*

[2] Ἄνδιχα, *in duas partes.*

[3] Οὔτις. He says no man loves this war *per se*, but *per accidens*; because men cannot discern from things truly worthy of their loves those that falsely pretend worth and retain none; which he ascribes to some secret counsel of Jove, that, for plague to their impieties, strikes blind their understandings.

[4] Ἀπάλαμνος, *cujus manibus nulla ars, nulla sedulitas inest.*

The neighbour doth the neighbour emulate,[1]
The potter doth the potter's profit hate,
The smith the smith with spleen inveterate,[2]
Beggar maligns the beggar for good done,
And the musician the musician.
This strife, O Perses, see remember'd still;
But fly Contention, that insults on th 'ill[3]
Of other men, and from thy work doth draw
To be a well-seen man in works of law.
Nor to those courts afford affected ear;
For he that hath not, for the entire year,
Enough laid up beforehand, little need
Hath to take care those factious courts to feed
With what earth bears, and Ceres doth bestow.
With which when thou art satiate, nor dost know
What to do with it, then to those wars go
For others' goods; but see no more spent so
Of thine hereafter. Let ourselves decide,
With dooms direct, all differences implied
In our affairs; and, what is ratified
By Jove's will to be ours, account our own;
For that thrives ever best. Our discord, grown
For what did from our father's bounty fall,
We ended lately, and shared freely all;
When thou much more than thine hadst ravish'd home,
With which thou madest proud,[4] and didst overcome,
With partial affection to thy cause,
Those gift-devouring kings that sway our laws,
Who would have still retain'd us in their powers,
And given by their dooms what was freely ours.

Of fools, that all things into judgment call,
Yet know not how much[1] half is more than all!
Nor how the mean life is the firmest still,
Nor of the mallow and the daffodil
How great a good the little meals contain.
But God hath hid from men the healthful mean;
For otherwise a man might heap, and play,
Enough to serve the whole year in a day,
And straight his draught-tree hang up in the smoke,
Nor more his labouring mules nor oxen yoke.
But Jove, man's knowledge of his best bereaved,
Conceiving anger, since he was deceived
By that same wisdom-wresting[2] Japhet's son;
For which all ill all earth did overrun.
For Jove, close keeping in a hollow cane
His holy fire, to serve the use of man,
Prometheus stole it, by his human sleight,
From him that hath of all heaven's wit the height;
For which He angry, thus to him began
The Cloud-Assembler: "Thou most crafty man,
That joy'st to steal my fire, deceiving me,
Shalt feel that joy the greater grief to thee,

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[1] Ζηλοῖ. He shows artisans' emulations for *riches*, and approves that kind of contention. Notwithstanding Plato in *Lysias*, Aristotle in the 5. of his *Pol.* and 2. of his *Rhetor.* and Galen, refer this strife to the first harmful discord, yet Plutarch takes our author's part, and ascribes it to the virtuous contention.

[2] Κοτέω, *æstuo irâ quam diu pressi in pectore.*

[3] Ἔρις κακόχαρτος, *alienis insultans calamitatibus contentio;* which he calls their going to law.

[4] Μέγα κυδαίνων, *valde gloriosos reddens.* Βασιλῆας δωροφάγους, *reges donivoros.*

[1] ἥμισυ παντὸς, *dimidium plus toto.* He commends the mean, and reproves those kings or judges that are too indulgent to their covetous and glorious appetites, from the frugal and competent life declining *ad* πλεονεξίαν, i.e., *ad plus habendi aviditatem inexhaustam.* Showing how ignorant they are that the virtue of justice and mediocrity is to be preferred to injustice and insatiate avarice. By ἥμισυ he understands *medium inter lucrum et damnum.* which mean is more profitable and notable than παντὸς, i.e., *toto quo et sua pars retinetur, et alterius ad se pertrahitur.*

[2] Ἀγκυλομήτης, he calls Prometheus, i.e., *qui obliqua agitat consilia;* who wrests that wisdom, which God hath given him to use to his glory, to his own ends; which is cause to all the miseries men suffer, and of all their impious actions that deserve them. Jove's fire signifies Truth, which Prometheus stealing, figures learned men's over-subtle abuse of divine knowledge, wresting it in false expositions to their own objects, thereby to inspire and puff up their own profane earth, intending their corporeal parts, and the irreligious delights of them. But, for the mythology of this, read my Lord Chancellor's book, *De Sapientiâ Veterum*, cap. 26, being infinitely better.

And therein plague thy universal race :
To whom I'll give a pleasing ill, in place
Of that good fire, and all shall be so vain
To place their pleasure in embracing pain."
Thus spake and laugh'd of Gods and Men the Sire,
And straight enjoin'd the famous God of Fire
To mingle, instantly, with water earth ;
The voice and vigour of a human birth[1]
Imposing in it, and so fair a face
As match'd th' Immortal Goddesses in grace,
Her form presenting a most lovely maid.
Then on Minerva his command he laid
To make her work, and wield the witty loom.
And, for her beauty, such as might become
The golden Venus, he commanded her
Upon her brows and countenance to confer
Her own bewitchings : stuffing all her breast
With wild[2] desires, incapable of rest,
And cares that feed to all satiety
All human lineaments. The crafty Spy
And Messenger of Godheads, Mercury,
He charged t' inform her with a dogged[3] mind,
And thievish manners. All as he design'd
Was put in act. A creature straight had frame
Like to a virgin, mild and full of shame ;
Which Jove's suggestion made the both-foot-lame
Form so deceitfully ; and all of earth
To forge the living matter of her birth.
Grey-eyed Minerva put her girdle on ;
And show'd how loose parts, well-composed, shone.
The deified Graces, and the Dame[4] that sets
Sweet words in chief form, golden carcanets
Embraced her neck withal. The fair-hair'd Hours
Her gracious temples crown'd with fresh spring-flowers.

But of all these, employ'd in several place,
Pallas gave order[1] the impulsive grace.
Her bosom Hermes, the great God of spies,
With subtle fashions fill'd, fair words, and lies ;
Jove prompting still. But all the voice[2] she used
The vocal herald of the Gods infused,
And call'd her name Pandora, since on her
The Gods did all their several gifts confer ;
Who made her such, in every moving strain,
To be the bane of curious-minded men.
Her harmful and inevitable frame
At all parts perfect, Jove dismiss'd the Dame
To Epimetheus, in his herald's guide,
With all the Gods' plagues in a box beside.
Nor Epimetheus kept one word in store
Of what Prometheus had advised before,
Which was : That Jove should fasten on his hand
No gift at all, but he his wile withstand,
And back return it, lest with instant ill
To mortal men he all the world did fill.
But he first took the gift, and after grieved.[3]
For first the families of mortals lived
Without and free from ill ; harsh labour then,
Nor sickness, hasting timeless age on men,
Their hard and wretched tasks imposed on them
For many years ; but now a violent stream

[1] Jove's creation of a woman.

[2] Καὶ πόθον. An unwearied and wanton desire to exceed others, or an insatiate longing to be loved of all. Γυιοκόρος, *membra ad satietatem usque depascens.* Μελεδώνας, cares, or meditations of voluptuous satisfactions.

[3] Κύνεόν τε νόον, *caninam mentem, vel impudentem*, καὶ ἐπίκλοπον ἦθος, *furaces mores.*

[4] Πειθώ, or *Suada*, Goddess of persuasion, or eloquence.

[1] Ἐφήρμοσε, *impetu inspiravit*, gave special force to all her attractions ; which he says Pallas did, to show that to all beauty wisdom and discreet behaviour gives the chief excitement.

[2] Φωνὴν. Her voice the vocal or high-spoken herald of the gods imposed ; all fair women affecting to be furthest heard, as well as most seen.

[3] Ἐνόησε. When he had received and tried the ill, he knew 't was ill, and grieved ; but then was so affected with affection to it, that he could not reform nor refine it. For man's corporeal part, which is figured in Epimetheus, signifying the inconsiderate and headlong force of affection, not obeying his reasonable part or soul, nor using foresight fit for the prevention of ill, which is figured in Prometheus, he is deceived with a false shadow of pleasure ; for the substantial and true delight, fit to be embraced, which, found by Event (the schoolmaster of fools), he repents too late. And, therefore, Horace truly, *nocet empta dolore voluptas.*

Of all afflictions in an instant came,
And quench'd life's light that shined before in flame.
For when the women[1] the unwieldy lid
Had once discover'd, all the miseries hid
In that cursed cabinet dispersed and flew
About the world; joys pined, and sorrows grew.
Hope only rested in the box's brim,
And took not wing from thence. Jove prompted him
That owed the cabinet to clap it close
Before she parted; but unnumber'd woes
Besides encounter'd men in all their ways;
Full were all shores of them, and full all seas.
Diseases, day and night, with natural wings,
And silent entries stole on men their stings;
The great in counsels, Jove, their voices reft,
That not the truest might avoid their theft,
Nor any 'scape the ill, in any kind,
Resolved at first in his almighty mind.
And, wert thou willing, I would add to this
A second cause of men's calamities,
Sing all before, and since, nor will be long,
But short, and knowing; and t' observe my song,
Be thy conceit and mind's retention strong.
When first both Gods and Men had one time's birth,
The Gods of diverse-languaged men on Earth
A golden[1] world produced, that did sustain
Old Saturn's rule when he in heaven did reign;
And then lived men, like Gods[2] in pleasure here,
Indued with minds secure; from toils, griefs, clear;
Nor noisome age made any crooked; there
Their feet went ever naked as their hands;
Their cates were blessed, serving their commands
With ceaseless plenties; all days sacred made
To feasts, that surfeits never could invade.
Thus lived they long, and died as seized with sleep;
All good things served them; fruits did ever keep
Their free fields crown'd, that all abundance bore;
All which all equal shared, and none wish'd more.
And, when the Earth had hid them, Jove's will was,
The good should into heavenly natures pass;
Yet still held state on earth, and guardians[3] were
Of all best mortals still surviving there;

[1] Ἀλλὰ γυνὴ, of this came the proverb, γυναικῶν ὄλεθρος, the plague of women. And by the woman is understood Appetite, or Effeminate Affection, and customary or fashionable indulgence to the blood, not only in womanish affectations, but in the general fashions of men's judgments and actions, both δημαγωγικὴ, *id est, populariter*, or *gratiâ et authoritate quâ quis valet apud populum*; and ψυχαγωγικὴ, *id est, vi ducendi et flectendi animum*, intending illusively, by this same *docta ignorantia*, of which many learned leaders of the mind are guilty; and συρφετώδης, *id est*, the common source or sink of the vulgar, prevailing past the nobility and piety of humanity and religion, by which all sincere discipline is dissolved or corrupted, and so that discipline taken away (*tanquam operculo Pandoræ*), both the human body's and mind's dissolution, instantly (as out of the cave of Æolus) let the winds or forces of corruption violently break, *qua data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perflant*. All which notwithstanding, no course or custom is so desperate in infection, but some hope is left to scape their punishment in every man, according to Ovid, *vivere spe vidi, qui moriturus erat*.

[1] Χρύσεον. Not only this description of Ages (as the critics observe) is imitated by all the Latin poets, but all the rest of this author: and chiefly by Virgil himself. His sentence and invention made so common, that their community will darken the rarity of them in their original. And this was called the Golden Age (according to Plato) for the virtuous excellency of men's natural dispositions and manners.

[2] Ὥστε θεοὶ, *sed ut dii vivebant homines*. The poet, says Melancthon, could not but have some light of our parents' lives in Paradise.

[3] Φύλακες ἀνθρώπων, *custodes hominum*; from hence the opinion springeth that every man hath his good angel; which sort of spirits, however discredited now to attend and direct men, Plutarch, in his Commentaries *De Oraculorum Defectu*, defends to retain assured being, in this sort; as if a man should take away the interjected air betwixt the earth and the moon, that man must likewise dissolve all the coherence and actual unity of the universe, leaving *vacuum in medio*, and necessary bond of it all; so they that admit no *Genii* leave betwixt God and men no reasonable mean for commerce; the interpretative and administering faculty, as Plato calls it, betwixt them, utterly destroying, and withdrawing consequently all

Observed works just and unjust, clad in air ;
And, gliding undiscover'd everywhere,
Gave riches where they pleased ; and so were reft
Nothing of all the royal rule they left.
The Second Age, that next succeeded this,
Was far the worse ; which heaven-housed Deities
Of Silver fashion'd ; not like that of Gold
In disposition, nor so wisely soul'd,
For children then lived in their mothers' cares
(All that time growing still) a hundred years ;
And were such great fools at that age, that they
Could not themselves dispose a family.
And when they youths grew, having reach'd the date
That rear'd their forces up to man's estate,
They lived small space, and spent it all in pain,
Caused by their follies ; not of power t' abstain
From doing one another injury.
Nor would they worship any Deity,
Nor on the holy altars of the Blest
Any appropriate sacrifice address'd,
As fits the fashion of all human birth.
For which Jove, angry, hid them straight in earth ;
Since to the blessed Deities of heaven
They gave not those respects they should have given.
But when the Earth had hid these like the rest,
They then were call'd the subterrestrial blest,[1]

their reciprocal and necessary uses ; as the witches of Thessaly are said to pluck the moon out of her sphere. But these men being good, turned only good *Genii ;* the next Age, men, being bad, turned in their next being bad *Genii*, of which after was held a man's good and bad *Genius*.

[1] Ὑποχθόνιοι μάκαρες, *subterranei beati mortales vocantur*. Out of their long lives and little knowledges these men are supposed by our Poet, to survive dull and earthly spirits ; for their impieties, in neglect of religion, subject to painful and bitter death ; where the former good men sweetly slept him out. But for the powers of their bodies, being fashioned of the world's yet fresh and vigorous matter, their spirits that informed their bodies are supposed secondly powerful ; and that is intended in their recourse to earthly men, such as themselves were, furthering their affections and ambitions to ill, for which they had honour of those men, and of them were accounted blest, as the former good *Genii* were so, indeed, for exciting men to goodness.

And in bliss second, having honours then
Fit for the infernal spirits of powerful men.
Then form'd our Father Jove a Third Descent,
Whose Age was Brazen ; clearly different
From that of Silver. All the mortals there
Of wild ash fashion'd, stubborn and austere ;
Whose minds the harmful facts of Mars affected,
And petulant injury. All meats rejected
Of natural fruits and herbs. And these were they
That first began that table cruelty
Of slaughtering beasts ; and therefore grew they fierce,
And not to be endured in their commerce.
Their ruthless minds in adamant were cut,
Their strengths were dismal, and their shoulders put
Inaccessible hands out over all
Their brawny limbs arm'd with a brazen wall.
Their houses all were brazen, all of brass
Their working instruments, for black iron was
As yet unknown. And these (their own lives ending,
The vast and cold-sad house of hell descending)
No grace had in their ends ;[1] but though they were
Never so powerful, and enforcing fear,
Black death reduced their greatness in their spite
T' a little room,[2] and stopp'd their cheerful light.
When these left life, a fourth Kind Jove gave birth
Upon the many-a-creature-nourishing earth ;

[1] Νώνυμνοι. These he intends were such rude and powerful men, as not only refused, like the second sort, to do honour to the Deities, but directly rebelled against them, and affected here in earth celestial empery ; for which the Celestials let them see that they needed none but themselves to take down their affectations ; and for their so huge conceit of themselves had never any least honour of others, which many great men of this Iron Age need not be ignorant, therefore, is the event of such great ones ; and, howsoever they laugh in their sleeves at any other being than this, they may take notice by their wisers, that, even according to reason, both there are other beings, and differences of those beings, both in honours and miseries.

[2] Εἰλέω, *in arctum cogo, seu in angustum redigo*.

More just, and better than this race before—
Divine heröes, that the surnames bore
Of semigods ;[1] yet these, impetuous fight
And bloody war bereft of life and light.
Some, in Cadmæan earth, contentious
To prise the infinite wealth of Œdipus,
Before seven-ported[2] Thebes ; some shipp'd upon
The ruthless waves, and led to Ilion,
For fair-hair'd Helen's love ; where, likewise, they
In bounds of death confined the beams of day.
To these yet Jove gave second life, and seat
At ends of all the earth ; in a retreat
From human feet, where souls secure they bear,
Amidst the Blessed Islands,[3] situate near
The gulfy-whirl-pit-eating ocean flood,
Happy heröes living ; for whose food
The plenty-bearing Tellus, thrice a year,
Delicious fruits and fragrant herbs doth bear.
O that I might not live now, to partake
The Age that must the fifth succession make,
But either die before, or else were born
When all that Age is into ashes worn.
For that which next springs, in supply of this,
Will all of Iron[4] produce his families ;
Whose bloods shall be so banefully corrupt
They shall not let them sleep, but interrupt
With toils and miseries all their rests and fares,
The Gods such grave and soul-dissecting cares
Shall steep their bosoms in. And yet some good
Will God mix with their bad ; for when the blood
Faints in their nourishment, and leaves their hair
A little gray, Jove's hand will stop the air
'Twixt them and life, and take them straight away.
'Twixt men and women shall be such foul play
In their begetting pleasures, and their race
Spring from such false seed, that the son's stolen face
Shall nought be like the sire's, the sire no more
Seen in his issue. No friend, as before,
Shall like his friend be ; nor no brother rest
Kind like his brother ; no guest like a guest
Of former times ; no child use like a child
His aged parents, but with manners wild
Revile and shame them : their impiety
Shall never fear that *God's all-seeing eye*
Is fix'd upon them, but shall quite despise
Repayment of their education's prise,
[1]Bear their law in their hands, and when they get
Their father's free-given goods, account them debt.
City shall city ransack ; not a grace
To any pious man shall show her face,
Nor to a just or good man. All, much more,
Shall grace a beastly and injurious boar.
No right shall seise on any hand of theirs,
Nor any shame make blush their black affairs.
The worse shall worse the better with bad words,
And swear him out of all his right affords.
Ill-lung'd,[2] ill-liver'd, ill-complexion'd Spite
Shall consort all the miserable plight
Of men then living. Justice then, and Shame,
Clad in pure white (as if they never came

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[1] Ἡμίθεοι, *semidei*. Intending Hercules, Jason, and others of the Argonauts whose ship was νηῦς Ἀργὼ πασιμέλουσα, *navis omnibus curæ*, because it held the care of all men, in those that were in her; intending of all the virtuous men that were then of name, who were called semigods for their godlike virtues.

[2] Ἑπταπύλῳ. He calls this seven-ported Thebes, to distinguish it from that of Egypt, that had a hundred ports, besides that Hyppoplace in Cilicia.

[3] Ἐν μακάρων νήσοισι, *in beatorum insulis ;* of which Fortunate Islands, vide Hom. Odyss. 8.

[4] Γένος ἐστὶ σιδήρεον, *cujus genus est ferreum*. This fifth Age he only prophesied of, almost three thousand years since ; which falling out in this age especially true shows how divine a truth inspired him ; and whether it be lawful or not, with Plato and all the formerly learned, to give these worthiest poets the commendation of divine.

[1] Χειροδίκαι, *quibus jus est in manibus;* all this Ovid translates : *Nec hospes ab hospite tutus, non socer à genero ; fratrum quoque gratia rara est.*

[2] Δυσκέλαδος, *male seu graviter sonans;* κακόχαρτος, *malis gaudens, vel quo mali gaudent et delectantur, vel alienis insultans calamitatibus ; στυγεροῶπης, inviso aspectu, et torvis oculis cernens ;* all epithets of ζῆλος.

In touch of those societies) shall fly
Up to the Gods' immortal family,
From broad-way'd earth : and leave grave griefs to men,
That (desperate of amends) must bear all then.
But now to kings a fable I'll obtrude,
Though clear they savour all it can include :
The hawk[1] once having truss'd up in his seres
The sweet-tuned nightingale, and to the spheres
His prey transferring, with his talons she
Pinch'd too extremely, and incessantly
Crying for auguish, this imperious speech
He gave the poor bird : "Why complain'st thou, wretch?
One holds thee now that is thy mightier far :
Go as he guides, though ne'er so singular
Thou art a singer ; it lies now in me
To make thee sup me, or to set thee free.
Fool that thou art, whoever will contend
With one whose faculties his own transcend,
Both fails of conquest, and is likewise sure
Besides his wrong he shall bad words endure."
Thus spake the swift and broad-wing'd bird of prey.
But hear[2] thou justice, and hate injury.
Wrong touches near a miserable man ;
For, though most patient, yet he hardly can
Forbear just words, and feel injurious deeds.
Unjust loads vex ; he hardly bears that bleeds.
And yet hath Wrong to Right a better way,
For in the end will Justice win the day.

Till which who bears, sees then, amends arise ;
The fool[1] first suffers, and is after wise.
But crooked[2] Justice jointly hooks with it
Injurious Perjury ; and that unfit
Outrage bribed judges use, that makes them draw
The way their gilts go, ever cuts out law
By crooked measures. Equal Justice then,
All clad in air, th' ill minds of bribed men
Comes after mourning : mourns the city's ill,
Which, where she is expell'd, she brings in still.
But those that with impartial dooms extend
As well to strangers as their household friend
The law's pure truth, and will in no point stray
From forth the straight tract of the equal way,
With such, the city, all things noble nourish ;
With such, the people in their profits flourish.
Sweet Peace along the land goes, nor to them
All-seeing Jove will destinate th' extreme
Of baneful war. No hunger ever comes,
No ill, where judges use impartial dooms.
But goods well got maintain still neighbour feasts ;
The fields flow there with lawful interests :
On hills the high oak acorns bears ; in dales
Th' industrious bee her honey sweet exhales,
And full-fell'd sheep are shorn with festivals ;

[1] Ἴσηξ, *accipiter*. The manners of the mighty towards the mean are figured in this fiction by the nightingale understanding learned and virtuous men. The following verse, ἄφρων, *imprudens*, &c., follows the most sacred letter, *non esse reluctandum potentioribus*.

[2] Ὦ Πέρση. He speaks to his brother and returns to his first proposition ; of the fit contention to which he persuaded him before ; and though shame and injustice are fled in others, yet he wisheth him to love and embrace them. The elegant description immediately before being truly philosophical, and is handled at large by Plato in Protagoras.

[1] Παθὼν νήπιος, *passus vero stultus sapit*, which was since usurped proverbially ; signifying that wisdom to be folly that we learn but of our own first suffered afflictions, which yet I think far exceeds any wisdom that was never taught nor confirmed by first feeling infortunes and calamities.

[2] Σκολιῇσι δίκῃσιν properly signifies *curvis vel tortuosis judiciis*, which, he says, ravish together with them perjury. Alluding to crooked things, or things wrapt together like brambles, that catch and keep with them whatsoever touches them. Our proverb, to overtake with a crooked measure, not ridiculously applied to this grave metaphor ; σκολιαὶ δίκαι, not signifying in this place what our critics teach, *vid. lites iniquas*, but *judicia iniqua seu tortuosa*.

There women bring forth children like their sire,
And all, in all kinds, find their own entire;
Nor ever plough they up the barren seas,
Their own fat fields yield store enough to please.
But whom rude Injury delights, and acts
That misery and tyranny contracts,
Sharp-sighted Jove for such predestines pain;
And oftentimes[1] the whole land doth sustain,
For one man's wickedness, that thriving in
Inequal dooms, still makes his sentence him.
For where such men bear privileged office still,
There Jove pours down whole deluges of ill;
Famine and Pestilence together go;
The people perish; women barren grow;
Whole houses vanish there sometimes in peace;
And sometimes armies, raised to shield th' increase
The Gods late gave them, even those Gods destroy,
Their rampires ruin, and let Rapine joy
The goods Injustice gather'd; or, elsewhere,
Jove sinks their ships, and leaves their ventures there.
Weigh then yourselves[2] this justice, O ye kings;
For howsoever oft unequal things
Obtain their pass, they pass not so the eyes
Of all the all-discerning Deities;
For close and conversant their virtues be
With men; and, how they grate each other, see,
With wrested judgments; yielding no cares due
To those sure wreaks with which the Gods pursue
Unequal judges. Though on earth there are
Innumerable Gods that minister
Beneath great Jove, that keep men, clad in air,
Corrupt dooms noting, and each false affair,
And, gliding through the earth, are everywhere.
Justice is seed to Jove, in all fame dear,
And reverend to the Gods, inhabiting Heaven,
And still a Virgin; whom when men ill-given
Hurt, and abhorring from the right, shall wrong;
She, for redress, to Jove her sire complains
Of the unjust mind every man sustains,
And prays the people may repay the pains
Their kings have forfeited in their offences,
Depraving justice, and the genuine senses
Of laws corrupted in their sentences.
Observing this, ye gift-devouring kings,
Correct your sentences; and to their springs
Remember ever to reduce those streams
Whose crooked courses every man condemns.
Whoever forgeth for another ill,
With it himself is overtaken still.
In ill, men run on that they most abhor;
Ill counsel worst is to the counsellor.
For Jove's eye all things seeing, and knowing all,
Even these things, if he will, of force must fall
Within his sight and knowledge; nor to him
Can these bribed dooms in cities shine so dim
But he discerns them, and will pay them pain;

[1] Πολλάκι. Oftentimes for one ill man a whole city suffers; which sentence, in near the same words, is used in Ecclesiastes, *Sæpe universa civitas mali viri pœnam luit.* And as before he recounts the blessings that accompany good kings or judges, so here he remembers the plagues that pursue the bad, enforcing in both, as I may say, the ebbing or flowing of every commonwealth by them. For law being soul to every such politic body, and judges, as if essence to that soul, in giving it form and being, according to their sentence and expositions of it, the body politic of force must fare well or ill, as it is governed well or ill; no otherwise than as the body of a man suffers good or ill by his soul's good or bad information and discipline. These threats used here, saith Melancthon, as in divers other places of this divine poet, he questionless gathered out of the doctrine of Moses and the Prophets, with whom the like comminations are everywhere frequent.

[2] Καὶ αὐτοὶ. He would have judges enter into consideration themselves of the dangers in injustice, which presently after he reduces into three arguments. The first, οἱ αὐτῷ, *sibi ipsi*, which sentence to admiration agrees to that of the Scripture, *Incidit in foveam quam fecit*; the second for fear of further punishment from God; the third he makes out of the natural indignity and absurdity of the thing.

Else would not I live justly amongst men,
Nor to my justice frame my children,
If to be just is ever to be ill,
And that the unjust finds most justice still,
And Jove gave each man in the end his will.
But he that loves the lightning, I conceive,
To these things thus will no conclusion give.
However, Perses,[1] put these in thy heart,
And to the equity of things convert
Thy mind's whole forces; all thought striking dead
To that foul Rapine, that hath now such head.
For in our manhoods, Jove hath justice closed;
And as a law upon our souls imposed.
Fish, fowl, and savage beasts (whose law is power),
Jove lets each other mutually devour,
Because they lack the equity he gives
To govern men, as far best for their lives;
And therefore men should follow it with strives.
For he that knows the justice of a cause,
And will in public ministry of laws
Give sentence to his knowledge, be he sure
God will enrich him. But who dares abjure
His conscious knowledge, and belie the law,
Past cure will that wound in his conscience draw,
And for his radiance now his race shall be
The deeper plunged in all obscurity.
The just man's state shall in his seed exceed,
And, after him, breed honours as they breed.

But why men's ills prevail so much with them,
I, that the good know, will uncloud the beam
In whose light lies the reason. With much ease
To Vice and her love, men may make access;
Such crews in rout herd to her, and her court
So passing near lies, their way sweet and short;
But before Virtue[1] do the Gods rain sweat,
Through which, with toil and half-dissolved feet,
You must wade to her; her path long and steep,
And at your entry 'tis so sharp and deep.
But scaling once her height, the joy is more
Than all the pain she put you to before.
The pain at first, then, both to love and know
Justice and Virtue, and those few that go
Their rugged way, is cause 'tis follow'd least.
Of all men,[2] therefore, he is always best

[1] Ὦ Πέρση. He persuades his brother to the love of justice by argument taken from the true nature of man, that, by virtue of his divine soul, naturally loves it; because God infused into that divine beam of his, being immortal, a love to that that preserved immortality, without that immortal destruction affected in injustice. Fishes, beasts, and fowls, endued naturally with no such love to justice, but allowed by God to do like themselves and devour one another; which that men should do as well as they, is most inhuman and full of confusion, as well in their deformed mixture as in the ruin that inseparably follows it. But his confidence here, that whosoever will do justice freely, and without respect of riches, God will enrich him, and that the worse-inclined will feel it in the hell of his conscience, the other's seed prospering beyond himself, is truly religious and right Christian.

[1] Τῆς δ' ἀρετῆς, *ante virtutem.* His argument to persuade to virtue here is taken both from her own natural fate and the divine disposition of God; for as she hath a body, being supposed the virtue of man, and through the worthily exercised and instructed organs of that body, her soul receives her excitation to all her expressible knowledge (for *dati sunt sensus ad excitandum intellectum*), so to the love and habit of knowledge and virtue there is first necessarily required a laborious and painful conflict, fought through the knowledge and hate of the miseries and beastliness of vice. And this painful passage to Virtue Virgil imitated in his translation of the Pythagorean letter Y. Ἱδρὼς, or *sudor*, is to be understood of sweat, *ex labore et fatigatione orto.*

[2] Οὗτος μὲν πανάριστος. He tells here who is at all parts the best and happiest man; which Virgil even to a word almost recites, and therefore more than imitates, in this, *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, &c.*, wherein our divine and all-teaching poet since describes three sorts of men; one that loves virtue out of knowledge acquired and elaborate, which the philosopher calls *scientiam acquisitam;* the second, that loves her out of admonition, which he calls *infusam scientiam;* the third is he that hath neither of those two knowledges, nor is capable of either, having both these ignorances in him; viz., *ignorantiam pravæ dispositionis* and *puræ negationis.* Livy, as well as Virgil, recites this place almost *ad verbum, in Fabio et Minutio,* in these words, *Sæpe ego audivi, milites, eum*

That, not depending on the mightiest,
Nor on the most; hath of himself described
All things becoming; and goes fortified
In his own knowledge so far as t'intend
What now is best, and will be best at th' end.
Yet he is good, too, and enough doth know,
That only follows, being admonish'd how.
But he that neither of himself can tell
What fits a man, nor being admonish'd well
Will give his mind to learn, but flat refuse,
That man cast out from every humane use.
Do thou, then, ever in thy memory place
My precepts, Perses, sprung of sacred race;
And work out what thou know'st not, that with hate
Famine may prosecute thy full estate,
And rich-wreathed Ceres (reverenced of all)
Love thee as much, and make her festival
Amidst thy granaries. Famine evermore
Is natural consort of the idle boor.
Whoever idly lives, both Gods and men
Pursue with hateful and still-punishing spleen.
The slothful man is like the stingless drone,
That all his power and disposition
Employs to rob the labours of the bee,
And with his sloth devour her industry.
Do thou repose thy special pleasure, then,
In still being conversant with temperate pain,
That to thee still the Seasons may send home
Their utmost store. With labour men become
Herd-full and rich; with labour thou shalt prove
Great both in human and the Deities love.
One with another, all combined in one,
Hate with infernal horror th' idle drone.
Labour, and thrive, and the idle 'twill inflame.
No shame to labour; sloth is yoked with shame.
Glory and Virtue into consort fall
With wealth; wealth, Godlike, wins the grace of all;

primum esse virum qui ipse consulat quid in rem sit; secundum eum qui bene monenti obediat; qui nec ipse consulere nec alteri parere scit eum extremi ingenii esse.

Since which, yet, springs out of the root of pain,
Pain[1] hath precedence, so thou dost maintain
The temper fitting; and the foolish vein
Of striving for the wealth of other men
Thou givest no vent; but on thine own affairs
Convert'st thy mind, and thereon lay'st thy cares.
And then put on with all the spirit you can;
Shame is not good in any needy man.
Shame much obscures, and makes as much to fame;
Wealth loves audacity, Want favours shame.
Riches, not ravish'd, but divinely sent
For virtuous labour, are most permanent.
If any stand on force, and get wealth so,
Or with the tongue spoil, as a number do;
When gain, or craft, doth overgo the soul,
And impudence doth honest shame control;
God easily can the so-made-great disgrace,
And his house, raised so, can as easily raze.
Riches bear date but of a little space.
Who wrongs[2] an humble suppliant, doth offend
As much as he that wrongs a guest, or friend.
Who for his brother's wife's love doth ascend
His brother's bed, and hath his vicious end,
Offends no more than he that doth deceive
An orphan of the goods his parents leave;
Or he that in the wretched bounds of age
Reviles his father. All these Jove enrage;
And shall receive of him revenge at last,
Inflicting all pains that till then they past.

[1] Ἐργάζεσθαι, *laborare autem melius.* Notwithstanding he hath no other way to persuade his unwise brother to follow his business, and leave his strife in law for other men's goods, but to propose wealth and honour for the fruits of it; yet he prefers labour alone, joined with love of virtue and justice, and the good expense of a man's time, before wealth and honour with covetousness and contention.

[2] Ἴσον δ' ὃς, *par est delictum.* He says it is as great a sin to wrong a poor suppliant as to wrong a man's best friend or guest, which was then held one of the greatest impieties; and to deceive an orphan of his dead parent's gift he affirms to be nothing less an offence than to ascend to the bed of his brother; not that he makes all sins alike, but shows how horrible those sins are with which we are most familiar.

From all these, therefore, turn thy striving mind,
And to thy utmost see the Gods assign'd,
Chastely and purely, all their holy dues.
Burn fattest thighs to them; and sometimes use
Offerings of wine: sometimes serve their delights
With burning incense; both when bed-time cites,
And when from bed the sacred morning calls;
That thou mayst render the Celestials
All ways propitious; and so none else gather
Thy fortunes strow'd, but thou reap others' rather.
Suffer thy foe thy table; call thy friend
In chief one near; for if occasion send
Thy household use of neighbours, they undress'd
Will haste to thee, where thy allies will rest
Till they be ready. An ill neighbour is
A curse; a good one is as great a bliss.
He hath a treasure, by his fortune sign'd,
That hath a neighbour of an honest mind.
No loss of ox, or horse, a man shall bear,
Unless a wicked neighbour dwell too near.
Just measure take of neighbours, just repay,
The same received, and more, if more thou may.
That after needing, thou mayst after find
Thy wants' supplier of as free a mind.
Take[1] no ill gain; ill gain brings loss as ill.
Aid quit with aid; good-will pay with good-will.
Give him that hath given; him that hath not give not;
Givers men give; gifts to no givers thrive not.
Giving is good, rapine is deadly ill.
Who freely gives, though much, rejoiceth still;
Who ravines is so wretched, that, though small
His forced gift be, he grieves as if 'twere all.
Little to little added, if oft done,
In small time makes a great possession.
Who adds to what is got, needs never fear
That swarth-cheek'd[2] hunger will devour his cheer;
Nor will it hurt[1] a man, though something more
Than serves mere need, he lays at home in store.
And, best at home, it may go less abroad.
If cause call forth, at home provide thy road
Enough for all needs, for free spirits die
To want, being absent from their own supply.
Which note, I charge thee. At thy purse's height,[2]
And when it fights low, give thy use his freight;
When in the midst thou art, then check the blood;
Frugality at bottom is not good.
Even with thy brother think a witness[3] by,
When thou wouldst laugh, or converse liberally;
Despair hurts none, beyond credulity.
Let never neat-girt[4] dame, that all her wealth
Lays on her waist, make profit of her stealth
On thy true judgment; nor be heard to feign
With her fork'd tongue, so far forth as to gain

[1] Κακὰ κερδεα, *mala lucra æqualia in damnis.* According to this of the Scripture, *Male partum male disperit; et de male quæsitis non gaudet tertius hæres.*

[2] Αἴθοπα λιμὸν, *atram famem.* Black or swarth he calls famine or hunger; *ab effectu quod nigrum aut lucidum colorem inducat.*

[1] Οὐδὲ. He says it will not hurt a man to have a little more than needs merely laid up at home: as we say, it will eat a man no meat; and prefers keeping a man's store at home to putting it forth, for it may go less so, as often it doth.

[2] Ἀρχομένου, *incipiente dolio.* At the beginning or height of a man's store he adviseth liberality, and at the bottom; in the midst, frugality; admonishing therein not to be prodigal, nor sordid or wretched; but, as at the top of the cask wine is the weakest and thinnest, because it is most near the air, and therefore may there be best spent, at the bottom full of lees, and so may there be best spared, in the midst neatest and briskest, and should be then most made of or husbanded; so in the midst of a man's purse he adviseth parsimony.

[3] Ἐπὶ μάρτυρα θέσθαι, *testem adhibeto.* The critics expound it as if a man, talking privately and liberally with his brother, should confer so securely that he must ever bring a witness with him of what words passed him; and the critics intend it personally, where the word θέσθαι signifies here only *supputa, cogita,* hypothetically, or by way of supposition; θέσθαι coming of τίθημι, *i.e.*, θέσιν *et* ὑπόθεσιν, *facio, esto ut ita sit:* suppose there were a witness by; and be as circumspect in speeches with your brother, even in your most private and free discourse, as if you supposed a third man heard you. The other exposition is to be exploded.

[4] Πυγόστολος, *qui vel quæ clunes exornat.*

Thy candle-rent (she calls it). He that gives
A woman trust, doth trust a den of thieves.
One only[1] son preserves a family,
As feeding it with only fit supply.

[1] Μουνογενῆς, *unigenitus.* He says one only son preserves his father's house, and adds most ingeniously, φέρβεμεν, i.e., *pascendo seu nutriendo;* intending that he adds only necessary vital fuel, as 'twere, to his father's decaying fire; where many sons oftentimes rather famish or extinguish a family than nourish or fuel it; and yet he adds, most gravely and piously, that God can easily give store of goods fit for the greatest store of children; but yet the more children the more care; and speaking to the happiest state of a family, he prefers one supplier to many.

And that house to all height his riches rears
Whose sire dies old, and leaves a son of years.
To many children, too, God easily spares
Wealth store; but still, more children the more cares,
And to the house the more access is made.
If, then, the hearty love of wealth invade
Thy thrifty mind; perform what follows here;
And, one work done,[1] with others serve the year.

[1] Ὦ ἐρδειν, *sic facito.* A general conclusion, and transition to his doctrine of the next book.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE SECOND BOOK OF GEORGICS.

WHEN, Atlas'[1] birth, the Pleiades arise,
Harvest begin; plough when they leave the skies.
Twice twenty days and nights these hide their heads;
The year then turning, leave again their beds,
And show when first to whet the harvest steel.
This likewise is the law the fields must feel,
Both with sea-dwellers, near and high, and those
Whose winding valleys Neptune overflows;
That fenny[2] grounds and marshes dwell upon,
Along the fat and fruitful region.
But, wheresoever thou inhabit'st, ply
The fields before fierce winter's cruelty

[1] He begins his Works, to which immediately before he prepares his brother; this whole book containing precepts of husbandry, both for field and family. By the ascent and set of the Pleiades is shown the harvest and seed season, as well for ground near the seas as the far distant. The Pleiades, called the daughters of Atlas, are the seven stars in the back of the Bull, which the Latins called *Vergilias;* when which are seen near the sun rising, which is in June, he appoints entry on harvest affairs; when in the morning they leave this hemisphere, which is in November, he designs seed-time.

[2] Ἄγκεα, *palustrem terram significat.*

Oppress thy pains, when thou may'st naked plough,
Naked cast in thy seed, and naked mow,
If timely thou wilt bear into thy barn
The works of Ceres; and to that end learn
As timely to prepare thy whole increase;
Lest, in the meantime, thy necessities
Importune thee at others' doors to stand,
And beg supplies to thy unthrifty hand;
As now thou comest to me: but I no more
Will give or lend thee, what thou may'st restore
By equal measure, nor will trust thee so.
Labour, vain Perses, and those labours do,
That, by the certain sign of beggary
Demonstrated[1] in idle drones, thine eye
May learn the work that equal Deity
Imposeth of necessity on men;
Lest with thy wife, and wanting childeren
(Thy mind much grieved), thou seek'st of neighbours food,
Thine own means failing. Men grow cold in good.
Some twice, or thrice, perhaps, thy neighbour will
Supply thy wants; whom if thou troublest still,
Thou comest off empty, and to air dost strain
A world of words; words' store make wanting men.

[1] Διατεκμάιρομαι, *per signum demonstro ita ut conjectare sit facile.*

I charge thee, therefore, see thy thoughts employ'd
To pay thy debts, and how thou may'st avoid
Deserved famine. To which end, first see
Thy wife well order'd, and thy family;
The plough-drawn ox; thy maid,[1] without her spouse,
And wisely hired; that business in thy house
May first work off, and then to tillage come.
To both which offices make fit at home
Everything needful, lest abroad thou send
To ask another, and he will not lend;
Meantime thou want'st them, time flies fast away,
Thy work undone, which not from day to day
Thou should'st defer; the work-deferrer[2] never
Sees full his barn; nor he that leaves work ever,
And still is gadding out. Care-flying[3] ease
Gives labour ever competent increase,
He[4] that with doubt his needful business crosses
Is ever wrastling with his certain losses.
When, therefore, of the swift-sharp-sighted[5] sun
The chief force faints, and sweating heat[6] is done;
Autumn grown old,[7] and opening his last vein;
And great Jove steeping all things in his rain;
Man's body changed, and made more lightsome far;
For then but small time shines the Sirian star
Above the heads of hard-fate-foster'd[1] man,
Rising near day, and his beams Austrian
Enjoy'd in night most; when, I say, all this
Follows the season, and the forest[2] is
Sound, being fell'd; his leaves upon the ground
Before let fall, and leaving what they crown'd:
Then constantly take time to fell thy wood,
Of husbandry the time kept is the blood.
Cut, then, your three-foot[3] quern; whose pestle cut
Three cubits long; your axletree seven foot:
If it be eight foot, cut your mallet thence;
The felfs, that make your cart's circumference,
Cut three spans long. Many crook'd pieces more,
Ten palms in length, fell for your waggons' store.
All which poor rules a rich convenience yield.
If thou shalt find a culter in the field,
Or on the mountain, either elm or oak,
Convey it home; since, for thy beasts of yoke
To plough withal, 'twill most his strength maintain;
And, chiefly, if[4] Athenian Ceres' swain
It fixing to the draught-tree, lest it fails,
Shall fit it to the handles' stay with nails.
Two ploughs compose, to find thee work at home,
One with a share that of itself doth come
From forth the plough's whole piece, and one set on;
Since so 'tis better much, for, either gone,
With th' other thou may'st instantly impose
Work on thy oxen. On the laurel grows
And on the elm, your best plough-handles ever;
Of oak your draught-tree; from the maple never

[1] Κτητὴν, *famulam consideratè acquisitam.* He would have her likewise unmarried, οὐ γαμετὴν, *non nuptam;* his reason he shows after.

[2] Ἐτωσιοεργὸς, *non assiduus in opere.*

[3] Μελέτη, *cura cum industriâ et exercitatione.*

[4] Ἀμβολιεργὸς, *qui opus de die in diem dubitat et procrastinat.*

[5] Ὀξέος ἠελίοιο, *metaphoricè accipitur pro acumine et visus celeritate.*

[6] Ἰδάλιμος, *sudorificus humidus calor* does not express the word, being so turned in the verbal translation.

[7] Μετοπωρινὸς, *qui extremi et senescentis Autumni est.*

[1] Κηριτρεφὴς, *qui una cum lethifero fato alitur, vel qui educatur inter multas duræ sortis miserias,* the most fit epithet of man.

[2] *Pro sylvâ.*

[3] Ὅλμον. A kind of mortar to bray corn in, which the ancients used for a little mill or quern.

[4] Ἀθηναίης δμῶος, *Atticæ Cereris servus;* a periphrasis of a ploughman; she being called Attic Ceres, *quod ipsa Athenienses, adeoque omnes homines, de frugibus docuerit.*

Go for your culter ; for your oxen choose
Two males of nine years old, for then their use
Is most available, since their strengths are then
Not of the weakest, and the youthful mean
Sticks in their nerves still ; nor will these contend
With skittish tricks, when they their stitch should end,
To break their plough, and leave their work undone.
These let a youth of forty[1] wait upon,
Whose bread at meals in four good shivers cut,
Eight bits in every shive ; for that man,[2] put
To his fit task, will see it done past talk
With any fellow, nor will ever balk
In any stitch he makes, but give his mind
With care t' his labour. And this man, no hind
(Though much his younger) shall his better be,
At sowing seed, and, shunning skilfully
Need to go over his whole work again.
Your younger man feeds still a flying vein
From his set task, to hold his equals chat,
And trifles works he should be serious at.
Take notice, then, when thou the crane shalt hear
Aloft out of the clouds her clanges rear,
That then he gives thee signal when to sow,
And Winter's wrathful season doth foreshow.
And then the man, that can no oxen get,
Or wants the season's work, his heart doth eat.
Then feed thy oxen in the house with hay ;
Which he that wants with ease enough will say,
"Let me, alike, thy wain and oxen use."
Which 'tis as easy for thee to refuse,
And say thy ox-work then importunes much.
He that is rich in brain will answer such :
"Work up thyself a waggon of thine own ;"
For to the foolish borrower is not known
That each wain asks a hundred joints of wood ;
These things ask forecast, and thou shouldst make good
At home before thy need so instant stood.
When, therefore, first, fit plough-time doth disclose,
Put on with spirit ; all, as one, dispose
Thy servants and thyself ; plough wet and dry ;
And when Aurora first affords her eye,
In Spring-time, turn the earth up ; which see done
Again, past all fail, by the Summer's sun.
Hasten thy labours, that thy crowned fields
May load themselves to thee, and rack their yields.
The tilth-field sow on earth's most light foundations ;
The tilth-field,[1] banisher of execrations,
Pleaser of sons and daughters ; which, t' improve
With all wish'd profits, pray to earthly Jove,
And virtuous Ceres, that on all such suits
Her sacred gift bestows in blessing fruits.
When first thou enter'st foot to plough thy land,
And on thy plough-staff's top hast laid thy hand,
Thy oxen's backs, that next thee by a chain
Thy oaken draught-tree draw, put to the pain
Thy goad imposes ; and thy boy behind,
That with his iron rake thou hast design'd
To hide thy seed, let from his labour drive
The birds that offer on thy sweat to live.
The best thing that in human needs doth fall
Is Industry, and Sloth the worst of all.
With one, thy corn-ears shall with fruit abound,

[1] Τετράτρυφον, ὀκτάβλωμον, *quadrifidum, octo morsuum.* He commends a man of forty for a most fit servant ; and therefore prescribes allowance of bread to his meals something extraordinary, saying he would have allowed four shives of bread at a meal to his meat, every shive containing eight bits or morsels ; not that the whole four shives should contain but eight morsels, as the critics expound it ; for how absurd is it to imagine a shive of bread but two bits, and how pinching a diet it were for an able ploughman.

[2] Ὃς κ' ἔργον. *Qui quidem opus curans, et ætatis quam in servo requirit* (says Melancthon) *rationes addit admodum graves, sentitque multum situm esse in maturitate ætatis.* Forty years then being but a youth's age.

[1] Νειὸς ἀλεξιάρη, *novalis imprecationum expultrix.* The tilth-field he calls banisher of execrations, and pleaser of sons and daughters ; first, because rude husbandmen use to curse when their crops answer not their expectations ; and next, it pleases sons and daughters since it helps add to their portions.

And bow their thankful foreheads to the ground;
With th' other, scarce thy seed again redound.
When Jove, then, gives this good end to thy pain,
Amidst the vessels that preserve thy grain
No spiders then shall need t' usurp their room,
But thou, I think, rejoice, and rest at home;
Provision inn'd enough of everything
To give thee glad heart till the neighbour Spring;
Not go to others to supply thy store,
But others need to come to thee for more.
If at the sun's conversion thou shalt sow
The sacred earth, thou then may'st sit[1] and mow
Or reap in harvest; such a little pain
Will serve thy use to sell thy thin-grown grain,
And reaps so scanty will take up thy hand;
Thou hid in dust, not comforted a sand,
But gather 'gainst the grain. Thou shouldst be then
Coop'd in a basket up; for worldly men
Admire no unthrifts: Honour goes by gain.
As times still change, so changeth Jove his mind,
Whose seasons mortal men can hardly find.
But if thou shouldst sow late, this well may be,
In all thy slackness, an excuse for thee:
When in the oak's green arms the cuckoo sings,
And first delights men in the lovely springs,
If much rain fall, 'tis fit then to defer
Thy sowing work; but how much rain to bear,
And let no labour to that Much give ear
Past intermission, let Jove steep the grass
Three days together, so he do not pass
An ox's hoof in depth, and never stay
To strow thy seed in; but if deeper way
Jove with his rain makes, then forbear the field;
For late-sown then will past the foremost yield.
Mind well all this; nor let it fly thy powers
To know what fits the white Spring's early flowers;

[1] Ἥμενος, *sedens*. He disproves sowing at the winter solstice, and says he that doth sow then, may sit and reap for any labour his crop will require; a reap they call as much as at once the reaper grasps in his hand.

Nor when rains timely fall; nor, when sharp cold
In winter's wrath doth men from work withhold,
Sit by smiths' forges,[1] nor warm taverns[2] haunt,
Nor let the bitterest of the season daunt
Thy thrift-arm'd pains, like idle Poverty;
For then the time is when th' industrious thigh
Upholds, with all increase, his family.
With whose rich hardness spirited, do thou
Poor Delicacy fly; lest, frost and snow
Fled for her love, Hunger sit both them out,
And make thee, with the beggar's lazy gout,
Sit stooping to the pain, still pointing to't,
And with a lean[3] hand stroke a foggy foot.
The slothful man, expecting many things
With his vain hope, that cannot stretch her wings
Past need of necessaries for his kind,
Turns,[4] like a whirlpit, over in his mind
All means that rapine prompts to th' idle hind;
Sits in the tavern, and finds means to spend
Ill got, and ever doth to worse contend.

[1] Χάλκειον θῶκον, *æneam sedem*. By which he understands smiths' forges, where the poorer sort of Greece used to sit, as they do still in the winter amongst us, and as amongst the Romans, *in tonstrinis*, or barbers' shops.

[2] Ἐπαλέα λέσχην, *calidam tabernam*. These λέσχαι were of old said to hold the meetings of philosophers; and after, because amongst them mixed idle talkers over cups, they were called λέσχαι, *nugæ*, λεσχηνία, *loquacitas* or *garrulitas*.

[3] Λεπτῇ δὲ, *macilentâ vero crassum pedem manu premas*. Aristotle in his Problems, as out of this place, affirms that daily and continual hunger makes men's feet and ankles swell; and by the same reason *superiores partes extenuantur et macrescunt*, for which Hesiod uses this ingenious allusion to his brother, advising him to take heed *ne pedem tumefactum tenui manu demulcere oporteat; πιέζω*, signifying here *demulceo*, not *stringendo crucio*, or *premo*, as it is usually rendered. But (for the pain) stroke or touch it softly, for some ease to it, though it doth little good to it, but only makes good the proverb, *Ubi dolor, ibi digitus*.

[4] Κακὰ προσελέξατο, *mala intra animum versat*. And therefore, says Melancthon, out of Columella, *homines nihil agendo male agere discunt*; but προσελεξάτο signifies not only *versat*, but *instar undarum fluvii vel voraginis versat*.

When Summer, therefore, in her tropic sits,
Make thou thy servants wear their winter wits,
And tell them this, ere that warm season waste,
Make nests, for Summer will not ever last.
The month of January's[1] all-ill days,
For oxen's good, shun now by July's rays.
When air's chill North[2] his noisome frosts shall blow
All over earth, and all the wide sea throw
At heaven in hills, from cold horse-breeding Thrace;
The beaten earth, and all her sylvan race,
Roaring and bellowing with his bitter strokes:
Plumps of thick fir-trees and high-crested oaks
Torn up in valleys, all air's flood let fly
In him, at Earth, sad nurse of all that die.
Wild beasts abhor him, and run clapping close
Their sterns betwixt their thighs; and even all those
Whose hides their fleeces line with highest proof,
Even ox-hides also want expulsive stuff,
And bristled goats, against his bitter gale;
He blows so cold he beats quite through them all.
Only with silly sheep it fares not so;
For they, each summer fleeced, their fells so grow,
They shield all winter, crush'd into his wind.
He makes the old man trudge for life, to find
Shelter against him; but he cannot blast
The tender and the delicately-graced
Flesh of the virgin; she is kept within
Close by her mother, careful of her skin,
Since yet she never knew how to enfold
The force of Venus swimming all in gold.
Whose snowy bosom, choicely wash'd and balm'd
With wealthy oils, she keeps the house becalm'd
All winter's spite; when in his fireless shed
And miserable roof still hiding head,
The boneless[1] fish doth eat his feet for cold,
To whom the sun doth never food unfold,
But turns above the black men's populous towers,
On whom he more bestows his radiant hours
Than on th' Hellenians;[2] then all beasts of horn,
And smooth-brow'd, that in beds of wood are born
About the oaken dales, that north-wind fly,
Gnashing their teeth with restless misery;
And everywhere that care solicits all
That, out of shelter, to their coverts fall,
And caverns eaten into rocks; and then
Those wild beasts shrink, like tame three footed[3] men
Whose backs are broke with age, and foreheads driven
To stoop to earth, though born to look on heaven.
Even like to these, those tough-bred rude ones go,
Flying the white drifts of the northern snow.
Then put thy body's best munition on,
Soft waistcoats, weeds that th' ankles trail upon;
And with a little linen weave much wool
In forewoven webs, and make thy garments full.
And these put on thee; lest thy harsh-grown hair
Tremble upon thee, and into the air
Start, as affrighted; all that breast of thine
Pointed with bristles[4] like a porcupine.
About thy feet see fitted shoes be tied,
Made of a strongly-dying ox's hide,

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[1] Μῆνα δὲ Ληναιῶνα, *mensis in quo festum in honorem Lenei celebratur.* Bacchus being called ληναῖος, *quoniam torcularibus et vini expressioni præest;* and because his feast used to be solemnized in January, Ληναιῶν is called *Januarium.*

[2] Πνεύσαντος βορέαο, *flante Borea hiemis tempus, et mensem Boreali frigore gravissimum copiose et eleganter describsit,* says Melancthon.

[1] Ἀνόστεος, *exossis.* He intends the polypus, that hath no bones, but a gristle for his backbone.

[2] Παν ελλήνεσσι. Hellen was son to Deucalion, of whom, as being author of that nation, Ἕλλην, *dicitur Græcus, ut testatur,* Plinius, lib. 4, cap. 7. The sun being in Sagittarius, is longer with the Æthiops, which are meridional, than with the Grecians.

[3] Τρίποδι βροτοὶ ἶσοι, *tripodi homini similes.* He calls old men helped with staves in their gait, three-footed.

[4] Ἀείρειν, *pennarum in more in altum erigere.*

Lined with wool socks;[1] besides, when those winds blow,
Thy first-fall'n kid-skins sure together sew
With ox's sinews, and about thee throw,
To be thy refuge 'gainst the soaking rain.
Upon thy head a quilted hat sustain,
That from thy ears may all air's spite expel.
When north-winds blow, the air is sharp and fell;
But morning air, that brings a warmth[2] withal
Down from the stars, and on the earth doth fall,
Expires a breath that, all things cheering then,
Is fit to crown the works of blessed men.
Which drawing out of floods that ever flow,
Wind-storms are raised on earth, that roughly blow;
And then sometimes a shower falls toward even,
And sometimes air in empty blasts is driven.
Which from the north-wind rising out of Thrace,
And gloomy clouds raised; haste thee home apace,
Thy work for that day done, th' event foreseen,
Lest out of Heaven a dark cloud hide thee clean,
Thy weeds wet through, and steep thee to the skin;
But shun it; for when this cold month comes in,
Extreme it is for sheep, extreme for men.
Take from thy oxen half their commons then,[3]
But mend thy servants'; for ingenious Night,
Then great in length, affects the appetite
With all contention, and alacrity
To all invention, and the scrutiny
Of all our objects; and must therefore feast
To make the spirits run high in their inquest.
These well observing, all the year's remain
The days and nights grow equal; till again
Earth, that of all things is the Mother Queen,
All fruits promiscuously brings forth for men.
When, after sixty turnings of the sun,
By Jove's decrees, all Winter's hours are run,
Then does the Evening-star,[1] Arcturus, rise,
And leave the unmeasured ocean; all men's eyes,
First noting then his beams; and, after him,
Before the clear morn's light hath chased the dim,
Pandion's Swallow breaks out with her moan,[2]
Made to the light, the Spring but new put on.
Preventing which, cut vines, for then 'tis best.
But when the horn'd house-bearer leaves his rest,
And climbs the plants, the seven Stars then in flight,
Nowhere dig vines, but scythes whet, and excite
Servants to work; fly shady tavern bowers,
And beds, as soon as light salutes the flowers.

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[1] Πίλοις, not *pilis*, as it is usually translated, but *soculis laneis*.

[2] Ἀὴρ πυροφόρος, *aer ignifer*, not *frugifer*, though fruits are the chief effects of it; but air that brings a comfortable fire with it, and he says, ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἀστερόεντος, *à cœlo stellifero*.

[3] Τῆμος, *tum*, &c. Then sharpen thy oxen's stomachs with taking away half their allowance, but give more to thy servants; his reason is, because the days being shorter by half then than in summer, and so take away half the work of the ox, therefore half their fother should be in equal husbandry abated. But since servants must work in night as well, and that the nights are much longer, he would have their commons increased; allowing even those bodily labourers, in a kind of proportion, the same that is fit for mental painstakers, students, &c.; for the word εὔφρονα, taken here for nights, is usurped for the effects of night, εὐφρονέων signifying *prudentiâ valens*, and εὐφρόνη is called night, *quod putaretur multum conferre ad inventionem eorum quæ quæruntur*, intending in studies and labours of the soul, especially the epithet ἐπίῤῥοθοι, signifying *auxilium seu inspirationem ferentes magnâ cum alacritate et contentione*. All that since therefore the words containing, a man may observe how verbal expositors slubber up these divine expressions with their contractions and going the next way.

[1] Ἀρκτοῦρος, *Arcturus*, is a star *sub zonâ Bootæ; oritur vespere, initio Veris*.

[2] Ὀρθρογόη, *ante lucano tempore quiritans*. The construction should be, not *prorumpit ad lucem*, but *lugens ad lucem*, since it came not soon enough to prevent the night's tyranny in *Tereus;* the fiction of which is too common to be repeated.

In harvest, when the sun the body dries,
Then haste and fetch the fields home; early rise,
That plenty may thy household wants suffice;
The morn the third part of thy work doth gain;
The morn makes short thy way, makes short thy pain;
The morn being once up fills the ways with all,
And yokes the ox, herself up, in his stall.
When once the thistle doth his flower prefer,
And on the tree the garrulous grasshopper,
Beneath her wings, all day and all night long
Sits pouring out her derisory song;
When Labour drinks, his boiling sweat to thrive;
Then goats grow fat; then best wine choose; then strive
Women for work most, and men least can do;
For then the Dog-star burns his drouth into
Their brains and knees, and all the body dries.
But then betake thee to the shade that lies
In shield of rocks; drink Biblian[1] wine, and eat
The creamy wafer, goats' milk that the teat
Gives newly free, and nurses kids no more;
Flesh of bough-browsing beeves that never bore,
And tender kids; and, to these, taste black wine,
The third part water,[2] of the crystalline
Still-flowing fount that feeds a stream beneath;
And sit in shades where temperate gales may breathe
On thy opposed cheeks, when Orion's rays
His influence in first ascent assays.
Then to thy labouring servants give command
To dight the sacred gift of Ceres' hand,
In some place windy, on a well-planed floor,
Which, all by measure, into vessels pour.
Make then thy man-swain one that hath no house,
Thy handmaid one that hath nor child nor spouse;
Handmaids that children have are ravenous.
A mastiff likewise nourish still at home,
Whose teeth[1] are sharp and close as any comb;
And meat him well, to keep with stronger guard
The day-sleep,[2] wake-night man from forth thy yard,
That else thy goods into his caves will bear.
Inn hay and chaff enough for all the year
To serve thy oxen and thy mules, and then
Loose them, and ease the dear knees of thy men.
When Sirius and Orion aspire
To heaven's steep height, and bright Arcturus' fire
The rosy-finger'd Morning sees arise,
O Perses, then thy vineyard faculties
See gather'd and got home; which twice five days
And nights, no less, expose to Phœbus' rays;
Then five days inn them, and in vessels close
The gift the gladness-causing God bestows.
But after that the Seven-stars and the Five
That 'twixt the Bull's horns at their set arrive,
Together with the great Orion's force,
Then ply thy plough as fits the season's course.
If of a chance-complaining[3] man at seas
The humour take thee, when the Pleiades
Hide head and fly the fierce Orion's chase,
And the dark-deep Oceanus embrace,
Then diverse gusts of violent winds arise;
And then attempt no naval enterprise,
But ply thy land-affairs, and draw ashore
Thy ship, and fence her round with stonage store,

[1] Βίβλινος, *Biblinum vinum dicitur a Bibliâ regione Thraciæ, ubi nobilissima vina sunt.*

[2] Τρεῖς ὕδατος, *tertiam aquæ partem infunde.* The Greeks never drunk *merum*, but *dilutum vinum*, wine allayed with water. Athenæus says that to two cups of wine sometimes they put five cups of water, and sometimes to four of wine but two of water, which they order according to the strength or weakness of their wine.

[1] Καρχαρόδους, *dentes inter se pectinatim coëuntes habens.*

[2] Ἡμερόκοιτος ἀνήρ, *die dormiens, nocte vigilante vir.* A periphrasis of a thief.

[3] Δυσπέμφελος, *qui de sorte suâ quæritur.*

To shield her ribs against the humorous gales;
Her pump exhausted, lest Jove's rainy falls
Breed putrefaction; all tools fit for her,
And all her tacklings to thy house confer;
Contracting orderly all needful things
That imp a water-treading vessel's wings.
Her well-wrought stern hang in the smoke at home,
Attending time, till fit sea-seasons come;
And then thy swift sail launch, conveying in
Burthen, that richly may that trade begin;
As did our father, who a voyage went
For want of an estate so competent
As free life ask'd; and long since landed here;
When he had measured the unmeasured sphere
Of all the sea, Æolian Cumas leaving,
Not flying[1] wealth, revenues great receiving,
And bliss itself possess'd in all fit store,
If wisely used; yet selling that t' explore
Strange countries, madly covetous of more;
But only shunning loathsome poverty,
Which yet Jove sends, and men should never fly.
The seat that he was left to dwell upon
Was set in Ascra, near to Helicon,
Amidst a miserable village there,
In winter vile, in summer noisomer,
And profitable never. Note thou, then,
To do all works, the proper season, when;
In sea-works chiefly: for whose use allow
A little ship, but in her bulk bestow
A great big burthen; the more ships sustain
The surer sail they, and heap gain on gain;
If seas run smooth and rugged gusts abstain.
When thy vain mind, then, would sea-ventures try,
In love the land-rocks of loathed Debt to fly,
And Hunger's[1] ever harsh-to-hear-of cry,
I'll set before thee all the trim and dress
Of those still-roaring, noise-resounding seas;
Though neither skill'd[2] in either ship or sail,
Nor ever was at sea; or, lest I fail,
But for Eubœa once; from Aulis, where
The Greeks, with tempest driven, for shore did steer
Their mighty navy, gather'd to employ
For sacred Greece 'gainst fair-dame-breeding Troy;
To Chalcis there I made by sea my pass;
And to the Games of great Amphidamas,[3]
Where many a fore-studied exercise
Was instituted, with exciteful prize,
For great and good and able-minded men;
And where I won, at the Pierian pen,
A three-ear'd tripod, which I offer'd on
The altars of the Maids of Helicon;
Where first their loves initiated me
In skill of their unworldly harmony.
But no more practice have my travails swet
In many-a-nail-composed ships; and yet
I'll sing what Jove's mind will suggest in mine,
Whose daughters taught my verse the rage divine.
Fifty days after heaven's converted heat,
When Summer's land-works are dissolved with sweat;
Then grows the navigable season fit;
For then no storms rise that thy sail may split,
Nor spoil thy sailors; if the God that sways
Th' earth-shaking trident do not overpaise,

[1] Οὐκ ἄφενος φεύγων, *non redditus seu divitias fugiens.* He blames those that having richly enough of their own, which they freely and safely possess ashore, will yet, with insatiate desire of more, venture the loss of all; which his father, he says, was not to be blamed for, in going to sea; who only took that course to avoid poverty; his means by land not enough to live withal freely.

[1] Ἀτερπέα λιμὸν, *famem auditu insuavem.*

[2] Οὔτε τι, *etsi neque navigandi peritus.* Melancthon, in this free confession of his unskilfulness in what he intended to teach, gives this note: *Removet se reprehensionem ob imperitiam; hic videmus, σοφίζειν, primo usurpatum fuisse, cum laude, pro docere et tradere aliquid eruditius præ aliis.*

[3] Ἀμφίδαμας, king of Eubœa, was slain in battle against the Erythræans; at whose funerals his sons instituted Games. And from hence Melancthon gathers, by that time in which the king died, Hesiod then living, that Homer lived a hundred years before him, and so could not be the man from whom our author is affirmed by some historians to win the prize he now speaks of.

With any counsel beforehand decreed,
The season's natural grace to thy good speed—
Nor Jove consent with his revengeful will,
In whom are fix'd the bounds of good and ill.
But in the usual temper of the year,
Easy to judge of, and distinguish clear,
Are both the winds and seas ; none rude, none cross,
Nor misaffected with the love of loss.
And therefore put to sea ; trust even the wind
Then, with thy swift ship ; but when thou shalt find
Fit freight for her, as fitly stow it straight ;
And all haste home make. For no new wine wait,
Nor aged Autumn's showers, nor Winter's falls
Then fast approaching, nor the noisome gales
The humorous South breathes, that incense the seas,
And raise[1] together in one series
Jove's Autumn dashes, that come smoking down,
And with his roughest brows make th' ocean frown.
But there's another season for the seas,
That in the first Spring others' choices please ;
When, look how much the crow takes at a stride,
So much, put forth, the young leaf is descried
On fig-tree tops ; but then the gusts so fall,
That oft the sea becomes impervial.
And yet this vernal season many use
For sea affairs ; which yet I would not choose ;
Nor gives it my mind any grateful taste,
Since then steals out so many a ravenous blast ;
Nor, but with much scathe thou canst 'scape thy bane,
Which yet men's greedy follies dare maintain.
Money is soul to miserable men,
And to it many men their souls bequeath.
To die in dark-seas is a dreadful death.
All this I charge thee, need to note no more ;
Nor in one vessel venture all thy store ;
But most part leave out, and impose the less ;
For 'tis a wretched thing t' endure distress
Incurr'd at sea ; and 'tis as ill, ashore
To use adventures, covetous of more
Than safety warrants, as upon thy wain
To lay on more load than it can sustain ;
For then thy axle breaks, thy goods diminish,
And thrift's mean means in violent avarice vanish.
The mean observed makes an exceeding state ;
Occasion took at all times equals Fate.
Thyself if well in years, thy wife take home
Not much past thirty, nor have much to come ;
But being young thyself, nuptials that seize
The times' best season in their acts are these ;
At fourteen[1] years a woman grows mature,
At fifteen wed her, and best means inure
To marry her a maid, to teach her then
Respect to thee, and chasteness t' other men.
In chief, choose one whose life is near[2] thee bred,
That her condition circularly weigh'd
(And that with care, too), in thy neighbours' eyes,
Thou wedd'st not, for a maid, their mockeries.
No purchase passes a good wife, no loss
Is than a bad wife a more cursed cross,
That must a gossip be at every feast,
And private cates provide too for her guest ;
And bear her husband ne'er so bold a breast,
Without a fire[3] burns in him even to rage,
And in his youth pours grief on him in age.

[1] Ὁμαρτήσας, *cœlestem imbrem secutus;* intending a following of those things *quæ serie quâdam continuâ se sequuntur.*

[1] Τέτρ'. Pollux expounds this word, which is usually taken for four, fourteen. Plato and Aristotle appoint the best time of women's marriages at eighteen.

[2] Ἐγγύθι ναίει, *quæ prope te habitat.* His counsel is, to marry a maid bred near a man, whose breeding and behaviour he hath still taken into note. Counsel of gold, but not respected in this horn age.

[3] Ἔνει ἄτερ δαλοῦ, *torret sine face et crudæ senectæ tradit ;* ὠμῷ γήραϊ, *senecta ante tempus adveniens,* which place Boetius imitates in his book *De Consolatione* in this distich :

Intempestivi funduntur vertice cani,
Et dolor ætatem jussit inesse suam.

The Gods'[1] forewarnings, and pursuits of men
Of impious lives with unavoided pain,
Their sight, their rule of all, their love, their fear,
Watching[2] and sitting up, give all thy care.
Give never to thy friend[3] an even respect
With thy born brother; for in his neglect
Thyself thou touchest first with that defect.
If thou shalt take thy friend, with an offence
By word or deed; twice only, try what sense
He hath of thy abuse by making plain
The wrong he did thee; and if then again
He will turn friend, confess, and pay all pain
Due for his forfeit, take him into grace;
The shameless man shifts friends still with his place.
But keep thou friends, forgive, and so convert
That not thy look may reprehend thy heart.
Be not a common host for guests, nor one
That can abide the kind receipt of none.
Consort none ill though raised to any state;
Nor leave one good though ne'er so ruinate.
Abhor all taking pleasure to upbraid
A forlorn poverty, which God hath laid
On any man in so severe a kind
As quite disheartens and dissolves his mind.
Amongst men on the earth there never sprung
An ampler treasure than a sparing tongue;
Which yet most grace gains when it sings the mean.
Ill-speakers ever hear as ill again.
Make not thyself at any public feast
A troublesome or over-curious guest.
'Tis common cheer, nor touches thee at all;
Besides, thy grace is much, thy cost is small.

Do not thy tongue's grace the disgrace to lie,
Nor mend a true-spoke mind with policy,
But all things use with first simplicity.
To Jove nor no God pour out morning wine
With unwash'd hands; for, know, the powers divine
Avert their ears, and prayers impure reject.
Put not thy urine out, with face erect,
Against the Sun,[1] but, sitting, let it fall,
Or turn thee to some undiscovering wall.
And, after the great Sun is in descent,
Remember, till he greet the Orient,
That, in way or without, thou still forbear,
Nor ope thy nakedness while thou art there.
The nights the Gods' are; and the godly man
And wise will shun by all means to profane
The Gods' appropriates. Make no access,[2]
Thy wife new left, to sacred mysteries,
Or coming from an ominous funeral feast;
But, from a banquet that the Gods have blest
In men whose spirits are frolicly inclined,
Perform those rites that propagate thy kind.
Never the fair waves of eternal floods
Pass with thy feet, but first invoke the Gods,
Thine eyes cast on their streams; which those that wade,
Their hands unwash'd, those Deities invade
With future plagues; and even then angry are.
Of thy five[3] branches see thou never pare

[1] Ὄπις, in God, signifies insight and government in all things, and his just indignation against the impious; in man, respect to the fear of God, and his reverence. *Melancthon.*

[2] Πεφυλαγμένος, *vigiliis et excubiis positis.*

[3] Μηδὲ. This precept of preferring a man's own brother to his friend is full of humanity, and savours the true taste of a true-born man; the neglect of which in these days shows children either utterly misbegotten, or got by unnatural fathers; of whom children must taste, in disposition, as a poison of degeneracy poured into them both, and a just plague for both.

[1] Μηδ' ἀντ' ἠελίου, *neque contra solem versus erectus meito.* He would have no contempt against the Sun; either directly, or allegorically, intending by the Sun great and reverend men, against whom *nihil protervè et irreverenter agendum.* If in the plain sense, which he makes serious, he would not have a man make water turning purposely against the Sun, nor standing, but sitting; as at this day even amongst the rude Turks it is abhorred, *quibus religiosum est ut sedentes mingant, et ingens flagitium designari credunt siquis in publico cacaret aut mingeret.*

[2] Μηδ' αἰδοῖα. Melancthon expounds this place, *a congressu uxoris ne sacra accedas,* whom I have followed; δύσφημος signifies here *infaustus,* and τάφος, *funebre epulum.*

[3] Μηδ' ἀπὸ πεντόζοιο. He says a man must not pare his nails at the table; in which our reverend author is so respectful and moral in his

The dry from off the green, at solemn feasts;
Nor on the quaffing mazers of thy guests
Bestow the bowl vow'd to the Powers Divine;
For harmful fate is swallow'd with the wine.
When thou hast once begun to build a house,
Leave't not unfinish'd, lest the ominous
Ill-spoken crow encounter thee abroad,
And from her bough, thy means outgone, explode.
From three-foot pots of meat set on the fire
To serve thy house, serve not thy taste's desire
With ravine of the meat, till on the board
Thou seest it set, and sacrifice afford.
Not if thou wash first, and the Gods wouldst please
With that respect to them; for even for these
Pains are imposed, being all impieties.
On tombstones, or fix'd seats, no boy permit,
That's grown to twelve years old, to idly sit;
For 'tis not good, but makes a slothful man.
In baths, whose waters women first began
To wash their bodies in, should bathe no man;

setting down, that he nameth not nails, but calls what is to be pared away, *αὖον*, *siccum* or *aridum*, and the nail itself, *χλωρὸν*, *viridum*, because it is still growing; he calls likewise the hand *πέντοζος*, *quæ in quinos ramos dispergitur*, because it puts out five fingers like branches.

For in their time even these parts have their pain
Grievous enough. If any homely place,
Sylvan or other, thou seest vow'd to grace
Of any God, by fire made for the weal
Of any poor soul moved with simplest zeal,
Mock not the mysteries; for God disdains
Those impious parts, and pays them certain pains.
Never in channels of those streams that pay
The ocean tribute, give thy urine way;
Nor into fountains;[1] but, past all neglect,
See thou avoid it; for the grave respect
Given to these secrets meets with blest effect.
Do this, and fly the people's bitter[2] fame,
For fame is ill, 'tis light and raised like flame;
The burthen heavy yet, and hard to cast.
No fame doth wholly perish, when her blast
Echo resounds in all the people's cries,
For she herself is of the Deities.

[1] *Hi rectè in fontes immingere dicuntur, qui sacram doctrinam commaculant.*

[2] Δεινὴν, *gravem* or *terribilem famam*, he adviseth a man to avoid; intending with deserving a good and honest fame amongst men, which known to himself impartially and betwixt God and him, every worthy man should despise the contrary conceit of the world; according to that of Quintilian, writing to Seneca, affirming he cared no more what the misjudging world vented against him, *quàm de ventre redditi crepitus.*

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK OF WORKS.

HESIOD'S BOOK OF DAYS.

THE days, that for thy works are good or ill,
According to the influence they instil;
Of Jove with all care learn, and give them then,
For their discharge, in precept to thy men.
'The Thirtieth day of every month is best,
With[1] diligent inspection to digest
The next month's works, and part thy household foods;
That being the day when all litigious goods
Are justly sentenced, by the people's voices.
And till that day next month give these days choices,
For they are mark'd out by most-knowing Jove.
First,[2] the first day, in which the moon doth move
With radiance renew'd; and then the fourth;
The seventh day next, being first in sacred worth,
For that day did Latona bring to light
The gold-sword-wearing Sun; next then the eighth[3]
And ninth are good, being both days that retain
The moon's prime strength t' instruct the works of men.
Th' eleventh[1] and twelfth are likewise both good days;
The twelfth yet far exceeds th' eleventh's repair,
For that day hangs the spinner in the air,
And weaves up her web; so the spinster all
Her rock then ends, exposing it to sale.
So Earth's third housewife, the ingenious ant,
On that day ends her mole-hills' cure of want.
The day herself in their example then
Tasking her fire, and bounds her length to men.
The thirteenth day take care thou sow no seed,
To plant yet 'tis a day of special speed.
The sixteenth[2] day plants set prove fruitless still;
To get a son 'tis good, a daughter ill.
Nor good to get, nor give in nuptials;
Nor in the sixth day any influence falls
To fashion her begetting confluence,
But to geld kids and lambs, and sheep-cotes fence,
It is a day of much benevolence;
To get a son it good effects affords;
And loves[3] to cut one's heart with bitter words;
And yet it likes fair speeches, too, and lies,
And whispering out detractive obloquies.
The eighth the bellowing bullock lib and goat;
The twelfth the labouring mule. But if of note

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[1] Ἐπόπτομαι, *diligenti inspectione digero, seu secerno et eligo.* He begins with the last day of the month, which he names not a day of any good or bad influence, but being, as 'twere, their term day, in which their business in law was attended; and that not lasting all the day, he adviseth to spend the rest of it in disposing the next month's labours. Of the rest he makes difference, showing which are infortunate, and which auspicious, and are so far to be observed as natural cause is to be given for them; for it were madness not to ascribe reason to Nature, or to make that reason so far above us, that we cannot know by it what is daily in use with us; all being for our cause created of God: and therefore the differences of days arise in some part from the aspects, *quibus luna intuetur solem, nam quadrati aspectus cient pugnam naturæ cum morbo.*

[2] Πρῶτον ἔνη, *primum novilunium*, which he calls sacred, *nam omnia initia sacra;* the fourth likewise he calls sacred, *quia eo die prodit a coitu Luna, primumque tum conspicitur.*

[3] Ὀγδοάτη. The second and fifth day let pass, and sixth, *ut mediis*, he comes to the eighth and ninth, which in their increasing he terms truly profitable; *nam humores alit crescentia lunæ.*

[1] Ἐνδεκάτη. The tenth let pass, the eleventh and twelfth he praises diversely, because the moon beholds the sun then in a triangular aspect, which is ever called benevolent.

[2] Οὔτ' ἄρ γάμου, *neque nuptiis tradendis.* The sixteenth day, he says, is neither good to get a daughter, nor to wed her, *quia à plenilunio cœpit jam humor deficere;* he says it is good to get a son in, *nam ex humido semine fœmellæ, ex sicciore puelli nascuntur.*

[3] Κέρτομος, *cor alicui scindens.*

For wisdom,[1] and to make a judge of laws,
To estimate and arbitrate a cause,
Thou wouldst a son get, the great twentieth day
Consort thy wife, when full the morn's broad ray
Shines through thy windows; for that day is fit
To form a great and honourable wit.
The tenth is likewise good to get a son;
Fourteenth[2] a daughter; then lay hand upon
The colt, the mule, and horn-retorted steer,
And sore-bit mastiff; and their forces rear
To useful services. Be careful, then,
The four-and-twentieth[3] day (the bane of men,
Hurling amongst them) to make safe thy state,
For 'tis a day of death insatiate.
The fourth day celebrate thy nuptial-feast,
All birds observed that fit a bridal best.
All fifth[4] days, to effect affairs in, fly,
Being all of harsh and horrid quality.
For then all vengeful spirits walk their round,
And haunt men like their handmaids, to confound
Their faithless peace, whose plague Contention got.
The seventeenth[5] day what Ceres did allot
Thy barns in harvest (since then view'd with care)
Upon a smooth floor, let the vinnoware
Dight and expose to the opposed gale.
Then let thy forest-feller cut thee all
Thy chamber fuel, and the numerous parts
Of naval timber apt for shipwrights' arts.
The four-and-twentieth day begin to close
Thy[1] ships of leak. The ninth day never blows
Least ill at all on men. The nineteenth day
Yields (after noon yet) a more gentle ray,
Auspicious both to plant, and generate
Both[2] sons and daughters; ill to no estate
But the thrice-ninth day's goodness few men know,
Being best day of the whole month to make flow
Both wine and corn-tuns, and to curb the force
Of mules and oxen and the swift-hooved horse.
And[3] then the well-built ship launch. But few men
Know truth in anything; or where or when
To do, or order, what they must do, needs:
Days differencing with no more care than deeds.
The twice-seventh day for sacred worth exceeds.
But few men when the twentieth day is past,
Which is the best day (while the morn doth last
In her increasing power; though after noon
Her[4] grace grows faint) approve or end that moon
With[5] any care; man's life most prized is least
Though lengthless, spent as endless; fowl and beast

[1] Ἴστορα φῶτα, *prudentem virum judicem, seu arbitrum, quod eos gnaros esse oporteat rei de quâ agitur.* He calls it the great twentieth, because it is the last, μηνὸς μεσούντος, which is of the middle decade of the month; *diebus τοῦ φθίνοντος*, or days of the dying moon immediately following.

[2] Τετρὰς. The fourteenth is good to get a daughter, because the moon then abounds in humours, and her light is more gelid and cold, her heat more temperate; and therefore he says it is good likewise to tame beasts in, since then, by the abundance of humours, they are made more gentle, and consequently easier tamed.

[3] Τετρὰδ. He calls this day so baneful, because of the opposition of the sun and moon, and the time then being, that is, between the old and new moon, are hurtful for bodies; such as labour with choleric diseases, most languish then; those with phlegmatic, contrary.

[4] Πέμπτας. He warns men to fly all fifth days, that is the fifth, the fifteenth, and the five-and-twentieth, because all vengeful spirits he affirms then to be most busy with men.

[5] The seventeenth day he thinketh best to winnow, or dight corn, *a plenilunio*, because about that time winds are stirred up, and the air is drier.

[1] Πρωτίστη εἰνὰς, *prima nova.* That is, from the beginning of the month, he calls harmless, *propter geminum aspectum, cum sol abest a signis.*

[2] Proverb, *nullus dies omnino malus.*

[3] Παῦροι. He says few observe these differences of days, and as few know or make any difference betwixt one day and another.

[4] He says few approve those days, because these cause most change of tempests and men's bodies in the beginning of the last quarter.

[5] All this, and the lives of fowls, is cited out of this author by Plutarch; not being extant in the common copy.

Far passing it for date. For all the store
Of years man boasts, the prating crow hath more
By thrice three lives; the long-lived stag four parts
Exceeds the crow's time; the raven's age the hart's
Triples in durance; all the raven's long date
The phœnix ninefold doth reduplicate;
Yet Nymphs (the blest seed of the Thunderer)
Ten lives outlast the phœnix. But prefer
Good life to long life; and observe these days
That must direct it, being to all men's ways
Of[1] excellent conduct; all the rest but sounds
That follow falls, mere vain and have no grounds;
But one doth one day praise, another other,
Few knowing the truth. This day becomes a mother,
The next a stepdame. But, be man still one;
That man a happy angel waits upon,
Makes rich and blessed, that through all these days
Is knowingly employ'd; in all his ways
(Betwixt him and the Gods) goes still unblamed;
All their forewarnings and suggestions framed
To their obedience, being directly view'd;
All good endeavour'd, and all ill eschew'd.

[1] Αἳ δε μὲν ἡμέραι, *et hæ quidem dies hominibus sunt magno commodo.* The epilogue of the teacher; in all days is to be considered what Religion commands, and then what riseth out of natural causes.

THE END OF HESIOD'S WORKS AND DAYS.

Epistle Dedicatory.[1]

TO

THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED, MY SINGULAR GOOD LORD,

ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET,

LORD CHAMBERLAIN, ETC.

I HAVE adventured, right noble Earl, out of my utmost and ever-vowed service to your virtues, to entitle their merits to the patronage of HOMER's English life, whose wished natural life the great Macedon would have protected as the spirit of his empire,

That he to his unmeasured mighty acts
Might add a fame as vast; and their extracts,
In fires as bright and endless as the stars,
His breast might breathe and thunder out his wars.
But that great monarch's love of fame and praise
Receives an envious cloud in our foul days;
For since our great ones cease themselves to do
Deeds worth their praise, they hold it folly too
To feed their praise in others. But what can,
Of all the gifts that are, be given to man
More precious than Eternity and Glory,
Singing their praises in unsilenced story?
Which no black day, no nation, nor no age,
No change of time or fortune, force nor rage,
Shall ever raze? All which the monarch knew,
Where Homer lived entitled, would ensue;
From[1] whose deep fount of life the thirsty rout
Of Thespian prophets have lien sucking out
Their sacred rages. And as th' influent stone
Of Father Jove's great and laborious son[2]
Lifts high the heavy iron, and far implies
The wide orbs, that the needle rectifies
In virtuous guide of every sea-driven course,
To all aspiring his one boundless force;
So from one Homer all the holy fire
That ever did the hidden heat inspire
In each true Muse came clearly sparkling down,
And must for him compose one flaming crown.
He, at Jove's table set, fills out to us
Cups that repair age, sad and ruinous,
And gives it built of an eternal stand
With his all-sinewy Odyssean hand,
Shifts Time and Fate, puts death in life's free state,
And life doth into ages propagate.
He doth in men the Gods' affects inflame,
His fuel Virtue, blown by Praise and Fame;
And, with the high soul's first impulsions driven,
Breaks through rude chaos, earth, the seas, and heaven.
The nerves of all things hid in nature lie
Naked before him; all their harmony

[1] Prefixed to Chapman's translation of the Odyssey.

[1] *Cujus de gurgite vivo*
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores,
&c. Ex Angeli Politiani Ambrâ. 12.

[2] Hercules.

Tuned to his accents, that in beasts breathe minds.
What fowls, what floods, what earth, what air, what winds,
What fires ethereal, what the Gods conclude
In all their counsels, his Muse makes indued
With varied voices that even rocks have moved.
And yet for all this, naked Virtue loved,
Honours without her he as abject prizes,
And foolish Fame, derived from thence, despises.
When from the vulgar taking glorious bound
Up to the mountain where the Muse is crown'd,
He sits and laughs to see the jaded rabble
Toil to his hard heights, t' all access unable, &c.[1]

And that your Lordship may in his face take view of his mind, the first word of his Iliads is μῆνιν, *wrath;* the first word of his Odysses, ἄνδρα, *man:* contracting in either word his each work's proposition. In one, *predominant perturbation;* in the other, *overruling wisdom.* In one, the body's fervour and fashion of outward fortitude to all possible height of heroical action; in the other, the mind's inward, constant, and unconquered empire, unbroken, unaltered, with any most insolent and tyrannous infliction. To many most sovereign praises is this Poem entitled; but to that grace, in chief, which sets on the crown both of poets and orators; τὸ τὰ μικρὰ μεγάλως, καὶ τὰ κοινὰ καίνως: that is, *Parva magnè dicere; pervulgata novè; jejuna plenè.—To speak things little greatly; things common rarely; things barren and empty fruitfully and fully.* The return of a man into his country is his whole scope and object; which in itself, your Lordship may well say, is jejune and fruitless enough, affording nothing feastful, nothing magnificent. And yet even this doth the divine inspiration render vast, illustrious, and of miraculous composure. And for this, my Lord, is this poem preferred to his Iliads; for therein much magnificence, both of person and action, gives great aid to his industry; but in this are these helps exceeding sparing, or nothing; and yet is the structure so elaborate and pompous that the poor plain ground-work, considered together, may seem the naturally rich womb to it, and produce it needfully. Much wondered at, therefore, is the censure of Dionysius Longinus (a man otherwise affirmed grave and of elegant judgment), comparing Homer in his Iliads to the Sun rising, in his Odysses to his descent or setting, or to the ocean robbed of his æsture; many tributary floods and rivers of excellent ornament withheld from their observance. When this his work so far exceeds the ocean, with all his court and concourse, that all his sea is only a serviceable stream to it. Nor can it be compared to any one power to be named in nature; being an entirely well-sorted and digested confluence of all; where the most solid and grave is made as nimble and fluent as the most airy and fiery, the nimble and fluent as firm and well-bounded as the most grave and solid. And, taking all together, of so tender impression, and of such command to the voice of the Muse, that they knock heaven with her breath, and discover their foundations as low as hell. Nor is this all-comprising Poesy fantastic or mere fictive; but the most material and doctrinal illations of truth, both for all manly information of manners in the young, all prescription of justice, and even Christian piety, in the most grave and high governed. To illustrate both which, in both kinds, with all height of expression, the Poet creates both a body and a soul in them. Wherein, if the body (being the letter or history) seems fictive, and beyond possibility to bring into act, the sense then and allegory, which is the soul, is to be sought, which intends a more eminent expressure of Virtue for her loveliness, and of Vice for her ugliness, in their several effects, going beyond the life, than any art within life can possibly delineate. Why then is fiction to this end so hateful to our true ignorants? Or why should a poor chronicler of a Lord Mayor's naked truth (that peradventure will last his year) include more worth with our modern wizards than Homer for his naked Ulysses clad in eternal fiction? But this proser Dionysius, and the rest of these grave and reputatively learned, that dare undertake for their gravities the headstrong censure of all things; and challenge the understanding of these toys in their childhoods; when even these childish vanities retain deep and most necessary learning enough in them to make them children in

[1] Thus far Angel. Politianus, for the most part, translated.

their ages, and teach them while they live; are not in these absolutely divine infusions allowed either voice or relish: for, *Qui poeticas ad fores accedit, &c.* (says the divine philosopher) he that knocks at the gates of the Muses, *sine Musarum furore*, is neither to be admitted entry, nor a touch at their thresholds; his opinion of entry, ridiculous, and his presumption impious. Nor must Poets themselves (might I a little insist on these contempts, not tempting too far your Lordship's Ulyssean patience) presume to these doors, without the truly genuine and peculiar induction. There being in Poesy a twofold rapture (or alienation of soul, as the above-said teacher terms it) one *insania*, a disease of the mind, and a mere madness, by which the infected is thrust beneath all the degrees of humanity: *et ex homine, brutum quodammodò redditur:* (for which poor Poesy, in this diseased and impostorous age, is so barbarously vilified); the other is, *divinus furor*, by which the sound and divinely healthful, *suprà hominis naturam erigitur, et in Deum transit.* One a perfection directly infused from God; the other an infection obliquely and degenerately proceeding from man. Of the divine fury, my Lord, your Homer hath ever been both first and last instance; being pronounced absolutely, *τὸν σοφώτατον, καὶ τὸν θειότατον ποιητήν*, "The most wise and most divine poet." Against whom whosoever shall open his profane mouth may worthily receive answer with this of his divine defender (Empedocles, Heraclitus, Protagoras, Epicharmus, &c., being of Homer's part) *τίς οὖν*, &c.; who against such an army, and the general Homer, dares attempt the assault, but he must be reputed ridiculous? And yet against this host, and this invincible commander, shall we have every besogne and fool a leader. The common herd, I assure myself, ready to receive it on their horns. Their infected leaders,

Such men as sideling ride the ambling Muse,
Whose saddle is as frequent as the stews.
Whose raptures are in every pageant seen,
In every wassail-rhyme and dancing-green;
When he that writes by any beam of truth
Must dive as deep as he, past shallow youth.
Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich,
That Night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,
More dark than Nature made her; and requires,
To clear her tough mists, heaven's great fire of fires,
To whom the Sun itself is but a beam.
For sick souls then (but rapt in foolish dream)
To wrestle with these heaven-strong mysteries,
What madness is it! when their light serves eyes
That are not worldy in their least aspect,
But truly pure, and aim at heaven direct.
Yet these none like but what the brazen head
Blatters abroad, no sooner born but dead.

Holding, then, in eternal contempt, my Lord, those short-lived bubbles, eternize your virtue and judgment with the Grecian monarch; esteeming not as the least of your new-year's presents,

Homer, three thousand years dead, now revived,
Even from that dull death that in life he lived;
When none conceited him, none understood
That so much life in so much death as blood
Conveys about it, could mix. But when Death
Drunk up the bloody mist that human breath
Pour'd round about him (poverty and spite
Thickening the hapless vapour) then Truth's light
Glimmer'd about his poem; the pinch'd soul
(Amidst the mysteries it did enrol)
Brake powerfully abroad. And as we see
The sun all hid in clouds, at length got free,
Through some forced covert, over all the ways,
Near and beneath him, shoots his vented rays
Far off, and sticks them in some little glade;
All woods, fields, rivers, left besides in shade:
So your Apollo, from that world of light
Closed in his Poem's body, shot to sight
Some few forced beams, which near him, were not seen
(As in his life or country), Fate and spleen

Clouding their radiance; which when
Death had clear'd,
To far-off regions his free beams ap-
pear'd;
In which all stood and wonder'd; striving
which
His birth and rapture should in right
enrich.
Twelve labours of your Thespian Her-
cules
I now present your Lordship; do but
please
To lend life means till th' other twelve
receive
Equal achievement; and let Death then
reave
My life now lost in our patrician loves,
That knock heads with the herd; in whom
there moves
One blood, one soul, both drown'd in one
set height
Of stupid envy and mere popular spite.
Whose loves with no good did my least
vein fill;
And from their hates I fear as little ill.
Their bounties nourish not, when most they
feed,
But, where there is no merit or no need,
Rain into rivers still, and are such showers
As bubbles spring, and overflow the flowers.
Their worse parts and worst men their best
suborns,
Like winter cows whose milk runs to their
horns.
And as litigious clients' books of law
Cost infinitely; taste of all the awe
Bench'd in our kingdom's policy, piety,
state;
Earn all their deep explorings; satiate
All sorts there thrust together by the heart
With thirst of wisdom, spent on either part;
Horrid examples made of Life and Death
From their fine stuff woven; yet when
once the breath
Of sentence leaves them, all their worth is
drawn
As dry as dust, and wears like cobweb
lawn:
So these men set a price upon their worth,
That no man gives but those that trot it
forth
Through Need's foul ways, feed Humours
with all cost
Though Judgment sterves in them; Rout,
State engross'd
(At all tobacco-benches, solemn tables,
Where all that cross their envies are their
fables)
In their rank faction; shame and death
approved
Fit penance for their opposites; none
loved
But those that rub them; not a reason
heard
That doth not soothe and glorify their
preferr'd
Bitter opinions. When, would Truth
resume
The cause to his hands, all would fly in
fume
Before his sentence; since the innocent
mind
Just God makes good, to whom their
worst is wind.
For, that I freely all my thoughts express,
My conscience is my thousand witnesses:
And to this stay my constant comforts vow,
You for the world I have, or God for you

CERTAIN ANCIENT GREEK EPIGRAMS TRANSLATED.

ALL stars are drunk-up by the fiery sun,
And in so much a flame lies shrunk the moon.
Homer's all-lived name all names leaves in death,
Whose splendour only Muses' bosoms breathe.

ANOTHER.

HEAVEN'S fires shall first fall darken'd from his sphere,
Grave Night the light weed of the Day shall wear,
Fresh streams shall chase the sea, tough ploughs shall tear
Her fishy bottoms, men in long date dead
Shall rise and live, before Oblivion shed
Those still-green leaves that crown great Homer's head.

ANOTHER.

THE great Mæonides doth only write,
And to him dictates the great God of Light.

ANOTHER.

SEVEN kingdoms strove in which should swell the womb
That bore great Homer, whom Fame freed from tomb;
Argos, Chios, Pylos, Smyrna, Colophone,
The learn'd Athenian, and Ulyssean throne.

ANOTHER.

ART thou of Chios? No. Of Salamine?
As little. Was the Smyrnean country thine?
Nor so. Which then? Was Cuma's? Colophone?
Nor one, nor other. Art thou, then, of none
That Fame proclaims thee? None. Thy reason call.
If I confess of one, I anger all.

To the Reader.*

LEST with foul hands you touch these holy rites,
And with prejudicacies too profane,
Pass Homer in your other poets' slights,
Wash here. In this porch to his numerous fane,
Hear ancient oracles speak, and tell you whom
You have to censure. First then Silius hear,
Who thrice was consul in renowned Rome,
Whose verse, saith Martial, nothing shall outwear.

SILIUS ITALICUS, Lib. xiii.

HE, in Elysium having cast his eye
Upon the figure of a youth, whose hair,
With purple ribands braided curiously,
Hung on his shoulders wondrous bright and fair,
Said: "Virgin, what is he whose heavenly face
Shines past all others, as the morn the night;
Whom many marvelling souls, from place to place,
Pursue and haunt with sounds of such delight?
Whose countenance (were't not in the Stygian shade)
Would make me, questionless, believe he were
A very God?" The learned virgin made
This answer: "If thou shouldst believe it here,
Thou shouldst not err. He well deserved to be
Esteem'd a God; nor held his so-much breast
A little presence of the Deity:
His verse comprised earth, seas, stars, souls, at rest;
In song the Muses he did equalize,
In honour, Phœbus. He was only soul,
Saw all things sphered in nature, without eyes,
And raised your Troy up to the starry pole."
Glad Scipio, viewing well this prince of ghosts,
Said: "O, if Fates would give this poet leave
To sing the acts done by the Roman hosts,
How much beyond would future times receive
The same facts made by any other known!
O blest Æacides, to have the grace
That out of such a mouth thou shouldst be shown
To wondering nations, as enrich'd the race
Of all times future with what he did know!
Thy virtue with his verse shall ever grow."

Now hear an Angel sing our poet's fame,
Whom fate, for his divine song, gave that name.

ANGELUS POLITIANUS, IN NUTRICIA.

MORE living than in old Demodocus,
Fame glories to wax young in Homer's verse.
And as when bright Hyperion holds to us
His golden torch, we see the stars disperse,
And every way fly heaven, the pallid moon
Even almost vanishing before his sight;
So, with the dazzling beams of Homer's sun,
All other ancient poets lose their light.
Whom when Apollo heard, out of his star,
Singing the godlike acts of honour'd men,
And equalling the actual rage of war,
With only the divine strains of his pen,
He stood amazed and freely did confess
Himself was equall'd in Mæonides.

* Prefixed to the Translation of the *Iliad*.

Next hear the grave and learned Pliny use
His censure of our sacred poet's muse.

PLIN. NAT. HIST., lib. 7, cap. 29.

Turned into verse, that no prose may come near Homer.

WHOM shall we choose the glory of all wits,
Held through so many sorts of discipline
And such variety of works and spirits,
But Grecian Homer? like whom none did shine
For form of work and matter. And because
Our proud doom of him may stand justified
By noblest judgments, and receive applause
In spite of envy and illiterate pride;
Great Macedon, amongst his matchless spoils
Took from rich Persia, on his fortunes cast,
A casket finding, full of precious oils,
Form'd all of gold, with wealthy stones enchased,
He took the oils out, and his nearest friends
Ask'd in what better guard it might be used?
All giving their conceits to several ends,
He answer'd: his affections rather choosed
An use quite opposite to all their kinds,
And Homer's books should with that guard be served,
That the most precious work of all men's minds
In the most precious place might be preserved.
The Fount of wit* was Homer, Learning's Sire,†
And gave antiquity her living fire."

VOLUMES of like praise I could heap on this,
Of men more ancient and more learn'd than these,
But since true virtue enough lovely is
With her own beauties, all the suffrages
Of others I omit, and would more fain
That Homer for himself should be beloved,
Who every sort of love-worth did contain.
Which how I have in my conversion proved
I must confess I hardly dare refer
To reading judgments, since, so generally,
*Custom hath made even th' ablest agents err
In these translations; all so much apply
Their pains and cunnings word for word to render
Their patient authors, when they may as well
Make fish with fowl, camels with whales, engender,
Or their tongues' speech in other mouths compel.
For, even as different a production
Ask Greek and English, since as they in sounds
And letters shun one form and unison;
So have their sense and elegancy bounds
In their distinguish'd natures, and require
Only a judgment to make both consent
In sense and elocution; and aspire,
As well to reach the spirit that was spent
In his example, as with art to pierce
His grammar, and etymology of words.
†But as great clerks can write no English verse,
Because, alas, great clerks! English affords,
Say they, no height nor copy; a rude tongue,
Since 'tis their native; but in Greek or Latin
Their writs are rare, for thence true Poesy sprung;
Though them (truth knows) they have but skill to chat in,
Compared with that they might say in their own;
Since thither th' other's full soul cannot make
The ample transmigration to be shown
In nature-loving Poesy; so the brake
That those translators stick in, that affect
Their word-for-word traductions (where they lose
The free grace of their natural dialect,
And shame their authors with a forced glose)

* Plin. Nat. Hist., xvii. 5. † Idem, xxv. 3.

* "Of Translation, and the natural difference of Dialects necessarily to be observed in it."
† "Ironicè."

I laugh to see ; and yet as much abhor*
More licence from the words than may express
Their full compression, and make clear the author ;
From whose truth, if you think my feet digress,
Because I use needful periphrases,
Read Valla, Hessus, that in Latin prose
And verse convert him ; read the Messines
That into Tuscan turns him ; and the gloss
Grave Salel makes in French, as he translates ;
Which, for th' aforesaid reasons, all must do ;
And see that my conversion much abates
The licence they take, and more shows him too,
Whose right not all those great learn'd men have done,
In some main parts, that were his commentars.
But, as the illustration of the sun
Should be attempted by the erring stars,
They fail'd to search his deep and treasurous heart ;
The cause was, since they wanted the fit key
Of Nature, in their downright strength of Art,†
With Poesy to open Poesy :
Which, in my poem of the mysteries
Reveal'd in Homer, I will clearly prove ;
Till whose near birth, suspend your calumnies,
And far-wide imputations of self-love.
'Tis further from me than the worst that reads,
Professing me the worst of all that write ;
Yet what, in following one that bravely leads,
The worst may show, let this proof hold the light.
But grant it clear ; yet hath detraction got
My blind side in the form my verse puts on ;
Much like a dung-hill mastiff, that dares not
Assault the man he barks at, but the stone
He throws at him, takes in his eager jaws,
And spoils his teeth because they cannot spoil.
The long verse hath by proof received applause
Beyond each other number ; and the foil,
That squint-eyed Envy takes, is censured plain ;
For this long poem asks this length of verse,
Which I myself ingenuously maintain
Too long our shorter authors to rehearse.
And, for our tongue that still is so impair'd
By travelling linguists, I can prove it clear,
*That no tongue hath the Muse's utterance heir'd
For verse, and that sweet music to the ear
Strook out of rhyme, so naturally as this ;
Our monosyllables so kindly fall,
And meet opposed in rhyme as they did kiss ;
French and Italian most immetrical,
Their many syllables in harsh collision
Fall as they break their necks ; their bastard rhymes
Saluting as they justled in transition,
And set our teeth on edge ; nor tunes, nor times
Kept in their falls ; and, methinks, their long words
Show in short verse as in a narrow place
Two opposites should meet with two-hand swords
Unwieldily, without or use or grace.
Thus having rid the rubs, and strow'd these flowers
In our thrice-sacred Homer's English way,
What rests to make him yet more worthy yours ?
To cite more praise of him were mere delay
To your glad searches for what those men found
That gave his praise, past all, so high a place ;
Whose virtues were so many, and so crown'd
By all consents divine, that, not to grace

* "The necesary nearness of Translation to the example."

† "The power of Nature above Art in Poesy."

* Our English language above all others for Rhythmical Poesy.

Or add increase to them, the world doth need
Another Homer, but even to rehearse
And number them, they did so much exceed.
Men thought him not a man; but that his verse
Some mere celestial nature did adorn;
And all may well conclude it could not be,
That for the place where any man was born,
So long and mortally could disagree
So many nations as for Homer strived,
Unless his spur in them had been divine.
Then end their strife and love him, thus revived,
As born in England; see him over-shine
All other-country poets; and trust this,
That whosesoever Muse dares use her wing
When his Muse flies, she will be truss'd by his,
And show as if a bernacle should spring
Beneath an eagle. In none since was seen
A soul so full of heaven as earth's in him.
O! if our modern Poesy had been
As lovely as the lady he did limn,
What barbarous worldling, grovelling after gain,
Could use her lovely parts with such rude hate,
As now she suffers under every swain?
Since then 'tis nought but her abuse and Fate,
That thus impairs her, what is this to her
As she is real, or in natural right?
But since in true Religion men should err
As much as Poesy, should the abuse excite
The like contempt of her divinity?
And that her truth, and right saint-sacred merits,
In most lives breed but reverence formally,
What wonder is't if Poesy inherits
Much less observance, being but agent for her,
And singer of her laws, that others say?
Forth then, ye moles, sons of the earth, abhor her,
Keep still on in the dirty vulgar way,
Till dirt receive your souls, to which ye vow;
And with your poison'd spirits bewitch our thrifts.
Ye cannot so despise us as we you;
Not one of you above his mole-hill lifts
His earthy mind, but, as a sort of beasts,
Kept by their guardians, never care to hear
Their manly voices, but when in their fists
They breathe wild whistles, and the beasts' rude ear
Hears their curs barking, then by heaps they fly
Headlong together; so men, beastly given,
The manly soul's voice, sacred Poesy,
Whose hymns the angels ever sing in heaven,
Contemn and hear not; but when brutish noises,
For gain, lust, honour, in litigious prose
Are bellow'd out, and crack the barbarous voices
Of Turkish stentors, O, ye lean to those,
Like itching horse to blocks or high may-poles;
And break nought but the wind of wealth, wealth; all
In all your documents; your asinine souls,
Proud of their burthens, feel not how they gall.
But as an ass, that in a field of weeds
Affects a thistle, and falls fiercely to it,
That pricks and galls him, yet he feeds, and bleeds,
Forbears awhile, and licks, but cannot woo it
To leave the sharpness; when, to wreak his smart,
He beats it with his foot, then backward kicks,
Because the thistle gall'd his forward part;
Nor leaves till all be eat, for all the pricks;
Then falls to others with as hot a strife,
And in that honourable war doth waste
The tall heat of his stomach, and his life;
So in this world of weeds you worldlings taste
Your most-loved dainties; with such war buy peace,
Hunger for torment, virtue kick for vice;
Cares for your states do with your states increase,
And though ye dream ye feast in Paradise,
Yet reason's daylight shows ye at your meat
Asses at thistles, bleeding as ye eat.

PRO VERE, AUTUMNI LACHRYMÆ.

"*Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymæ. Inscribed to the Immortal Memorie of the most Pious and Incomparable Souldier, Sir Horatio Vere, Knight: Besieged, and distrest in Mainhem.*

"Pers. Sat. IV.—*Da verba & decipe nervos.*

"By Geo. Chapman. London, Printed by B. Alsop for Th. Walkley, and are to be sold at his shop at the Signe of the Eagle and Child in Britaines Burse. 1622.'

Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymæ.

[1622.]

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO

THE MOST WORTHILY HONOURED AND JUDICIALLY-NOBLE LOVER AND FAUTOR OF ALL GOODNESS AND VIRTUE,

ROBERT, EARL OF SOMERSET, &c.

ALL least Good, that but only aims at Great,
I know, best Earl, may boldly make retreat
To your retreat, from this World's open Ill.
Of Goodness, therefore, the prime part, the Will,
Inflamed my powers, to celebrate as far
As their force reach'd, this Thunderbolt of War.
His wish'd Good, and the true note of his worth
(Yet never, to his full desert, set forth)
Being root, and top, to this his plant of fame.
Which cannot furnish with an anagram
Of just offence, any desire to wrest
All the free letters here, by such a test,
To any blame: for equal Heaven avert,
It should return reproach, to praise desert;
How hapless and perverse soever be
The envies and infortunes following me;
Whose true and simple only aim at merit
Makes your acceptive and still-bettering spirit
My wane view, as at full still; and sustain
A life, that other subtler Lords disdain:
Being suttlers more to braggart-written men
(Though still deceived) than any truest pen.
Yet he's as wise, that to impostors gives,
As children that hang counters on their sleeves:
Or (to pare all his wisdom to the quick)
That, for th' Elixir, hugs the dust of brick.
Go then your own way still; and God with you
Will go, till his state all your steps avow.
The World still in such impious error strays
That all ways fearful are but pious ways.

Your best Lordship's

ever most worthily bounden,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

PRO VERE, AUTUMNI LACHRYMÆ.

ALL my year's comforts fall in showers of tears,
That this full spring of man, this VERE of VERES,
Famine should bar my fruits, whose bounty breeds them,
The faithless world love to devour who feeds them.
Now can th' exempt Isle from the World, no more,
With all her arm'd fires, such a Spring restore.
The dull Earth thinks not this; though should I sum
The master-martial spirits of Christendom,
In his few nerves, my sum, to a thought, were true.
But who lives now that gives true worth his due?
'Tis so divine a spark, and loves to live
So close in men, that hardly it will give
The owner notice of his power or being.
Nought glories to be seen that's worth the seeing.
God, and all good Spirits, shun all earthy sight,
And all true worth abhors the guilty light,
Infused to few, to make it choice and dear,
And yet how cheap the chief of all is VERE?
As if his want we could with ease supply.
When should from Heaven fall his illustrious Eye,
We might a bonfire think would fill his sphere,
As well as any other make up VERE.
Too much this: why? All know that some one Hour
Hath sent a soul down with a richer dower
Than many ages after, had the Graces
To equal in the reach of all their races.
As when the Sun in his equator shines,
Creating gold and precious mineral mines
In some one soil of earth and chosen vein;
When not 'twixt Gades and Ganges, he again
Will deign t' enrich so any other mould.
Nor did great Heaven's free finger, that extoll'd
The Race of bright Eliza's blessed Reign,
Past all fore-Races, for all sorts of men,
Scholars and Soldiers, Courtiers, Councillors,
Of all those, choose but three* (as successors
Either to other) in the Rule of War;
Whose each was all, his three-fork'd fire and star:
Their last, this Vere, being no less circular
In guard of our engaged Isle (were he here)
Than Neptune's marble rampier; but, being there
Circled with danger, danger to us all;
As round, as wrackful, as reciprocal.
Must all our hopes in war then, safeties all,
In thee, O Vere, confound their spring and fall?
And thy spirit (fetch'd off, not to be confined
In less bounds than the broad wings of the wind)
In a Dutch citadel, die pinn'd and pined?
O England, let not thy old constant tie
To Virtue, and thy English Valour, lie
Balanced (like Fortune's faithless levity)
'Twixt two light wings: nor leave eternal Vere
In this undue plight. But much rather bear
Arms in his rescue, and resemble her
Whom long time thou hast served (the Paphian Queen)
When (all ashamed of her still-gig-let Spleen)
She cast away her glasses and her fans
And habits of th' effeminate Persians,
Her Ceston, and her paintings; and in grace
Of great Lycurgus, took to her embrace
Casque, Lance, and Shield, and swum the Spartan flood
Eurotas, to his aid, to save the blood
Of so much justice, as in him had fear
To wrack his kingdom. Be, I say, like her,
In what is chaste and virtuous, as well
As what is loose and wanton, and repel

---

* Lord Norris, Sir Francis Vere, Sir Horatio Vere.

This plague of famine from thy fullest man :
For to thy fame 'twill be a blasting ban
To let him perish. Battles have been laid
In balance oft with kingdoms ; and he weigh'd
With victory, in battles. Muster then
Only for him up, all thy armed men,
And in thy well-rigg'd Nymphs Maritimal
Ship them, and plough up all the seas of gall,
Of all thy enemies, in their armed prease ;
And, past remission, fly to his release.
'Tis done, as sure as counsell'd : for who can
Resist God, in the right of such a man ?
And with such men to be his instruments
As he hath made to live in forts and tents,
And not in soft Sardanapalian styes
Of swinish ease and goatish veneries.
And know, great Queen of Isles, that men that are
In Heaven's endowments so divinely rare,
No Earthy Power should too securely dare
To hazard with neglect, since as much 'tis
As if the World's begetting faculties*
Should suffer ruin ; with whose loss would lie
The world itself and all posterity.
For worthy men the breeders are of worth,
And Heaven's brood in them, cast as offal forth,
Will quite discourage Heaven to yield us more :
Worth's only want makes all Earth's plenty, poor.
But thou hast now a kind and pious King,
That will not suffer his immortal Spring
To die untimely, if in him it lie
To lend him rescue ; nor will therefore I
Let one tear fall more from my Muse's eye
That else has vow'd to pine with him, and die.
But never was, in best times' most abuses,
A Peace so wretched, as to sterve the Muses.

* *Genitalia Corpora.*

Epistle Dedicatory

TO

MY EVER MOST-WORTHY-TO-BE-MOST HONOURED LORD,

THE EARL OF SOMERSET, ETC.*

NOT forced by fortune, but since your free mind
(Made by affliction) rests in choice resign'd
To calm retreat, laid quite beneath the wind
Of grace and glory, I well know, my lord,
You would not be entitled to a word
That might a thought remove from your repose,
To thunder and spit flames, as greatness does,
For all the trumps that still tell where he goes.
Of which trumps, Dedication being one,
Methinks I see you start to hear it blown.
But this is no such trump as summons lords
'Gainst Envy's steel to draw their leaden swords,
Or 'gainst hare-lipp'd Detraction, Contempt,
All which, from all resistance stand exempt,
It being as hard to sever wrong from merit,
As meat-indued from blood, or blood from spirit.
Nor in the spirit's chariot rides the soul
In bodies chaste, with more divine control,
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely face,
Than true desert is stuck off with disgrace.
And therefore truth itself, that had to bless
The merit of it all, Almightiness,
Would not protect it from the bane and ban
Of all moods most distraught and Stygian;
As counting it the crown of all desert,
Borne to heaven, to take of earth, no part
Of false joy here, for joys-there-endless troth,
Nor sell his birthright for a mess of broth.
But stay and still sustain, and his bliss bring,
Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,
With bitter frosts, and smarting hailstorms, forth.*
Fates love bees' labours; only Pain crowns Worth.
This Dedication calls no greatness, then,
To patron this greatness-creating pen,
Nor you to add to your dead calm a breath,
For those arm'd angels, that in spite of death
Inspired those flowers that wrought this Poet's wreath,
Shall keep it ever, Poesy's steepest star,
As in Earth's flaming walls, Heaven's sevenfold Car,
From all the wilds of Neptune's watery sphere,
For ever guards the Erymanthian Bear.
Since then your Lordship settles in your shade,
A life retired, and no retreat is made
But to some strength (for else 'tis no retreat,
But rudely running from your battle's heat),

* Prefixed to Chapman's Translation of the Hymns of Homer.

* See *Byron's Tragedy*, act iii., sc. 1. (Vol. i. p. 251):—

"Hatch
Like to the blackthorn, that puts forth his leaf,
Not with the golden fawnings of the sun,
But sharpest showers of hail, and blackest frosts."

I give this as your strength ; your strength, my lord,
In counsels and examples, that afford
More guard than whole hosts of corporeal power,
And more deliverance teach the fatal hour.
Turn not your medicine then to your disease,
By your too set and slight repulse of these,
The adjuncts of your matchless Odysses ;
Since on that wisest mind of man relies
Refuge from all life's infelicities.
Nor sing these such division from them,
But that these spin the thread of the same stream
From one self distaff's stuff; for Poesy's pen,
Through all themes, is t' inform the lives of men ;
All whose retreats need strengths of all degrees ;
Without which, had you even Herculean knees,
Your foes' fresh charges would at length prevail,
To leave your noblest sufferance no least sail.
Strength then the object is of all retreats ;
Strength needs no friends' trust ; strength your foes defeats.
Retire to strength, then, of eternal things,
And y'are eternal ; for our knowing springs
Flow into those things that we truly know ;
Which being eternal, we are render'd so.
And though your high-fix'd light pass infinite far
Th' adviceful guide of my still-trembling star,
Yet hear what my discharged piece must foretell,
Standing your poor and perdu sentinel.
Kings may perhaps wish even your beggar's voice
To their eternities, how scorn'd a choice
Soever now it lies ; and, dead, I may
Extend your life to light's extremest ray.
If not, your Homer yet past doubt shall make
Immortal, like himself, your bounty's stake ;
Put in my hands, to propagate your fame ;
Such virtue reigns in such united name.
Retire to him then for advice, and skill,
To know things call'd worst, best ; and best, most ill.
Which known, truths best choose, and retire to still.

And as our English general* (whose name
Shall equal interest find, in th' house of fame
With all Earth's great'st commanders), in retreat
To Belgian Gant, stood all Spain's armies' heat
By Parma led, though but one thousand strong ;
Three miles together thrusting through the throng
Of th' enemy's horse, still pouring on their fall
'Twixt him and home, and thunder'd through them all ;
The Gallic Monsieur standing on the wall,
And wondering at his dreadful discipline,
Fired with a valour that spit spirit divine ;
In five battalions ranging all his men,
Bristled with pikes, and flank'd with flankers ten ;
Gave fire still in his rear ; retired and wrought
Down to his fix'd strength still ; retired and fought ;
All the battalions of the enemy's horse
Storming upon him still their fieriest force;
Charge upon charge laid fresh ; he, fresh as day,
Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way
Into the gates, that gasp'd (as swoons for air),
And took their life in, with untouch'd repair :
So fight out, sweet Earl, your retreat in peace ;
No ope-war equals that where privy prease
Of never-number'd odds of enemy,
Arm'd all by envy, in blind ambush lie,
To rush out like an open threatening sky,
Broke all in meteors round about your ears.
'Gainst which, though far from hence, through all your rears,
Have fires prepared ; wisdom with wisdom flank,
And all your forces range in present rank ;
Retiring as you now fought in your strength,
From all the force laid, in time's utmost length,

---

* A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General Norris in his retreat before Gant, never before made sacred to memory.—CHAPMAN.

[General Norris is described in *Byron's Conspiracy* (Vol. i. p. 226),

"As great a captain as the world affords,
One fit to lead, and fight for Christendom," &c.—ED.

To charge, and basely come on you behind.
The doctrine of all which you here shall find,
And in the true glass of a humane mind.
Your Odysses, the body letting see
All his life past, through infelicity,
And manage of it all. In which to friend,
The full Muse brings you both the prime and end
Of all arts ambient in the orb of man;
Which never darkness most Cimmerian
Can give eclipse, since, blind, he all things saw,
And to all ever since lived lord and law.
And though our mere-learn'd men, and modern wise,
Taste not poor Poesy's ingenuities,
Being crusted with their covetous leprosies,
But hold her pains worse than the spider's work,
And lighter than the shadow of a cork,
Yet th' ancient learn'd, heat with celestial fire,
Affirms her flames so sacred and entire,
That not without God's greatest grace she can
Fall in the widest capacity of man.*
If yet the vile soul of this verminous time
Love more the sale-muse, and the squirrel's chime,
Than this full sphere of poesy's sweetest prime,
Give them unenvied their vain vein and vent,
And rest your wings in his approved ascent
That yet was never reach'd, nor ever fell
Into affections bought with things that sell,
Being the sun's flower, and wrapt so in his sky
He cannot yield to every candle's eye.

* Ut non sine maximo favore Dei comparari queat.—PLAT. *in Ione.*

Whose most worthy discoveries,

to your Lordship's judicial perspective, in most subdued humility submitteth,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

VERSES APPENDED TO THE TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY.

So wrought divine Ulysses through his woes,
So crown'd the light with him his mother's throes,
As through his great Renowner I have wrought,
And my safe sail to sacred anchor brought.
Nor did the Argive ship more burthen feel,
That bore the care of all men in her keel,
Than my adventurous bark ; the Colchian fleece
Not half so precious as this soul of Greece,
In whose songs I have made our shores rejoice,
And Greek itself veil to our English voice.
Yet this inestimable pearl will all
Our dunghill chanticleers but obvious call ;
Each modern scraper this gem scratching by,
His oat preferring far. Let such, let lie.
So scorn the stars the clouds, as true-soul'd men
Despise deceivers. For, as clouds would fain
Obscure the stars, yet (regions left below
With all their envies) bar them but of show,
For they shine ever, and will shine, when they
Dissolve in sinks, make mire, and temper clay ;
So puff'd impostors (our muse-vapours) strive,
With their self-blown additions, to deprive
Men solid of their full, though infinite short
They come in their compare ; and false report
Of levelling or touching at their light,
That still retain their radiance, and clear right,
And shall shine ever, when, alas! one blast
Of least disgrace tears down th' impostor's mast ;
His tops and tacklings, his whole freight, and he
Confiscate to the fishy monarchy,
His trash, by foolish Fame brought now, from hence
Given to serve mackarel forth, and frankincense.
Such then, and any too soft-eyed to see,
Through works so solid, any worth, so free
Of all the learn'd professions, as is fit
To praise at such price ; let him think his wit
Too weak to rate it, rather than oppose
With his poor powers ages and hosts of foes.

TO THE RUINS OF TROY AND GREECE.

TROY razed; Greece wrack'd; who mourns? Ye both may boast,
Else th' Iliads and Odysseys had been lost![*]

[*] See *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, (Vol. i. p. 190.)

AD DEUM.

THE only true God (betwixt whom and me
I only bound my comforts, and agree
With all my actions) only truly knows,
And can judge truly me, with all that goes
To all my faculties. In whose free grace
And inspiration I only place
All means to know (with my means, study, prayer,
In and from his word taken) stair by stair,
In all continual contentation, rising
To knowledge of his Truth, and practising

His will in it, with my sole Saviour's aid,
Guide, and enlightening; nothing done, nor said,
Nor thought, that good is, but acknowledged by
His inclination, skill, and faculty.
By which, to find the way out to his love
Past all the worlds, the sphere is, where doth move
My studies, prayers, and powers; no pleasure taken
But sign'd by his, for which my blood forsaken,
My soul I cleave to; and what (in his blood
That hath redeem'd, cleansed, taught her) fits her good.

Deo opt. Max. gloria.

POSTSCRIPT TO HIS TRANSLATION OF THE HYMNS OF HOMER.*

THE work that I was born to do is done.
Glory to him that the conclusion
Makes the beginning of my life; and never
Let me be said to live, till I live ever.
Where's the outliving of my fortunes then,
Ye errant vapours of Fame's Lernean fen,
That, like possess'd storms, blast all, not in herd
With your abhorr'd heads; who because cashier'd
By men for monsters, think men monsters all,
That are not of your pied Hood and your Hall,
When you are nothing but the scum of things,
And must be cast off; drones that have no stings;
Nor any more soul than a stone hath wings.
Avaunt, ye hags: your hates and scandals are
The crowns and comforts of a good man's care;
By whose impartial perpendicular,
All is extuberance, and excretion all,
That you your ornaments and glories call.
Your wry mouths censure right? your blister'd tongues,
That lick but itches? and whose ulcerous lungs
Come up at all things permanent and sound?
O you, like flies in dregs, in humours drown'd;
Your loves, like atoms, lost in gloomy air,
I would not retrieve with a wither'd hair.
Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses
Betray but truth, and your applauds are hisses.
To see our supercilious wizards frown,
Their faces fall'n like fogs, and coming down,
Stinking the sun out, makes me shine the more;
And like a check'd flood bear above the shore,
That their profane opinions fain would set
To what they see not, know not, nor can let.
Yet then our learn'd men with their torrents come,
Roaring from their forced hills, all crown'd with foam,
That one not taught like them, should learn to know
Their Greek roots, and from thence the groves that grow,
Casting such rich shades, from great HOMER'S wings,
That first and last command the Muses' springs.
Though he's best scholar, that, through pains and vows
Made his own master only, all things knows.
Nor pleads my poor skill form, or learned place,
But dauntless labour, constant prayer and grace.
And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?
As if broad-beaten highways had the leading

* *The Crowne of all Homer's Workes.*

To Truth's abstract and narrow path and pit ;
Found in no walk of any worldly wit.
And without Truth, all's only sleight of hand,
Or our law-learning in a foreign land,
Embroidery spent on cobwebs, braggart show
O. men that all things learn, and nothing know.
For ostentation humble Truth still flies,
And all confederate fashionists defies.
And as some sharp-brow'd doctor, English born,
In much learn'd Latin idioms can adorn
A verse with rare attractions, yet become
His English Muse like an Arachnean loom,
Wrought spite of Pallas, and therein bewrays
More tongue than truth, begs, and adopts his bays ;
So Ostentation, be he never so
Larded with labour to suborn his show,
Shall soothe within him but a bastard soul,
No more heaven heiring, than Earth's son, the mole.
But as in dead calms emptiest smokes arise,
Uncheck'd and free, up straight into the skies ;
So drowsy Peace, that in her humour steeps
All she affects, lets such rise while she sleeps.
Many, and most men, have of wealth least store,
But none the gracious shame that fits the poor.
So most learn'd men enough are ignorant,
But few the grace have to confess their want,
Till lives and learnings come concomitant.
For from men's knowledges their lives' acts flow ;
Vainglorious acts then vain prove all they know.
As night the life-inclining stars best shows';
So lives obscure the starriest souls disclose.
For me, let just men judge by what I show
In acts exposed, how much I err or know ;
And let not envy make all worse than nought,
With her mere headstrong and quite brainless thought ;
Others, for doing nothing, giving all,
And bounding all worth in her bursten gall,
God and my dear Redeemer rescue me
From men's immane and mad impiety,
And by my life and soul (sole known to them)
Make me of palm, or yew, an anadem.
And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,
Bear all th' ascription of all me and mine.

Supplico tibi, Domine, Pater et Dux rationis nostræ, ut nostræ nobilitatis recordemur quâ tu nos ornasti ; et ut tu nobis præstò sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur ; ut et à corporis contagio, brutorumque affectuum repurgemur, eosque superemus, atque regamus ; et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis iis utamur. Deinde, ut nobis adjumento sis, ad accuratam rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui verè sunt per lucem veritatis. Et tertiùm, Salvatori supplex oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum caliginem prorsus abstergas, ut norimus bene qui Deus, aut mortalis habendus. *Amen.*

Sine honore vivam, nulloque numero ero.

TO HIS LOVING FRIEND,

MASTER JOHN FLETCHER,

CONCERNING HIS PASTORAL, BEING BOTH A POEM AND A PLAY.*

THERE are no sureties, good friend, will be taken
For works that vulgar good-name hath forsaken :
A Poem and a Play too! why, 'tis like
A scholar that's a poet; their names strike
Their pestilence inward, when they take the air,
And kill outright : one cannot both fates bear.
But, as a poet, that's no scholar, makes
Vulgarity his whiffler, and so takes

* Prefixed to "The Faithful Shepheardesse. By John Fletcher. The second edition, newly corrected. London, Printed by T. C. for Richard Meighen, in St. Dunstan's Churchyard in Fleete-streete, 1629."

Passage with ease, and state through both sides' prease
Of pageant-seers: or, as scholars please
That are no poets; more than poets learn'd,
Since their art solely is by souls discern'd;
The other falls within the common sense,
And sheds, like common light, her influence.
So, were your Play no Poem, but a thing
That every cobbler to his patch might sing;
A rout of nifles (like the multitude)
With no one limb of any Art indued,
Like would to like, and praise you. But because
Your Poem only hath by us applause,
Renews the golden world, and holds through all
The holy laws of homely Pastoral,
Where flowers, and founts, and nymphs, and semi-gods,
And all the Graces find their old abodes;
Where forests flourish but in endless verse;
And meadows, nothing fit for purchasers:
This iron age, that eats itself, will never
Bite at your golden world; that others ever
Loved as itself: then like your book do you
Live in old peace; and that for praise allow.

A JUSTIFICATION

OF A

STRANGE ACTION OF NERO.

"*A Justification of a Strange Action of Nero; In burying with a solemne Funerall One of the cast Hayres of his Mistresse Poppæa.* Also *a Just reproofe of a Romane smell-Feast, being the fifth Satyre of Juvenall.* Translated by George Chapman. Imprinted at London by Tho. Harper. M.DC.XXIX."

A Justification of a Strange Action of Nero.

[1629.]

TO

THE RIGHT VIRTUOUS AND WORTHILY HONOURED GENTLEMAN,

RICHARD HUBERT, ESQUIRE.

SIR,

Great works get little regard; little and light are most affected with height; *omne leve sursum, grave deorsum,* you know; for which, and because custom or fashion is another nature, and that it is now the fashion to justify strange actions, I (utterly against mine own fashion) followed the vulgar, and assayed what might be said for justification of a strange action of Nero in burying with a solemn funeral one of the cast hairs of his mistress Poppæa. And not to make little labours altogether unworthy the sight of the great, I say with the great defender of little labours, *In tenui labor est, at tenuis non gloria.* Howsoever, as seamen seeing the approaches of whales, cast out empty vessels, to serve their harmful pleasures, and divert them from everting their main adventure (for in the vast and immane power of anything, nothing is distinguished; great and precious things, basest and vilest, serve alike their wild and unwieldy swinges); so myself, having yet once more some worthier work than this oration, and following translation, to pass this sea of the land, expose to the land and vulgar Leviathan these slight adventures. The rather, because the translation containing in two or three instances a preparation to the justification of my ensuing intended translations, lest some should account them, as they have my former conversions in some places, licences, bold ones, and utterly redundant. Though your judicial self (as I have heard) hath taken those liberal redundances rather as the necessary overflowings of Nilus, than rude or harmful torrents swoln with headstrong showers. To whose judgment and merit submits these, and all his other services,

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

TO THE READER.

BECAUSE, in most opinions of translation, a most asinine error hath gotten ear and head, that men must attempt it as a mastery in rendering any original into other language, to do it in as few words, and the like order; I thought it not amiss in this poor portion of translation to pick out, like the rotten out of apples, if you please so to repute it, a poor instance or two that endeavour to demonstrate a right in the contrary; and the rather I take this course, ocularily to present you with example of what I esteem fit to save the liberty and dialect of mine own language, because there are many valetudinaries that never know the goodness of their stomach till they see meat afore them.

Where, therefore, the most worthy Satirist describes the differences of pages that

attend the lord and the guest at the table, and expresses the disdain of the lord's page to attend his guest, he speaks for his pride thus :—

——— sed forma sed ætas
Digna supercilio.

Which I take out with this bold one :—

And to say truth, his form and prime beside
May well allow him some few grains of pride.

To speak truth is too much, you say ; I confess it, in policy ; but not in free and honest poesy. In the other, the words are utterly altered. It should be so, to avoid verbal servitude ; but the sense I might wish my betters could render no worse. It follows, where he sets down the difference betwixt the lord's bread and the guest's ; where he hath played upon the coarseness and mustiness of the guest's pantry, he differences his lord's thus :—

Sed tener et niveus, mollique siligine factus,
Servatur domino.

Which I thus :—

But for his bread, the pride of appetite,
Tenderly soft, incomparably white,
The first flour of fine meal subdued in paste,
That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste.

O this, you will say, is a bold one ; which I am too bashful to answer otherwise than thus, that here the purest bread affects a full description ; which I amplifying no more than is needful for the full facture of it, if I be overflowing, my author is arid ; but who would not greedily here have fallen upon *snowy*, it lying so fair for him ? put *soft* faithfully in his proper place ; and would ever have dreamed of *subdued in paste*, because it was not put in his mouth ? And I hope it will seem no over-broad bold one, to enter where the purest bread out of industry should make his expected appearance. A number more out of this of no number I could instance, that would trouble men made of greatest number to imitate. But all mastery hath his end, to get great men to commend. It is the outward not the inward virtue that prevails. The candlestick more than the candle is the learning with which blind Fortune useth to prefer her favourites. And who, but the spawns of candlesticks (men of most lucubration for name) win the day from such dormice as wake sleeping ; and rest only in those unprofitable and abhorred knowledges, that no man either praises or acknowledges.

Me dulcis saturet quies. Leni perfruar ocio.
Ignotus omnibus. Cognitus egomet mihi.

Quite opposite to your admired and known learned man : *Qui notus nimis omnibus, Ignotus moritur sibi.* And so shall know nothing either in life or death, when every truly-learned man's knowledge especially begins. Your servant.

THE FUNERAL ORATION MADE AT THE BURIAL OF ONE OF POPPÆA'S HAIRS.

THIS solemn Pageant graced with so glorious a presence as your highness' self and others, as you see, that mourn in their gowns and laugh in their sleeves; may perhaps breed a wonder in those that know not the cause, and laughter in those that know it. To see the mighty Emperor of Rome march in a mourning habit, and after him all the state of the Empire, either present or presented; the peers in person, though with dry eyes, yet God knows their hearts; others in their ranks; one representing the state of a courtier, as I judge by his leg; another of a citizen, as I judge by his head; another of a soldier, as I judge by his look; another the state poetical, as I judge by his clothes; for the state physical it hath no place here; for who ever saw a physician follow a funeral? To see, I say, all this assembly masking in this funeral pomp, could he that saw it imagine any less funeral subject would follow than the hearse of your dear mother Agrippina? or your beloved wife Octavia? or else of her whom you prefer to them both, your divine Poppæa? At least, who would imagine that a poor hair broken loose from his fellows, or shaken off like a windfall from the golden tree before his time, should have the honour of this imperial solemnity, and be able to glory like the fly in the cart, "Good heaven, what a troop of fools have I gathered together!"

It is fatal to all honourable actions to fall under the scourge of detracting tongues, and, for the most part, to be condemned before they come to trial. In regard whereof, I will borrow so much of your patience as that I may in a word or two examine the whole ground of this spectacle; not doubting but that I shall make it appear to all upright ears, that it is an action most worthy your wisdom, my gracious sovereign, and that this silly, this base, this contemptible hair on this hearse supported, receives no thought of honour but what it well deserveth. *Etiam capillus unus habet umbram suam* was the saying of your master Seneca; and may not your Highness go one step further, and say, *Etiam capillus unus habet urnam suam?* To enter into the common place of women's hair, I list not; though it would afford scope enough for my pen to play in. That theme hath been already canvassed, and worn half threadbare by poets and their fellows. My meaning is not to exceed the compass of this hair, which we have here in hand; this sacred beam, fallen from that sun of beauty, Poppæa, whose very name is able to give it honour, though otherwise base. And, albeit, hair were of itself the most abject excrement that were, yet should Poppæa's hair be reputed honourable. I am not ignorant that hair is noted by many as an excrement, a fleeting commodity, subject to spring and fall, and he whose whole head last day was not worth one hair, it shall be in as good estate the next day as it was ever before; and such as last year had as fair a crop of hair as ever fruitful head afforded, if there come but a hot summer, it shall be so smooth that a man may slur a die on it. An excrement it is, I deny not; and yet are not all excrements to be vilified as things of no value; for musk, civet, amber, are they not all excrements? yet what more pleasing to the daintiest sense we have? Nature gives many things with the left hand which Art receives with the right: sublimate and other drugs are by nature poison; yet Art turns them to wholesome medicines; so hair, though by Nature given us as an excrement, yet by Art it is made our capital ornament. For whereas the head is accounted the chief member of the body, hair is given us as the chief ornament of the head, I mean of women's heads; for men have other ornaments belonging to their heads, as shall hereafter appear more largely. And howsoever hair falls within the name of excrement, yet it is evermore the argument of a rank or rich soil where it grows, and of a barren where it fails; for I dare boldly pronounce, in despite of all paltry proverbs, that a man's wit is ever rankest when his hair is at the fullest. I say not his wit is best, but rankest; for I am not ignorant that the rankest flesh is not always the soundest, as the rankest breath is not always the sweetest. And thus much more I will add for the general commendation of hair, that

Nature in no part hath expressed such curious and subtle skill as in this, as we term it, excrement; for what more excellent point of Art can there be than to indurate and harden a thin vapour into a dry and solid substance? And this whole bush of hair, hath both his being and his nourishment from those sweet vapours which breathe and steam from the quintessence of the brain, through those subtle pores of the head in which they are fashioned and spun by nature's finger into so slender and delicate a thread; as if she intended to do like the painter that came to see Apelles, drew that subtle line for a masterpiece of his workmanship. And besides the highest place given to the hair, and singularity of workmanship expressed in it, nature hath endowed it with this special privilege, and left therein so great an impression of herself, as it is the most certain mark by which we may aim at the complexion and condition of every man; as red hair on a man is a sign of treachery, what 'tis in a woman let the sweet music of rhyme inspire us;* a soft hair, chicken-hearted; a harsh hair, churlishly natured; a flaxen hair, foolish brained; what a black-haired man is ask the proverb; if ye believe not that, ask your wives; if they will not tell you, look in your glasses, and ye shall see it written on your foreheads. So that nature having honoured hair with so great a privilege of her favour, why should we not think it worthy all honour in itself without any addition of other circumstance? And if nature hath graced the whole garland with this honour, may not every flower challenge his part? If any hair, then this hair (the argument of our present mourning) more than any. But we must not think, princes and senators, that the undaunted heart of our Emperor, which never was known to shrink at the butchering of his own mother Agrippina, and could without any touch of remorse hear, if not behold, the murder of his most dear wife Octavia, after her divorce; we must not think, I say, this adamantine heart of his could resolve into softness for the loss of a common or ordinary hair. But this was—alas, why is it not?—a hair of such rare and matchless perfection, whether ye take it by the colour or by the substance, as it is impossible for nature in her whole shop to pattern it; so subtil and slender as it can scarce be seen, much less felt; and yet so strong as it is able to bind Hercules hand and foot, and make it another of his labours to extricate himself. In a word, it is such a flower as grows in no garden but Poppæa's; born to the wonder of men, the envy of women, the glory of the gods, &c. A hair of such matchless perfection that if anywhere it should be found by chance, the most ignorant would esteem it of infinite value, as certainly some hairs have been. The purple hair of Nisus, whereon his kingdom and life depended, may serve for an instance. And how many young gallants do I know myself, every hair of whose chin is worth a thousand crowns; and others, but simple fornicators, that have never a hair on their crowns but is worth a king's ransom! At how much higher rate then shall we value this hair, which, if it were not Poppæa's, yet being such as it is, it deserved high estimation; but being Poppæa's, if it were not such, it can be worth no less? When, therefore, a hair of this excellence is fallen like an apple from the golden tree, can the loss be light? And can such loss do less than beget a just and unfeigned grief, not proceeding from humour in our Emperor, nor flattery in us, but out of true judgment in us all? Albeit, I must add this for the qualifying of your grief, most sacred Emperor, that this divine hair is not utterly lost. It is but sent as a harbinger before; the rest must follow it. And in the meantime this remains in blessed estate; it is at rest; it is free from the trouble and incumbrance which her miserable fellows that survive are daily enforced to endure. The cruel comb shall no more fasten his teeth upon it; it shall no more be tortured with curling bodkins, tied up each night in knots, wearied with tires, and by all means barred of that natural freedom in which it was born; and, which is a torment above torments, subject to the fearful tincture of age, and to change his amber hue into a withered and mortified grey. From all this fear and trouble this happy hair is freed; it rests quietly in his urn, straight to be consecrated as a relic upon this altar of Venus, there to be kept as her treasure till it hath fetched to it a fair number more; and then to be employed by Venus either as a bracelet for her paramour Mars, or else, which I rather believe, for a periwig for herself; all his fellows and his mistress having from it taken the infection of the falling sickness. *Dixi.*

* [*i.e.* lechery.]

D. JUNII JUVENALIS.

LIB. I., SAT. V.

TO TREBIUS.

LABOURING TO BRING HIM IN DISLIKE OF HIS CONTINUED COURSE OF FREQUENTING THE TABLE OF VIRRO, A GREAT LORD OF ROME.

If, of thy purpose yet, thou takest no shame,
But keep'st thy mind, immutably, the same,
That thou esteem'st it as a good in chief
At others' trenchers to relieve thy life;
If those things thou canst find a back to bear,
That not Sarmentus nor vile Galba were
So base to put in patience of a guest,
No, not for Cæsar's far-exceeding feast;
Fear will affect me to believe thy troth
In any witness, though produced by oath.
For nothing in my knowledge falls that is
More frugal than the belly. But say this,
That not enough food all thy means can find,
To keep thy gut from emptiness and wind,
Is no creek void? no bridge? no piece of shed
Half, or not half? Would thy not being fed
At Virro's table be so foul a shame?
Does hunger blow in thee so false a flame,
As not to taste it nobler in as poor
And vile a place as hath been named before?
To quake for cold, and gnaw the mustiest grounds
Of barley-grist, baked purposely for hounds?
First, take it for a rule, that if my lord
Shall once be pleased to grace thee with his board,
The whole revenues that thy hopes inherit,
Rising from services of ancient merit,
In this requital amply paid will prove.
O 'tis the fruit of a transcendent love
To give one victuals; that thy table-king
Lays in thy dish though ne'er so thin a thing,
Yet that reproach still in thine ears shall ring.
If, therefore, after two months' due neglect,
He deigns his poor dependant to respect,
And lest the third bench fail to fill the rank,
He shall take thee up to supply the blank.
"Let's sit together, Trebius," says my lord;
See all thy wishes summ'd up in a word.
What canst thou ask at Jove's hand after this?
This grace to Trebius enough ample is
To make him start from sleep before the lark,
Posting abroad untruss'd, and in the dark,
Perplex'd with fear, lest all the servile rout
Of his saluters have the round run-out
Before he come; while yet the fixed star
Shows his ambiguous head, and heaven's cold car
The slow Boötes wheels about the Bear.
And yet, for all this, what may be the cheer?
To such vile wine thy throat is made the sink,
As greasy wool would not endure to drink,
And we must shortly look to see our guest
Transform'd into a Berecynthian priest.
Words make the prologue to prepare the fray,
And in the next scene pots are taught to play
The parts of weapons: thy red napkin now
Descends to tell thee of thy broken brow;
And such events do evermore ensue
When you poor guests and Virro's serving crew
Grow to the heat of such uncivil wars,
The vile wine made the bellows to your jars.
For Virro's self, the wine he drinks was born
When consuls (Phœbus-like) appear'd unshorn;
A grape that long since in the wars was prest
By our confederate Marsians, and the rest;
Of which no drop his longing friend can get,
Though blown in fume up with a cardiac fit.

Next day he likes to taste another field,
The Alban hills', or else the Setine yield,
Whose race and rich succession if you ask,
Age hath decay'd, and sickness of the cask;
Such Thrasea and Helvidius quaff'd, still crown'd,
When Brutus' birth and Cassius', they renown'd.
Virro himself in solemn bowls is served,
Of amber and disparent beryl kerv'd;
But to thy trust no such cup they commit,
Or, if they do, a spy is fix'd to it,
To tell the stones; whose firm eye never fails
To watch the close walks of thy vulturous nails.
"Give leave," says Virro, and then takes the cup,
The famous jasper in it lifting up
In glorious praises; for 'tis now the guise
Of him and others to transfer such prize
Off from his fingers to his bowls that were
Wont to grace swords, and our young Trojan peer
That made Iarbus jealous (since in love
Preferr'd past him by Dido) used t' improve
By setting them in fore-front of his sheath.
But thy bowl stands an infinite beneath,
And bears the Beneventane cobbler's name,
Whose gallon drunk-off must thy blood enflame,
And is so crazed, that they would let it pass
To them that matches give for broken glass.
Now, if by fumes of wine, or fiery meat,
His lordship's stomach over-boil with heat,
There's a cold liquor brought that's made t' outvie
The chill impressions of the north-east sky.
I formerly affirm'd, that you and he
Were served with wines of a distinct degree,
But now remember, it belongs to you
To keep your distance in your water too.
And (in his page's place) thy cups are brought
By a swarth footman, from Getulia bought,
Or some sterved negro, whose affrightful sight
Thou wouldst abhor to meet in dead of night
Passing the monuments of Latia.
In his eye waits the flower of Asia,
A jewel purchased at a higher rate
Than martial Ancus', or king Tullus' state
(Not to stand long), than all the idle things
That graced the courts of all our Roman kings.
If then thy bowl his nectar's store shall need,
Address thee to his Indian Ganymede.
Think not his page, worth such a world, can skill
Or does not scorn, for thread-bare coats to fill,
And, to say truth, his form and prime beside
May well allow him some few grains of pride.
But when does he to what thou want'st descend,
Or thy entreaties not contemn t'attend,
Supply of water craving, hot or cold?
No, he, I tell you, in high scorn doth hold
To stir at every stale dependant's call;
Or that thou call'st for anything at all,
Or sitt'st where he's forced stand, his pride depraves.
Houses of state abound with stately slaves.
And see, another's proud disdains resist
His hand to set thee bread; and yet what is't
But hoary cantles of unboulted grist,
That would a jaw-tooth rouse, and not admit,
Though ne'er so base, thy baser throat a bit?
But for his bread, the pride of appetite,
Tenderly soft, incomparably white,
The first flour of fine meal subdued in paste,
That's a peculiar for my lord's own taste.
See then thou keep'st thy fingers from offence,
And give the pantler his due reverence.
Or say thou shouldst be malapertly bold,
Seest thou not slaves enough, to force thy hold
From thy attempted prize, with taunts like these,
"Hands off, forward companion, will you please
With your familiar crible to be fed,
And understand the colour of your bread?"
Then grumbles thy disgrace: "And is it this
For which so oft I have forborne the bliss
Of my fair wife, to post with earliest speed
Up to Mount Esculine, where agues breed?

When my repair did vernal Jove provoke
To drive his weather through my winter cloak,
And in his bitterest hails his murmurs broke?"
But let us to our cates our course address:
Observe that lobster served to Virro's mess,
How with the length of his extended limbs
He does surcharge the charger; how the brims
With lustful sperage are all over-stored;
With what a tail he over-tops the board,
In service first borne-up betwixt the hands
Of that vast yeoman. But, for thee, there stands
A puny cray-fish, pent in half a shell,
The dish not feast enough for one in hell.
The fish he tastes swims in an oil that grew
In Campany, and drank Venafrian dew.
But, for the worts, poor snake, presented thee,
Whose pale aspect shows their infirmity,
They drink an oil much of the curriers' stamp,
Exquisite stuff, that savours of the lamp.
For know, that for your board is billeted
An oil that from the Lybian cane is shed,
The burthen of a sharp Numidian prow;
An oil, for whose strength Romans disavow
To bathe with Boccharis; an oil whose smell
'Gainst serpents doth an amulet excel.
Next, for my lord, a mullet see served in,
Sent from the Corsic shore, or of a fin
Bred in Sicilia's Taurominian rocks;
All our seas being exhausted, all our flocks
Spent and destroy'd, while our luxurious diet
Makes havoc, and our kitchens never quiet
Still with unwearied nets, that no truce keep,
Ransack the entrails of th' adjoining deep;
Nor respite our Etrurian fry to grow.
And now our markets their chief purveyance owe
To some remote and ditionary coast;
Thence come the dainties that our kitchens boast;
Such as to buy, the vulture Lenas deigns,
Such as to sell, Aurelia entertains.
In mess with that, behold for Virro lies
A lamprey of an exemplary size,
That for dimension bears the prize from all
Which gulfs Sicilian sent his festival;
For while the South contains himself, while he
Lies close, and dries his feathers in his lee,
Our greedy pursenets for their gain despise
The danger that in mid Charybdis lies.
Now, for his lamprey, thou art glad to take
An eel, near cousin to a hideous snake,
Or else a freckled Tiberine, bit with frost,
And he the poorest slave of all the coast,
Fed with the torrent of the common sewer,
And swims the town-ditch where 'tis most impure.
Here would I on himself a word have spent,
So he inclined an ear benevolent.
Nor do we such benevolences crave,
As Seneca his mean acquaintance gave;
Such as good Piso; such as Cotta made
To deal for largess; a familiar trade;
For times have been, that in the world's account
The title of munificence did mount
Above triumphant or imperial bays.
But our desire in this due limit stays,
That you will make, when you entreat a guest,
Civil respect the steward of your feast.
Do this, and be, as many lords are more,
Rich to yourself, and to your followers poor.
Before him see a huge goose-liver set;
A capon cramm'd, even with that goose; for great
A whole wild boar, hid in his smoking heat,
That gold-lock'd Meleager's dart deserved;
And after all this, Virro's self is served
With pure dress'd mushrooms, be the spring then freed,
And wished thunders make his meals exceed.
And then the gully-gut, Aledius, cries,
O Lybia, keep with thee thy wheats and ryes,
And ease thy oxen, sending these supplies.
And that no indignation want to thee
(As bound t' observe), the carver thou must see
Dancing about his business; and he
That teaches him the laws to the true life
Of carving comely, with his flying knife
Touching at every joint he carves, before
He dares th' attempt, till not a gesture more

In all his dictates can deserve offence.
Nor must your note fail, how huge difference
There is 'twixt the unlacing of your hare,
And hen's dissection. 'Gainst which if you dare
But whisper, like a three-named noble man,
Like Cacus, struck by hands Herculean,
Thou shalt be by the heels dragg'd forth the place.
But when doth Virro then vouchsafe the grace
To drink to thee? Or touch the cup that thou
Hast with thy lips profaned? Or which of you
So desperate is, so lost, to bid the king
"Drink to me, sir?" No. There is many a thing
That thread-bare coats dare not for fear bring forth.
But if some god, or god-like man, or worth
Better than fate, would wealth bestow on thee,
Fit to maintain a knight of Rome's degree,
How huge a piece of man shouldst thou ascend
Raised out of nothing! How much Virro's friend!
"Give Trebius." "Set to Trebius." "Brother, now,
Please you these puddings taste?" O moneys, you
He gives this honour, you, these brother are;
Yet notwithstanding, if thou please to share
His lordship with him, or become his king,
You must to court no young Æneas bring,
Nor daughter, though his daintier, to be
Play-feres with Virro's daintiest progeny,
But childless be. A pleasing and dear friend
A barren wife makes. But suppose she lend
Thy lap much issue (even at one birth three)
So thou be rich, Virro will join with thee
In joy of that thy prating progeny;
And ever when the infant parasite
Comes to the table asking his delight,
Virro commands it all his appetite.
To all his cheap-prized friends, they serve the board
With dangerous toad-stools; mushrooms for my lord,
But such as Claudius pleased to taste, before
His wife's gift came that made him taste no more.
Virro commands for him, and all the rest
Of the Virronian rank, fruit of such feast
As thou shalt only in their odour eat,
Such as Phæacia's endless autumns sweat,
Or thou wouldst think got from the golden trees
That grew in guard of the Atlantides;
Where thou eat'st spaky fruit, of that sour sort
That fresh-train'd soldiers feed on in their fort,
Bestow'd on them in practice of their art
At a stuff'd goat-skin to bestow a dart,
Fearing for their default the scourge's smart.
Perhaps for saving cost thou mayst conceive
That Virro feeds thee so? No, 'tis to grieve
Thy greedy liquorous appetite, because
There is no comedy of more applause,
Nor any excellentest zany can
More than a weeping-gut delight a man.
All is then done (if we must teach thine ears)
To make thee purge thy choler by thy tears,
And live still gnashing of thy great-eye-teeth.
Thou think'st, he thinks thee free, and not beneath
Guests for his love and grace; but he knows well
Thee only taken with his kitchen's smell;
Nor thinks amiss; for who so naked lives,
That twice on his entreats attendance gives?
Vain hope of supping well deceives you all.
"But see," say you, "that half-eat hare will fall
In his gift to our shares; or of that boar
Some little fragments, that his haunches wore;

Or sure that caponet." When, for all prepared,
Your musty bread pared clean, and no bit shared
Of all those meats of mark, and long'd-for dishes,
Your vain hopes vanish, and y' are mute as fishes.
He's wise that serves thee so; for if thou can
Bear all, thou shouldst, and he's no unjust man
That lays all on thee, even to stoop thy head
To the fool's razor, and be buffeted;
Which if thou dost, nor lett'st thy forage fear
Besides to suffer Virro's whipping cheer,
With all the sharp sauce that he can extend,
Thou'rt worthy such a feast, and such a friend.

THE HYMNS OF HOMER.

"*The Crowne of all Homers Worckes, Batrachomyomachia or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. His Hymn's and Epigrams.* Translated according to ye Originall. By George Chapman. London, Printed by Iohn Bill, his Maiesties Printer."

The Hymns of Homer, &c.

THE OCCASION OF THIS IMPOSED CROWN.

AFTER this not only Prime of Poets, but Philosophers, had written his two great poems of Iliads and Odysses; which (for their first lights borne before all learning) were worthily called the Sun and Moon of the Earth; (finding no compensation), he writ, in contempt of men, this ridiculous poem of Vermin, giving them nobility of birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his heroes. At which the Gods themselves put in amaze, called councils about their assistance of either army, and the justice of their quarrels, even to the mounting of Jove's artillery against them, and discharge of his three-forked flashes; and all for the drowning of a mouse. After which slight and only recreative touch, he betook him seriously to the honour of the Gods; in Hymns resounding all their peculiar titles, jurisdiction, and dignities; which he illustrates at all parts, as he had been continually conversant amongst them; and whatsoever authentic Poesy he omitted in the episodes contained in his Iliads and Odysses, he comprehends and concludes in his Hymns and Epigrams. All his observance and honour of the Gods, rather moved their envies against him, than their rewards, or respects of his endeavours. And so like a man *verecundi ingenii* (which he witnesseth of himself) he lived unhonoured and needy till his death; yet notwithstanding all men's servile and manacled miseries, to his most absolute and never-equalled merit; yea, even bursten profusion to imposture and impiety, hear our ever-the-same intranced, and never-sleeping Master of the Muses, to his last accent, incomparably singing.

BATRACHOMYOMACHIA.

ENTERING the fields, first let my vows call on
The Muses' whole quire out of Helicon
Into my heart, for such a poem's sake,
As lately I did in my tables take,
And put into report upon my knees.
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees
Fit Mars himself, and his tumultuous hand,
Glorying to dart to th' ears of every land
Of all the voice-divided; and[1] to show
How bravely did both Frogs and Mice bestow
In glorious fight their forces, even the deeds
Daring to imitate of Earth's Giant seeds.
Thus then, men talk'd; this seed the strife begat:
The Mouse once dry, and 'scaped the dangerous cat,
Drench'd in the neighbour lake her tender beard,
To taste the sweetness of the wave it rear'd.
The far-famed Fen-affecter, seeing him, said:
"Ho, stranger! what are you? And whence, that tread
This shore of ours? who brought you forth? reply
What truth may witness, lest I find you lie.

[1] Intending *men:* being divided from all other creatures by the voice; μερoψ, being a periphrasis, signifying *voce divisus*, of μειρω (μείρομαι) *divido*, and ὄψ, ὀπός, *vox*.

If worth fruition of my love and me,
I'll have thee home, and hospitality
Of feast and gift, good and magnificent,
Bestow on thee; for all this confluent
Resounds my royalty; my name, the great
In blown-up-countenances and looks of threat,
Physignathus,[1] adored of all Frogs here
All their days' durance, and the empire bear
Of all their beings. Mine own being begot
By royal Peleus,[2] mix'd in nuptial knot
With fair Hydromedusa,[3] on the bounds
Near[4] which Eridanus his race resounds.
And thee mine eye makes my conceit inclined
To reckon powerful both in form and mind,
A sceptre-bearer, and past others far
Advanced in all the fiery fights of war.
Come then, thy race to my renown commend."
The Mouse made answer: "Why inquires my friend?
For what so well know men and Deities,
And all the wing'd affecters of the skies?
Psicharpax[5] I am call'd; Troxartes'[6] seed,
Surnamed the Mighty-minded. She that freed
Mine eyes from darkness was Lichomyle,[7]
King Pternotroctes'[8] daughter, showing me
Within an aged hovel, the young light:
Fed me with figs and nuts, and all the height
Of varied viands. But unfold the cause,
Why, 'gainst similitude's most equal laws
Observed in friendship, thou makest me thy friend?
Thy life the waters only help t' extend;
Mine, whatsoever men are used to eat,
Takes part with them at shore; their purest cheat,
Thrice boulted, kneaded and subdued in paste,
In clean round kymnels, cannot be so fast
From my approaches kept but in I eat:
Nor cheesecakes full of finest Indian wheat,
That crusty-weeds wear, large as ladies' trains:[1]
Liverings,[2] white-skinn'd as ladies; nor the strains
Of press'd milk, renneted; nor collops cut
Fresh from the flitch; nor junkets such as put
Palates divine in appetite; nor any
Of all men's delicates, though ne'er so many
Their cooks devise them, who each dish see deck'd
With[3] all the dainties all strange soils affect.
Yet am I not so sensual to fly
Of fields embattled the most fiery cry,
But rush out straight, and with the first in fight
Mix in adventure. No man with affright
Can daunt my forces, though his body be
Of never so immense a quantity:
But making up, even to his bed access,
His fingers' ends dare with my teeth compress,
His feet taint likewise, and so soft seize both
They shall not taste th' impression of a tooth.
Sweet sleep shall hold his own in every eye
Where my tooth takes his tartest liberty.
But two there are, that always, far and near,
Extremely still, control my force with fear
(The Cat, and Night-hawk), who much scathe confer
On all the outrays where for food I err.
Together with the straits-still-keeping trap,[4]
Where lurks deceitful and set-spleen'd mishap.
But most of all the Cat constrains my fear,
Being ever apt t' assault me everywhere;
For by that hole that hope says I shall 'scape,
At that hole ever she commits my rape.
The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grass
Nor radishes, nor coloquintidas,

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[1] Φυσίγναθος, *Genas et buccas inflans.*
[2] Πηλεύς, *qui ex luto nascitur.*
[3] Ὑδρομέδουσα. *Aquarum regina.*
[4] The river Po, in Italy.
[5] Ψιχάρπαξ. Gather-crumb, or ravish-crumb.
[6] Shear-crust. [7] Lick-mill.
[8] Bacon-flitch-devourer, or gnawer.

[1] Τανύπεπλος. *Extenso et promisso peplo amictus.* A metaphor taken from ladies' veils, or trains, and therefore their names are here added.
[2] Ἤπατα λευκοχίτωνα. Livering puddings white-skinn'd.
[3] Παντοδαποῖσιν. Whose common exposition is only *variis*, when it properly signifies *ex omni solo.*
[4] Στονόεσσαν, of στενός, *angustus.*

Nor still-green beets, nor parsley; which you make
Your dainties still, that live upon the lake."
The Frog replied: "Stranger, your boasts creep all
Upon their bellies; though to our lives fall
Much more miraculous meats, by lake and land;
Jove tendering our lives with a twofold hand,
Enabling us to leap ashore for food,
And hide us straight in our retreatful flood.
Which, if your will serve, you may prove with ease.
I'll take you on my shoulders; which fast seize,
If safe arrival at my house y' intend."
He stoop'd, and thither spritely did ascend,
Clasping his golden neck, that easy seat
Gave to his sally; who was jocund yet,
Seeing the safe harbours of the king so near,
And he a swimmer so exempt from peer.
But when he sunk into the purple wave,
He mourn'd extremely, and did much deprave
Unprofitable penitence; his hair
Tore by the roots up, labour'd for the air,
With his feet fetch'd up to his belly close;
His heart within him panted out repose,
For th' insolent plight in which his state did stand;
Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greet the land,
Forced by the dire need of his freezing fear.
First, on the waters he his tail did steer,
Like to a stern; then drew it like an oar,
Still praying the Gods to set him safe ashore;
Yet sunk he midst the red waves more and more,
And laid a throat out to his utmost height;
Yet in forced speech he made his peril slight,
And thus his glory with his grievance strove:
"Not in such choice state was the charge of love
Borne by the bull, when to the Cretan shore
He swum Europa through the wavy rore,
As this Frog ferries me, his pallid breast
Bravely advancing, and his verdant crest
(Submitted to my seat) made my support,
Through his white waters, to his royal court."
But on the sudden did apparance make
An horrid spectacle; a water-snake
Thrusting his freckled neck above the lake.
Which seen to both, away Physignathus
Dived to his deeps, as no way conscious
Of whom he left to perish in his lake,
But shunn'd black fate himself, and let him take
The blackest of it; who amidst the fen
Swum with his breast up, hands held up in vain,
Cried Peep, and perish'd; sunk the waters oft,
And often with his sprawlings came aloft,
Yet no way kept down death's relentless force,
But, full of water, made an heavy corse.
Before he perish'd yet, he threaten'd thus:
"Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven, Physignathus,
Though yet thou hidest here, that hast cast from thee,
As from a rock, the shipwrack'd life of me.
Though thou thyself no better was than I,
O worst of things, at any faculty,
Wrastling or race. But, for thy perfidy
In this my wrack, Jove bears a wreakful eye;
And to the host of Mice thou pains shalt pay,
Past all evasion." This his life let say,
And left him to the waters. Him beheld
Lichopinax,[1] placed in the pleasing field,
Who shriek'd extremely, ran and told the Mice;
Who having heard his watery destinies,
Pernicious anger pierced the hearts of all,
And then their heralds forth they sent to call
A council early, at Troxartes' house,
Sad father of this fatal shipwrack'd Mouse;
Whose dead corse upwards swum along the lake,
Nor yet, poor wretch, could be enforced to make
The shore his harbour, but the mid-main swum.
When now, all haste made, with first morn did come
All to set council; in which first raised head
Troxartes, angry for his son, and said:
"O friends, though I alone may seem to bear
All the infortune, yet may all met here
Account it their case. But 'tis true, I am
In chief unhappy, that a triple flame

[1] Lickdish.

Of life, feel put forth, in three famous sons:
The first, the chief in our confusions,
The Cat, made rape of, caught without his hole:
The second, Man, made with a cruel soul,
Brought to his ruin with a new-found sleight,
And a most wooden engine of deceit,
They term a Trap, mere murtheress[1] of our Mice.
The last, that in my love held special price,
And his rare mother's, this Physignathus
(With false pretext of wafting to his house)
Strangled in chief deeps of his bloody stream.
Come then, haste all, and issue out on them,
Our bodies deck'd in our Dædalean arms."
This said, his words thrust all up in alarms,
And Mars himself, that serves the cure of war,
Made all in their appropriates circular.
First on each leg the green shales of a bean
They[2] closed for boots, that sat exceeding clean;
The shales they broke ope, boothaling by night,
And eat the beans; their jacks, art exquisite
Had shown in them, being cats'-skins everywhere
Quilted with quills; their fenceful bucklers were
The middle rounds of can'sticks; but their spear
A huge long needle was, that could not bear
The brain of any; but be Mars his own
Mortal invention; their heads' arming crown
Was vessel to the kernel of a nut:
And thus the Mice their powers in armour put.
This the Frogs hearing, from the water all
Issue to one place, and a council call
Of wicked war; consulting what should be
Cause to this murmur and strange mutiny.
While this was question'd, near them made his stand
An herald with a septre in his hand,
Embasichytrus[1] call'd, that fetch'd his kind
From Tyroglyphus[2] with the mighty mind,
Denouncing ill-named war in these high terms:
"O Frogs! the Mice sends threats to you of arms,
And bid me bid ye battle, and fix'd fight;
Their eyes all wounded with Psicharpax' sight
Floating your waters, whom your king hath kill'd.
And therefore all prepare for force of field,
You that are best born, whosoever held."
This said, he sever'd; his speech firing th' ears
Of all the Mice, but freezed the Frogs with fears,
Themselves conceiting guilty; whom the king
Thus answer'd, rising: "Friends, I did not bring
Psicharpax to his end; he, wantoning
Upon our waters, practising to swim,
Aped[3] us, and drown'd, without my sight of him.
And yet these worst of vermin accuse me,
Though no way guilty. Come, consider we
How we may ruin these deceitful Mice.
For my part, I give voice to this advice,
As seeming fittest to direct our deeds:
Our bodies decking with our arming weeds,
Let all our powers stand raised in steep'st repose
Of all our shore; that when they charge us close,
We may the helms snatch off from all so deck'd,
Daring our onset, and them all deject
Down to our waters; who not knowing the sleight
To dive our soft deeps, may be strangled straight,
And we triumphing may a trophy rear,
Of all the Mice that we have slaughter'd here."

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[1] Ὀλέτειρα. *Interfectrix, perditrix.*
[2] Εὖ τ' ἀσκήσαντες, *ab* ἀσκέω, *elaborate concinno*

[1] Enter-pot, or search-pot.
[2] Cheese-miner. *Qui caseum rodendo cavat.*
[3] Μιμούμενος. Aping, or imitating us.

These words put all in arms ; and mallow leaves[1]
They drew upon their legs, for arming greaves.
Their curets, broad green beets ; their bucklers were
Good thick-leaved cabbage ; proof 'gainst any spear.
Their spears, sharp bulrushes ; of which were all
Fitted with long ones ; their parts capital
They hid in subtle cockleshells from blows.
And thus all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose
T' encamp themselves ; where lance with lance they lined,
And brandish'd bravely, each Frog full of mind.
Then Jove call'd all Gods in his flaming throne,
And show'd all, all this preparation
For resolute war ; these able soldiers,
Many, and great, all shaking lengthful spears,
In show like Centaurs, or the Giants' host.
When, sweetly smiling, he inquired who, most
Of all th' Immortals, pleased to add their aid
To Frogs or Mice ; and thus to Pallas said :
"O Daughter ! Must not you needs aid these Mice ?
That, with the odours and meat sacrifice
Used in your temple, endless triumphs make,
And serve you for your sacred victuals' sake ?"
Pallas replied : "O Father, never I
Will aid the Mice in any misery.
So many mischiefs by them I have found,
Eating the cotton that my distaffs crown'd,[2]
My lamps still haunting to devour the oil.
But that which most my mind eats, is their spoil
Made of a veil, that me in much did stand,
On which bestowing an elaborate hand,
A fine woof working of as pure a thread ;
Such holes therein their petulancies fed,
That, putting it to darning, when 'twas done,
The darner a most dear pay stood upon
For his so dear pains, laid down instantly ;
Or to forbear, exacted usury.[1]
So, borrowing from my fane the weed I wove,
I can by no means th' usurous darner move
To let me have the mantle to restore.
And this is it that rubs the angry sore
Of my offence took at these petulant Mice.
Nor will I yield the Frogs' wants my supplies,
For their infirm minds, that no confines keep ;
For I from war retired, and wanting sleep,
All leap'd ashore in tumult, nor would stay
Till one wink seized mine eyes : and so I lay
Sleepless, and pain'd with headache, till first light
The cock had crow'd up. Therefore, to the fight
Let no God go assistant, lest a lance
Wound whosoever offers to advance,
Or wishes but their aid, that scorn all foes,
Should any God's access their spirits oppose.
Sit we then pleased to see from heaven their fight."
She said, and all Gods join'd in her delight.
And now both hosts to one field drew the jar,
Both heralds bearing the ostents of war.
And then the wine-gnats,[2] that shrill trumpets sound,
Terribly rung out the encounter round ;
Jove thunder'd ; all heaven sad war's sign resounded.
And first Hypsiboas[3] Lichenor[4] wounded,
Standing th' impression of the first in fight.
His lance did in his liver's midst alight,
Along his belly. Down he fell ; his face
His fall on that part sway'd, and all the grace
Of his soft hair fill'd with disgraceful dust.
Then Troglodytes[5] his thick javelin thrust
In Pelion's[6] bosom, bearing him to ground,
Whom sad death seized ; his soul flew through his wound.

[1] Boots of war.
[2] Στέμματα, *Lanas, eo quod colus cingant seu coronent.* Which our learned sect translate eating the crowns that Pallas wore.

[1] Τόκος. *Partus, et id quod partu edidit mater. Metaph. hìc appelatur fœnus quod ex usurâ ad nos redit.*
[2] Κώνωψ. *Culex vinarius.*
[3] Loud-mouth.
[4] Kitchen-vessel licker.
[5] Hole-dweller. *Qui foramina subit.*
[6] Mud-born.

Sentlæus[1] next Embasichytros slew,
His heart through-thrusting. Then Artophagus[2] threw
His lance at Polyphon,[3] and strook him quite
Through his mid-belly; down he fell upright,
And from his fair limbs took his soul her flight.
Limnocharis,[4] beholding Polyphon
Thus done to death, did, with as round a stone
As that the mill turns, Troglodytes wound,
Near his mid-neck, ere he his onset found;
Whose eyes sad darkness seized. Lichenor[5] cast
A flying dart off, and his aim so placed
Upon Limnocharis, that sure[6] he thought
The wound he wish'd him; nor untruly wrought
The dire success, for through his liver flew
The fatal lance; which when Crambophagus[7] knew,
Down the deep waves near shore he, diving, fled;
But fled not fate so; the stern enemy fed
Death with his life in diving; never more
The air he drew in; his vermilion gore
Stain'd all the waters, and along the shore
He laid extended; his fat entrails lay
(By his small guts' impulsion) breaking way
Out at his wound. Limnisius[8] near the shore
Destroy'd Tyroglyphus; which frighted sore
The soul of Calaminth,[9] seeing coming on,
For wreak, Pternoglyphus;[10] who got him gone
With large leaps to the lake, his target thrown
Into the waters. Hydrocharis[11] slew
King Pternophagus,[12] at whose throat he threw
A huge stone, strook it high, and beat his brain
Out at his nostrils: earth blush'd with the stain
His blood made on her bosom. For next prize,
Lichopinax to death did sacrifice
Borborocœtes'[1] faultless faculties;
His lance enforced it; darkness closed his eyes.
On which when Brassophagus[2] cast his look,
Cnissodioctes[3] by the heels he took,
Dragg'd him to fen from off his native ground,
Then seized his throat, and soused him till he drown'd.
But now Psicharpax wreaks his fellows' deaths,
And in the bosom of Pelusius[4] sheaths,
In centre of his liver, his bright lance;
He fell before the author of the chance;
His soul to hell fled. Which Pelobates[5]
Taking sad note of, wreakfully did seize
His hand's gripe full of mud, and all besmear'd
His forehead with it so, that scarce appear'd
The light to him. Which certainly incensed
His fiery spleen; who with his wreak dispensed
No point of time, but rear'd with his strong hand
A stone so massy it oppress'd the land,
And hurl'd it at him; when below the knee
It strook his right leg so impetuously
It piecemeal brake it; he the dust did seize,
Upwards everted. But Craugasides[6]
Revenged his death, and at his enemy
Discharged a dart that did his point imply
In his mid-belly. All the sharp-piled spear
Got after in, and did before it bear
His universal entrails to the earth,
Soon as his swoln hand gave his javelin birth.
Sitophagus,[7] beholding the sad sight,
Set on the shore, went halting from the fight,
Vex'd with his wounds extremely; and, to make
Way from extreme fate, leap'd into the lake.
Troxartes strook, in th' instep's upper part,
Physignatus; who (privy to the smart

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[1] Beet-devourer. [2] The great bread-eater.
[3] The great-noise-maker, shrill or big-voiced.
[4] The lake-lover.
[5] *Qui lambit culinaria vasa.*
[6] Τιτύσκομαι *intentissime dirigo ut certum ictum inferam.*
[7] The cabbage-eater.
[8] *Paludis incola.* Lake-liver.
[9] *Qui in* calaminthâ, *herba palustri, habitat.*
[10] Bacon-eater.
[11] *Qui aquis delectatur.* [12] Collop-devourer.

[1] Mud-sleeper. [2] Leek or scallion lover.
[3] Kitchen-smell haunter, or hunter.
[4] Fenstalker. [5] *Qui per lutem it.*
[6] Vociferator. [7] Eat-corn.

His wound imparted) with his utmost haste
Leap'd to the lake, and fled. Troxartes cast
His eye upon the foe that fell before,
And, seeing him half-lived, long'd again to gore
His gutless bosom; and, to kill him quite,
Ran fiercely at him. Which Prassæus'[1] sight
Took instant note of, and the first in fight
Thrust desperate way through, casting his keen lance
Off at Troxartes; whose shield turn'd th' advance
The sharp head made, and check'd the mortal chance.
Amongst the Mice fought an egregious
Young springall, and a close-encountering Mouse,
Pure Artepibulus[2] his dear descent;
A prince that Mars himself show'd where he went.
(Call'd Meridarpax[3]), of so huge a might,
That only he still domineer'd in fight
Of all the Mouse-host. He advancing close
Up to the lake, past all the rest arose
In glorious object; and made vaunt that he
Came to depopulate all the progeny
Of Frogs, affected with the lance of war.
And certainly he had put on as far
As he advanced his vaunt, he was endued
With so unmatch'd a force and fortitude,
Had not the Father both of Gods and men
Instantly known it; and the Frogs, even then
Given up to ruin, rescued with remorse.
Who, his head moving, thus began discourse:
"No mean amaze affects me, to behold
Prince Meridarpax rage so uncontroll'd,
In thirst of Frog-blood all along the lake.
Come therefore still, and all addression make,
Despatching Pallas, with tumultuous Mars,
Down to the field to make him leave the wars,
How potently soever he be said[4]
Where he attempts once to uphold his head."
Mars answer'd: "O Jove, neither she nor I,
With both our aids can keep depopulacy
From off the Frogs. And therefore arm we all;
Even thy lance letting brandish to his call
From off the field: that from the field withdrew
The Titanois; the Titanois that slew;
Though most exempt from match of all earth's seeds,
So great and so inaccessible deeds
It hath proclaim'd to men; bound hand and foot
The vast Enceladus; and rased by th' root
The race of upland Giants." This speech past,
Saturnius a smoking lightning cast
Amongst the armies; thundering then so sore,
That with a rapting circumflex he bore
All huge heaven over. But the terrible ire
Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire
(Which certainly his very finger was),
Amazed both Mice and Frogs. Yet soon let pass
Was all this by the Mice, who much the more
Burn'd in desire t' exterminate the store
Of all those lance-loved soldiers. Which had been,
If from Olympus Jove's eye had not seen
The Frogs with pity, and with instant speed
Sent them assistants. Who, ere any heed
Was given to their approach, came crawling on
With anvils[1] on their backs; that, beat upon
Never so much, are never wearied yet;
Crook-paw'd, and wrested on with foul cloven feet,
Tongues[2] in their mouths, brick-back'd, all over bone,
Broad-shoulder'd, whence a ruddy yellow shone,
Distorted, and small-thigh'd; had eyes that saw
Out at their bosoms; twice four feet did draw
About their bodies; strong neck'd, whence did rise
Two heads; nor could to any hand be prize;
They call them lobsters; that eat from the Mice

[1] Scallion-devourer. [2] Bread-betrayer.
[3] Scrap, or broken-meat-eater.
[4] Κρατερός, *validus seu potens in retinendo.*

[1] Νωτάκμονες. *Incudes ferentes*, or anvil-backed. Ἄκμων. *Incus, dicta per syncopen, quasi nullis ictibus fatigetur.*
[2] Ψαλίδοστμος. *Forcipem in ore habens.*

Their tails, their feet, and hands; and wrested all
Their lances from them, so that cold appal
The wretches put in rout, past all return.
And now the Fount of Light forbore to burn
Above the earth; when, which men's laws commend,
Our battle in one day took absolute end.

THE END OF HOMER'S BATTLE OF FROGS AND MICE.

ALL THE HYMNS OF HOMER.

A HYMN TO APOLLO.

I WILL remember and express the praise
Of heaven's far-darter, the fair King of days;
Whom even the Gods themselves fear when he goes
Through Jove's high house: and when his goodly bows
He goes to bend, all from their thrones arise,
And cluster near, t' admire his faculties.
Only Latona stirs not from her seat
Close by the Thunderer, till her son's retreat
From his dread archery; but then she goes,
Slackens his string, and shuts his quiver close;
And (having taken to her hand his bow,
From off his able shoulders) doth bestow
Upon a pin of gold the glorious tiller,
The pin of gold fix'd in his father's pillar.
Then doth she to his throne his state uphold,
Where his great Father in a cup of gold,
Serves him with nectar, and shows all the grace
Of his great son. Then th' other gods take place.
His gracious mother glorying to bear
So great an archer, and a son so clear.
All hail, O blest Latona! to bring forth
An issue of such all-out-shining worth,
Royal Apollo, and the Queen that loves
The hurls of darts. She in th' Ortygian groves,
And he in cliffy Delos, leaning on
The lofty Oros; and being built upon
By Cynthus' prominent, that his head rears
Close to the palm that Inops' fluent cheers.
How shall I praise thee, far being worthiest praise,
O Phœbus? to whose worth the law of lays
In all kinds is ascribed. If feeding flocks
By continent or isle; all eminent'st rocks
Did sing for joy; hill-tops, and floods in song
Did break their billows, as they flow'd along
To serve the sea. The shores, the seas, and all
Did sing as soon as from the lap did fall
Of blest Latona, thee, the joy of man.
Her child-bed made, the mountain Cynthian
In rocky Delos, the sea-circled isle;
On whose all sides the black seas brake their pile,
And overflow'd for joy, so frank a gale
The singing winds did on their waves exhale.
Here born, all mortals live in thy commands,
Whoever Crete holds, Athens, or the strands
Of th' isle Ægina, or the famous land
For ships (Eubœa), or Eresia,
Or Peparethus bordering on the sea,
Ægas, or Athos, that doth Thrace divide
And Macedon; or Pelion, with the pride
Of his high forehead; or the Samian isle,
That likewise lies near Thrace; or Scyrus' soil;
Ida's steep tops; or all that Phocis fill;
Or Autocanes, with the heaven-high hill;
Or populous Imber; Lemnos without ports;
Or Lesbos, fit for the divine resorts:
And sacred soil of blest Æolion;
Or Chios that exceeds comparison
For fruitfulness, with all the isles that lie
Embraced with seas; Mimas, with rocks so high;
Or lofty-crown'd Corycius; or the bright
Charos; or Æsagæus' dazzling height;
Or watery Samos; Mycale, that bears
Her brows even with the circles of the spheres;

Miletus ; Cous, that the city is
Of voice-divided-choice humanities ;
High Cnidus ; Carpathus, still strook with wind ;
Naxos, and Paros ; and the rocky-mined
Rugged Rhenæa. Yet through all these parts
Latona, great-grown with the King of darts,
Travail'd ; and tried if any would become
To her dear birth an hospitable home.
All which extremely trembled (shook with fear),
Nor durst endure so high a birth to bear
In their free states ; though, for it, they became
Never so fruitful ; till the reverend Dame
Ascended Delos, and her soil did seize
With these wing'd words : "O Delos ! wouldst thou please
To be my son Apollo's native seat,
And build a wealthy fane to one so great,
No one shall blame or question thy kind deed.
Nor think I, thou dost sheep or oxen feed
In any such store, or in vines exceed,
Nor bring'st forth such innumerable plants,
Which often make the rich inhabitants
Careless of Deity. If thou then shouldst rear
A fane to Phœbus, all men would confer
Whole hecatombs of beeves for sacrifice,
Still thronging hither; and to thee would rise
Ever unmeasured odours, shouldst thou long
Nourish thy King thus ; and from foreign wrong
The Gods would guard thee ; which thine own address
Can never compass for thy barrenness."
She said, and Delos joy'd, replying thus :
"Most happy sister of Saturnius !
I gladly would with all means entertain
The King your son, being now despised of men,
But should be honour'd with the greatest then.
Yet this I fear, nor will conceal from thee :
Your son, some say, will author misery
In many kinds, as being to sustain
A mighty empire over Gods and men,
Upon the holy-gift-giver the Earth.
And bitterly I fear that, when his birth
Gives him the sight of my so barren soil,
He will contemn, and give me up to spoil,
Enforce the sea to me, that ever will
Oppress my heart with many a watery hill.
And therefore let him choose some other land,
Where he shall please, to build at his command
Temple and grove, set thick with many a tree.
For wretched polypuses breed in me
Retiring chambers ; and black sea-calves den
In my poor soil, for penury of men.
And yet, O Goddess, wouldst thou please to swear
The Gods' great oath to me, before thou bear
Thy blessed son here, that thou wilt erect
A fane to him, to render the effect
Of men's demands to them before they fall ;
Then will thy son's renown be general,
Men will his name in such variety call ;
And I shall then be glad his birth to bear."
This said, the Gods' great oath she thus did swear :
"Know this, O Earth ! broad heaven's inferior sphere,
And of black Styx the most infernal lake
(Which is the gravest oath the Gods can take),
That here shall ever rise to Phœbus' name
An odorous fane and altar ; and thy fame
Honour, past all isles else, shall see him employ'd."
Her oath thus took and ended, Delos joy'd
In mighty measure that she should become
To far-shot Phœbus' birth the famous home.
Latona then nine days and nights did fall
In hopeless labour ; at whose birth were all
Heaven's most supreme and worthy Goddesses,
Dione, Rhæa, and th' Exploratress
Themis, and Amphitrite that will be
Pursued with sighs still ; every Deity,
Except the snowy-wristed wife of Jove,
Who held her moods aloft, and would not move.
Only Lucina (to whose virtue vows
Each childbirth patient) heard not of her throes,
But sat, by Juno's counsel, on the brow
Of broad Olympus, wrapp'd in clouds of gold.
Whom Jove's proud wife in envy did withhold,
Because bright-lock'd Latona was to bear
A son so faultless, and in force so clear.
The rest Thaumantia sent before, to bring
Lucina to release the envied king ;

Assuring her, that they would straight confer
A carcanet, nine cubits long, on her,
All woven with wires of gold. But charged her then,
To call apart from th' ivory-wristed Queen
The childbirth-guiding Goddess, for just fear
Lest, her charge utter'd in Saturnia's ear,
She, after, might dissuade her from descent.
When wind-swift-footed Iris knew th' intent
Of th' other Goddesses, away she went,
And instantly she pass'd the infinite space
'Twixt earth and heaven; when, coming to the place
Where dwelt th' Immortals, straight without the gate
She gat Lucina, and did all relate
The Goddesses commanded, and inclined
To all that they demanded her dear mind.
And on their way they went, like those two doves
That, walking highways, every shadow moves
Up from the earth, forced with their natural fear.
When entering Delos, she, that is so dear
To dames in labour, made Latona straight
Prone to delivery, and to wield the weight
Of her dear burthen with a world of ease.
When, with her fair hand, she a palm did seize,
And, staying her by it, stuck her tender knees
Amidst the soft mead, that did smile beneath
Her sacred labour; and the child did breathe
The air in th' instant. All the Goddesses
Brake in kind tears and shrieks for her quick ease,
And thee, O Archer Phœbus, with waves clear
Wash'd sweetly over, swaddled with sincere
And spotless swathe-bands; and made then to flow
About thy breast a mantle, white as snow,
Fine, and new made; and cast a veil of gold
Over thy forehead. Nor yet forth did hold
Thy mother for thy food her golden breast,
But Themis, in supply of it, address'd
Lovely Ambrosia, and drunk off to thee
A bowl of nectar, interchangeably
With her immortal fingers serving thine.
And when, O Phœbus, that eternal wine
Thy taste had relish'd, and that food divine,
No golden swathe-band longer could contain
Thy panting bosom; all that would constrain
Thy soon-eased Godhead, every feeble chain
Of earthly child-rites, flew in sunder all.
And then didst thou thus to the Deities call:
"Let there be given me my loved lute and bow;
I'll prophesy to men, and make them know
Jove's perfect counsels." This said, up did fly
From broad-way'd Earth the unshorn Deity,
Far-shot Apollo. All th' Immortals stood
In steep amaze to see Latona's brood.
All Delos, looking on him, all with gold
Was loaden straight, and joy'd to be extoll'd
By great Latona so, that she decreed
Her barrenness should bear the fruitfull'st seed
Of all the isles and continents of earth,
And loved her from her heart so for her birth.
For so she flourish'd, as a hill that stood
Crown'd with the flower of an abundant wood.
And thou, O Phœbus, bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow, walk'st over every land,
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewn rocky hill
Of desolate Cynthus, and sometimes takest will
To visit islands, and the plumps of men.
And many a temple, all ways, men ordain
To thy bright Godhead; groves, made dark with trees,
And never shorn, to hide ye Deities.
All high-loved prospects, all the steepest brows
Of far-seen hills, and every flood that flows
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to thee.
But most of all thy mind's alacrity
Is raised with Delos; since, to fill thy fane,
There flocks so many an Ionian,
With ample gowns that flow down to their feet,
With all their children, and the reverend suite

Of all their pious wives. And these are they
That (mindful of thee) even thy Deity,
Render more spritely with their champion fight,
Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight,
Once having publish'd, and proclaim'd their strife.
And these are acted with such exquisite life
That one would say, "Now, the Ionian strains
Are turn'd Immortals, nor know what age means."
His mind would take such pleasure from his eye,
To see them served by all mortality.
Their men so humane; women so well-graced;
Their ships so swift: their riches so increased;
Since thy observance. Who being all before
Thy opposites, were all despised and poor.
And to all these this absolute wonder add,
Whose praise shall render all posterities glad:
The Delian virgins are thy handmaids all,
And, since they served Apollo, jointly fall
Before Latona, and Diana too,
In sacred service; and do therefore know
How to make mention of the ancient trims
Of men and women, in their well-made hymns,
And soften barbarous nations with their songs.
Being able all to speak the several tongues
Of foreign nations, and to imitate,
Their musics there, with art so fortunate
That one would say, there every one did speak,
And all their tunes in natural accents break.
Their songs so well composed are, and their art
To answer all sounds, is of such desert.
But come, Latona, and thou King of flames,
With Phœbe, rectress of chaste thoughts in dames,
Let me salute ye, and your graces call
Hereafter to my just memorial.
And you, O Delian virgins, do me grace,
When any stranger of our earthy race,
Whose restless life affliction hath in chase,
Shall hither come and question you; who is:
To your chaste ears, of choicest faculties
In sacred poesy; and with most right
Is author of your absolutest delight;
Ye shall yourselves do all the right ye can
To answer for our name:—The sightless man
Of stony Chios. All whose poems shall
In all last ages stand for capital.
This for your own sakes I desire, for I
Will propagate mine own precedency
As far as earth shall well-built cities bear;
Or humane conversation is held dear,
Nor with my praise direct, but praises due;
And men shall credit it, because 'tis true.
However, I'll not cease the praise I vow
To far-shot Phœbus with the silver bow,
Whom lovely-hair'd Latona gave the light.
O King! both Lycia is in rule thy right,
Fair Mœonie, and the maritimal
Miletus, wish'd to be the seat of all.
But chiefly Delos, girt with billows round,
Thy most respected empire doth resound.
Where thou to Pythus went'st, to answer there,
As soon as thou wert born, the burning ear
Of many a far-come, to hear future deeds,
Clad in divine and odoriferous weeds;
And with thy golden fescue play'dst upon
Thy hollow harp, that sounds to heaven set gone.
Then to Olympus swift as thought he flew,
To Jove's high house, and had a retinue
Of Gods t' attend him; and then straight did fall
To study of the harp, and harpsical,
All th' Immortals. To whom every Muse
With ravishing voices did their answers use,
Singing th' eternal deeds of Deity,
And from their hands what hells of misery
Poor humans suffer, living desperate quite;
And not an art they have, wit, or deceit,
Can make them manage any act aright,
Nor find, with all the soul they can engage,
A salve for death, or remedy for age.
But here the fair-hair'd Graces, the wise Hours,
Harmonia, Hebe, and sweet Venus' powers,
Danced, and each other's palm to palm did cling.
And with these danced not a deformed thing,
No forespoke dwarf, nor downward witherling;

But all with wondrous goodly forms were deck'd,
And moved with beauties of unprized aspect.
Dart-dear Diana, even with Phœbus bred,
Danced likewise there; and Mars a march did tread
With that brave bevy. In whose consort fell
Argicides, th' ingenious sentinel.
Phœbus-Apollo touch'd his lute to them
Sweetly and softly, a most glorious beam
Casting about him, as he danced and play'd;
And even his feet were all with rays array'd;
His weed and all of a most curious trim
With no less lustre graced and circled him.
By these Latona, with a hair that shined
Like burnish'd gold, and, with the mighty mind,
Heaven's counsellor, Jove, sat with delightsome eyes,
To see their son new rank'd with Deities.
How shall I praise thee, then, that art all praise?
Amongst the brides shall I thy Deity raise?
Or being in love, when sad thou went'st to woo
The virgin Aza, and didst overthrow
The even-with-Gods, Elation's mighty seed,
That had of goodly horse so brave a breed,
And Phorbas, son of sovereign Triopus,
Valiant Leucippus, and Ereutheus;
And Triopus himself with equal fall;
Thou but on foot, and they on horseback all?
Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace
Earth with thy foot, to find thee forth a place
Fit to pronounce thy oracles to men?
First from Olympus thou alighted'st then
Into Pieria, passing all the land
Of fruitless Lesbos, choked with drifts of sand;
The Magnets likewise, and the Perrhæbes;
And to Iolcus varied'st thy access;
Cenæus' tops ascending, that their base
Make bright Eubœa, being of ships the grace.
And fix'd thy fair stand in Lelantus' field,
That did not yet thy mind's contentment yield
To raise a fane on, and a sacred grove.
Passing Euripus then, thou madest remove
Up to earth's ever-green and holiest hill.
Yet swiftly thence, too, thou transcended'st still
To Mycalessus, and didst touch upon
Teumessus, apt to make green couches on,
And flowery field-beds. Then thy progress found
Thebes out, whose soil with only woods was crown'd.
For yet was sacred Thebes no human seat,
And therefore were no paths nor highways beat
On her free bosom, that flows now with wheat;
But then she only wore on it a wood.
From hence (even loth to part, because it stood
Fit for thy service) thou putt'st on remove
To green Onchestus, Neptune's glorious grove,
Where new-tamed horse, bred, nourish nerves so rare
That still they frolic, though they travail'd are
Never so sore; and hurry after them
Most heavy coaches; but are so extreme
(In usual travail) fiery and free,
That though their coachman ne'er so masterly
Governs their courages, he sometimes must
Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust;
When after them their empty coach they draw,
Foaming and neighing, quite exempt from awe.
And if their coachman guide through any grove
Unshorn, and vow'd to any Deity's love,
The lords encoach'd leap out; and all their care
Use to allay their fires, with speaking fair,
Stroking and trimming them; and in some queach,
Or strength of shade, within their nearest reach,
Reining them up, invoke the deified King
Of that unshorn and everlasting spring;
And leave them then to her preserving hands,
Who is the Fate that there the God commands.
And this was first the sacred fashion there.
From hence thou went'st, O thou in shafts past peer,
And found'st Cephisus with thy all-seeing beams,
Whose flood affects so many silver streams,

And from Lilæus pours so bright a wave.
Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy fair eyes gave
The view of Ocale, the rich in towers ;
Then to Amartus that abounds in flowers,
Then to Delphusa putt'st thy progress on,
Whose blessed soil nought harmful breeds upon ;
And there thy pleasure would a fane adorn,
And nourish woods whose shades should ne'er be shorn.
Where this thou told'st her, standing to her close :
"Delphusa, here I entertain suppose
To build a far-famed temple, and ordain
An oracle t' inform the minds of men,
Who shall for ever offer to my love
Whole hecatombs ; even all the men that move
In rich Peloponnesus, and all those
Of Europe, and the isles the seas enclose,
Whom future search of acts and beings brings :
To whom I'll prophesy the truths of things
In that rich temple where my oracle sings."
This said, the All-bounds-reacher, with his bow,
The fane's divine foundations did foreshow ;
Ample they were, and did huge length impart,
With a continuate tenour, full of art.
But when Delphusa look'd into his end,
Her heart grew angry, and did thus extend
Itself to Phœbus : "Phœbus, since thy mind
A far-famed fane hath in itself design'd
To bear an oracle to men in me,
That hecatombs may put in fire to thee,
This let me tell thee, and impose for stay
Upon thy purpose : Th' inarticulate neigh
Of fire-hooved horse will ever disobey
Thy numerous ear, and mules will for their drink
Trouble my sacred springs, and I should think
That any of the human race had rather
See here the hurreys of rich coaches gather,
And hear the haughty neighs of swift-hooved horse,
Than, in his pleasure's place, convert recourse
To a mighty temple ; and his wealth bestow
On pieties where his sports may freely flow,
Or see huge wealth that he shall never owe.
And, therefore, wouldst thou hear my free advice—
Though mightier far thou art, and much more wise,
O king, than I, thy power being great'st of all
In Crissa, underneath the bosom's fall
Of steep Parnassus ; let thy mind be given
To set thee up a fane, where never driven
Shall glorious coaches be, nor horses' neighs
Storm near thy well-built altars, but thy praise
Let the fair race of pious humans bring
Into thy fane, that Io-pæans sing.
And those gifts only let thy deified mind
Be circularly pleased with ; being the kind
And fair burnt-offerings that true Deities bind."
With this his mind she alter'd, though she spake
Not for his good, but her own glory's sake.
From hence, O Phœbus, first thou madest retreat,
And of the Phlegians reach'd the walled seat,
Inhabited with contumelious men,
Who, slighting Jove, took up their dwellings then
Within a large cave, near Cephisus' lake.
Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make
Up to the tops intended, and the ground
Of Crissa, under the with-snow-still-crown'd
Parnassus reach'd, whose face affects the West ;
Above which hangs a rock, that still seems prest
To fall upon it ; through whose breast doth run
A rocky cave, near which the King the Sun
Cast to contrive a temple to his mind :
And said, "Now here stands my conceit inclined
To build a famous fane, where still shall be
An oracle to men ; that still to me
Shall offer absolute hecatombs, as well
Those that in rich Peloponnesus dwell
As those of Europe, and the isles that lie
Wall'd with the sea, that all their pains apply
T' employ my counsels. To all which will I
True secrets tell, by way of prophecy,
In my rich temple, that shall ever be
An oracle to all posterity."
This said, the fane's form he did straight present,
Ample, and of a length of great extent ;
In which Trophonius and Agamede,
Who of Erginus were the famous seed,
Imposed the stony entry ; and the heart
Of every God had for their excellent art.

About the temple dwelt of human name
Unnumber'd nations, it acquired such fame,
Being all of stone, built for eternal date ;
And near it did a fountain propagate
A fair stream far away ; when Jove's bright seed,
The King Apollo, with an arrow, freed
From his strong string, destroy'd the Dragoness
That wonder nourish'd, being of such excess
In size, and horridness of monstrous shape,
That on the forced earth she wrought many a rape ;
Many a spoil made on it ; many an ill
On crook-haunch'd herds brought, being impurpled still
With blood of all sorts ; having undergone
The charge of Juno, with the golden throne,
To nourish Typhon, the abhorr'd affright
And bane of mortals, whom into the light
Saturnia brought forth, being incensed with Jove,
Because the most renown'd fruit of his love
(Pallas) he got, and shook out of his brain.
For which majestic Juno did complain
In this kind to the blest Court of the skies :
" Know all ye sex-distinguish'd Deities,
That Jove, assembler of the cloudy throng,
Begins with me first, and affects with wrong
My right in him ; made by himself his wife ;
That knows and does the honour'd marriage life
All honest offices ; and yet hath he
Unduly got, without my company,
Blue-eyed Minerva, who of all the sky
Of blest Immortals is the absolute grace ;
Where I have brought into the Heavenly Race
A son, both taken in his feet and head,
So ugly, and so far from worth my bed,
That, ravish'd into hand, I took and threw
Down to the vast sea his detested view ;
Where Nereus' daughter, Thetis, who her way
With silver feet makes, and the fair array
Of her bright sisters, saved, and took to guard.
But, would to heaven, another yet were spared
The like grace of his godhead ! Crafty mate,
What other scape canst thou excogitate ?
How could thy heart sustain to get alone
The grey-eyed Goddess? Her conception,
Nor bringing forth, had any hand of mine ;
And yet, know all the Gods, I go for thine
To such kind uses. But I'll now employ
My brain to procreate a masculine joy ;
That 'mongst th' Immortals may as eminent shine,
With shame affecting nor my bed nor thine.
Nor will I ever touch at thine again,
But far fly it and thee ; and yet will reign
Amongst th' Immortals ever." This spleen spent
(Still yet left angry), far away she went
From all the Deathless, and yet pray'd to all,
Advanced her hand, and, ere she let it fall,
Used these excitements : " Hear me now, O Earth !
Broad Heaven above it, and (beneath your birth),
The deified Titanois, that dwell about
Vast Tartarus, from whence sprung all the rout
Of Men and Deities : Hear me all, I say,
With all your forces, and give instant way
T' a son of mine without Jove, who yet may
Nothing inferior prove in force to him ;
But past him spring as far in able limb
As he past Saturn." This pronounced, she strook
Life-bearing Earth so strongly, that she shook
Beneath her numb'd hand ; which when she beheld,
Her bosom with abundant comforts swell'd,
In hope all should to her desire extend.
From hence the year, that all such proofs gives end,
Grew round ; yet all that time the bed of Jove
She never touch'd at ; never was her love
Enflamed to sit near his Dædalian throne,
As she accustom'd, to consult upon
Counsels kept dark with many a secret skill ;
But kept her vow-frequented temple still,
Pleased with her sacrifice ; till now, the nights
And days accomplish'd, and the year's whole rights
In all her revolutions being expired ;
The hours and all run out that were required
To vent a birth-right, she brought forth a son,
Like Gods or men in no condition ;
But a most dreadful and pernicious thing,
Call'd Typhon, who on all the human spring

Conferr'd confusion: which received to hand
By Juno, instantly she gave command
(Ill to ill adding) that the Dragoness
Should bring it up; who took it, and did oppress
With many a misery (to maintain th' excess
Of that inhuman monster) all the race
Of men that were of all the world the grace.
Till the far-working Phœbus at her sent
A fiery arrow, that invoked event
Of death gave to her execrable life.
Before which yet she lay in bitter strife,
With dying pains, grovelling on earth, and drew
Extreme short respirations; for which flew
A shout about the air; whence, no man knew,
But came by power divine. And then she lay
Tumbling her trunk, and winding every way
About her nasty nest, quite leaving then
Her murtherous life, embrued with deaths of men.
Then Phœbus gloried, saying: "Thyself now lie
On men-sustaining earth, and putrefy;
Who first of putrefaction was inform'd.
Now on thy life have death's cold vapours storm'd,
That storm'dst on men, the earth-fed, so much death,
In envy of the offspring they made breathe
Their lives out on my altars: now from thee
Not Typhon shall enforce the misery
Of merited death; nor she, whose name implies
Such scathe Chimæra, but black Earth make prise
To putrefaction thy immanities;
And bright Hyperion, that light all eyes shows,
Thine with a night of rottenness shall close."
Thus spake he glorying. And then seized upon
Her horrid heap, with putrefaction;
Hyperion's lovely powers; from whence her name
Took sound of Python, and heaven's sovereign flame
Was surnamed Pythius, since the sharp-eyed Sun
Affected so with putrefaction
The hellish monster. And now Phœbus' mind
Gave him to know that falsehood had strook blind
Even his bright eye, because it could not find
The subtle Fountain's fraud; to whom he flew,
Enflamed with anger, and in th' instant drew
Close to Delphusa, using this short vow:
"Delphusa! you must look no longer now
To vent your frauds on me: for well I know
Your situation to be lovely, worth
A temple's imposition; it pours forth
So delicate a stream. But your renown
Shall now no longer shine here, but mine own."
This said, he thrust her promontory down,
And damm'd her fountain up with mighty stones;
A temple giving consecrations
In woods adjoining. And in this fane all
On him, by surname of Delphusius call.
Because Delphusa's sacred flood and fame
His wrath affected so, and hid in shame.
And then thought Phœbus, what descent of men
To be his ministers he should retain,
To do in stony Pythos sacrifice.
To which his mind contending, his quick eyes
He cast upon the blue sea, and beheld
A ship, on whose masts sails that wing'd it swell'd,
In which were men transferr'd, many and good,
That in Minoian Cnossus eat their food,
And were Cretensians; who now are those
That all the sacrificing dues dispose,
And all the laws deliver to a word
Of Day's great King, that wears the golden sword,
And oracles (out of his Delphian tree
That shrouds her fair arms in the cavity
Beneath Parnassus' mount) pronounce to men.
These, now his priests, that lived as merchants then,
In traffics and pecuniary rates,
For sandy Pylos and the Pylian states
Were under sail. But now encounter'd them
Phœbus Apollo, who into the stream
Cast himself headlong: and the strange disguise
Took of a Dolphin of a goodly size.

Like which he leap'd into their ship, and lay
As an ostent of infinite dismay.
For none with any strife of mind could look
Into the omen. All the ship-masts shook,
And silent all sat with the fear they took.
Arm'd not, nor strook they sail, but as before
Went on with full trim, and a foreright Blore;
Stiff, and from forth the south, the ship made fly.
When first they stripp'd the Malean promontory,
Touch'd at Laconia's soil, in which a town
Their ship arrived at, that the sea doth crown,
Called Tenarus, a place of much delight
To men that serve Heaven's Comforter of sight.
In which are fed the famous flocks that bear
The wealthy fleeces, on a delicate lair
Being fed and seated: where the merchants fain
Would have put in, that they might out again
To tell the miracle that chanced to them,
And try if it would take the sacred stream,
Rushing far forth, that he again might bear
Those other fishes that abounded there
Delightsome company; or still would stay
Aboard their dry ship. But it fail'd t' obey.
And for the rich Peloponnesian shore
Steer'd her free sail; Apollo made the Blore
Directly guide it. That obeying still
Reach'd dry Arena, and (what wish doth fill)
Fair Argyphæa, and the populous height
Of Thryus, whose stream, siding her, doth wait
With safe pass on Alphæus. Pylos' sands,
And Pylian dwellers; keeping by the strands
On which th' inhabitants of Crunius dwell:
And Helida, set opposite to Hell;
Chalcis and Dymes reach'd, and happily
Made sail by Pheras; all being overjoy'd
With that frank gale that Jove himself employ'd.
And then amongst the clouds they might descry
The hill, that far-seen Ithaca calls her Eye,
Dulichius, Samos, and, with timber graced,
Shady Zacynthus. But when now they past
Peloponnesus all: and then when show'd
The infinite vale of Crissa, that doth shroud
All rich Morea with her liberal breast,—
So frank a gale there flew out of the West
As all the sky discover'd; 'twas so great,
And blew so from the very council seat
Of Jove himself, that quickly it might send
The ship through full seas to her journey's end.
From thence they sail'd, quite opposite, to the East,
And to the region where Light leaves his rest:
The Light himself being sacred pilot there;
And made the sea-trod ship arrive them near
The grape-full Crissa, where he rest doth take
Close to her port and sands. And then forth brake
The far-shot King, like to a star that strows
His glorious forehead where the mid-day glows,
That all in sparkles did his state attire,
Whose lustre leap'd up to the sphere of fire.
He trod where no way oped, and pierced the place
That of his sacred tripods held the grace;
In which he lighted such a fluent flame
As gilt all Crissa; in which every dame,
And dame's fair daughter, cast out vehement cries
At those fell fires of Phœbus' prodigies,
That shaking fears through all their fancies threw.
Then, like the mind's swift light, again he flew
Back to the ship, shaped like a youth in height
Of all his graces; shoulders broad and straight,
And all his hair in golden curls enwrapp'd;
And to the merchants thus his speech he shaped:
"Ho! strangers! what are you? And from what seat
Sail ye these ways, that salt and water sweat?
To traffic justly? Or use vagrant scapes
Void of all rule? conferring wrongs and rapes,

Like pirates, on the men ye never saw,
With minds project, exempt from list or law?
Why sit ye here so stupefied? nor take
Land while ye may? nor deposition make
Of naval arms? when this the fashion is
Of men industrious, who (their faculties
Wearied at sea) leave ship, and use the land
For food, that with their healths and stomachs stand."
This said, with bold minds he their breast supplied,
And thus made answer the Cretensian guide:
"Stranger! Because you seem to us no seed
Of any mortal, but celestial breed,
For parts and person; joy your steps ensue,
And Gods make good the bliss we think your due.
Vouchsafe us true relation, on what land
We here arrive, and what men here command.
We were for well-known parts bound; and from Crete
(Our vaunted country) to the Pylian seat
Vow'd our whole voyage; yet arrive we here,
Quite cross to those wills that our motions steer;
Wishing to make return some other way;
Some other course desirous to assay,
To pay our lost pains. But some God hath fill'd
Our frustrate sails, defeating what we will'd."
Apollo answer'd: "Strangers! Though before
Ye dwelt in woody Gnossus, yet no more
Ye must be made your own reciprocals
To your loved city and fair severals
Of wives and houses; but ye shall have here
My wealthy temple, honour'd far and near
Of many a nation; for myself am son
To Jove himself; and of Apollo won
The glorious title, who thus safely through
The sea's vast billows still have held your plough.
No ill intending, that will let ye make
My temple here your own, and honours take
Upon yourselves, all that to me are given.
And more, the counsels of the King of Heaven
Yourselves shall know, and with his will receive
Ever the honours that all men shall give.
Do as I say then instantly; strike sail;
Take down your tackling; and your vessel hale
Up into land; your goods bring forth, and all
The instruments that into sailing fall;
Make on this shore an altar: fire enflame,
And barley white cakes offer to my name;
And then (environing the altar) pray,
And call me (as ye saw me in the day
When from the windy seas I brake swift way
Into your ship), Delphinius, since I took
A dolphin's form then. And to every look
That there shall seek it, that my altar shall
Be made a Delphian memorial
From thence, for ever. After this, ascend
Your swift black ship and sup, and then intend
Ingenuous offerings to the equal Gods
That in celestial seats make blest abodes.
When, having stay'd your healthful hunger's sting,
Come all with me, and Io-pæans sing
All the way's length, till you attain the state
Where I, your opulent fane have consecrate."
To this they gave him passing diligent ear,
And vow'd to his obedience all they were.
First, striking sail, their tacklings then they loosed,
And (with their gables stoop'd) their mast imposed
Into the mast-room. Forth themselves then went,
And from the sea into the continent
Drew up their ship; which far up from the sand
They raised with ample rafters. Then in hand
They took the altar, and inform'd it on
The sea's near shore; imposing thereupon
White cakes of barley; fire made, and did stand
About it round; as Phœbus gave command:
Submitting invocations to his will.
Then sacrificed to all the heavenly hill
Of powerful Godheads. After which they eat
Aboard their ship, till with fit food replete
They rose, nor to their temple used delay.
Whom Phœbus usher'd, and touch'd all the way
His heavenly lute, with art above admired,
Gracefully leading them. When all were fired

With zeal to him, and follow'd wondering all
To Pythos; and upon his name did call
With Io-pæans, such as Cretans use.
And in their bosoms did the deified Muse
Voices of honey-harmony infuse.
With never-weary feet their way they went,
And made, with all alacrity, ascent
Up to Parnassus; and that long'd-for place
Where they should live, and be of men the grace.
When, all the way, Apollo show'd them still
Their far-stretch'd valleys, and their two-topp'd hill,
Their famous fane, and all that all could raise
To a supreme height of their joy and praise.
And then the Cretan captain thus inquired
Of King Apollo: "Since you have retired,
O sovereign, our sad lives so far from friends
And native soil (because so far extends
Your dear mind's pleasure), tell us how we shall
Live in your service? To which question call
Our provident minds; because we see not crown'd
This soil with store of vines, nor doth abound
In wealthy meadows, on which we may live,
As well as on men our attendance give."
He smiled, and said: "O men that nothing know
And so are follow'd with a world of woe;
That needs will succour care and curious moan,
And pour out sighs without cessation,
Were all the riches of the earth your own.
Without much business, I will render known
To your simplicities an easy way
To wealth enough: Let every man purvey
A skean (or slaughtering steel), and his right hand
Bravely bestowing, evermore see mann'd
With killing sheep, that to my fane will flow
From all far nations. On all which bestow
Good observation; and all else they give
To me, make you your own all; and so live.
For all which, watch before my temple well;
And all my counsels, above all, conceal.
If any give vain language,—or to deeds
Yea or as far as injury, proceeds,—
Know that, at losers' hands, for those that gain,
It is the law of mortals to sustain.
Besides, ye shall have princes to obey,
Which still ye must; and (so ye gain) ye may.
All now is said; give all thy memory's stay."
And thus to thee, Jove and Latona's son,
Be given all grace of salutation!
Both thee and others of th' Immortal State
My song shall memorize to endless date.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO APOLLO.

A HYMN TO HERMES.

HERMES, the son of Jove and Maia, sing,
O Muse, th' Arcadian and Cyllenian king,
They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still
In messages return'd with all his will.
Whom glorious Maia, (the nymph rich in hair,)
Mixing with Jove in amorous affair,
Brought forth to him; sustaining a retreat
From all th' Immortals of the blessed seat,
And living in the same dark cave, where Jove
Inform'd at midnight the effect of love,
Unknown to either man or Deity;
Sweet sleep once having seized the jealous eye
Of Juno, deck'd with wrists of ivory.
But when great Jove's high mind was consummate,
The tenth month had in heaven confined the date

Of Maia's labour; and into the sight
She brought in one birth labours infinite.
For then she bore a son, that all tried ways
Could turn and wind to wish'd events assays.
A fair-tongued, but false-hearted counsellor,
Rector of ox-stealers; and for all stealths bore
A varied finger. Speeder of night's spies,
And guide of all her dreams' obscurities.
Guard of door-guardians; and was born to be,
Amongst th' Immortals, that wing'd Deity
That in an instant should do acts would ask
The powers of others an eternal task.
Born in the morn, he formed his lute at noon,
At night stole all the oxen of the Sun;
And all this in his birth's first day was done,
Which was the fourth of the increasing moon.
Because celestial limbs sustain'd his strains,
His sacred swathe-bands must not be his chains.
So, starting up, to Phœbus' herd he stept,
Found straight the high-roof'd cave where they were kept,
And th' entry passing, he th' invention found
Of making lutes; and did in wealth abound
By that invention; since he first of all
Was author of that engine musical.
By this mean moved to the ingenious work:
Near the cave's inmost overture did lurk
A tortoise, tasting th' odoriferous grass,
Leisurely moving; and this object was
The motive to Jove's son (who could convert
To profitablest uses all desert
That nature had in any work convey'd)
To form the lute; when, smiling, thus he said:
"Thou movest in me a note of excellent use,
Which thy ill form shall never so seduce
T' avert the good to be inform'd by it,
In pliant force, of my form-forging wit."
Then the slow tortoise, wrought on by his mind,
He thus saluted: "All joy to the kind
Instinct of nature in thee; born to be
The spiriter of dances, company
For feasts, and following banquets, graced and blest
For bearing light to all the interest
Claim'd in this instrument. From whence shall spring
Play fair and sweet, to which may Graces sing.
A pretty painted coat thou putt'st on here,
O Tortoise, while thy hill-bred vital sphere
Confines thy fashion; but, surprised by me,
I'll bear thee home, where thou shalt ever be
A profit to me; and yet nothing more
Will I contemn in my merited store.
Goods, with good parts got, worth and honour gave;
Left goods and honours every fool may have.
And since thou first shalt give me means to live
I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give
To live at home with them enough content,
Where those that want such inward ornament
Fly out for outward, their life made their load.
'*Tis best to be at home, harm lurks abroad.*
And certainly thy virtue shall be known,
'Gainst great-ill-causing incantation
To serve as for a lance or amulet.
And where, in comfort of thy vital heat,
Thou now breathest but a sound confused, for song,
Exposed by nature, after death, more strong
Thou shalt in sounds of art be; and command
Song infinite sweeter." Thus with either hand
He took it up, and instantly took flight
Back to his cave, with that his home-delight.
Where (giving to the mountain tortoise vents
Of life and motion) with fit instruments
Forged of bright steel, he straight inform'd a lute.
Put neck and frets to it; of which a suit
He made of splitted quills, in equal space
Imposed upon the neck, and did embrace
Both back and bosom. At whose height (as gins
T' extend and ease the strings) he put in pins.
Seven strings of several tunes he then applied,
Made of the entrails of a sheep well-dried,
And throughly twisted. Next he did provide
A case for all, made of an ox's hide,

Out of his counsels to preserve as well
As to create. And all this action fell
Into an instant consequence. His word
And work had individual accord.
All being as swiftly to perfection brought
As any worldly man's most ravish'd thought,
Whose mind care cuts in an infinity
Of varied parts, or passions instantly,
Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye.
And thus his house-delight given absolute end,
He touch'd it, and did every string extend
(With an exploratory spirit assay'd)
To all the parts that could on it be play'd.
It sounded dreadfully; to which he sung,
As if from thence the first and true force sprung
That fashions virtue. God in him did sing.
His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,
Yet, but as an extemporal assay,
Of what show it would make being the first way,
It tried his hand; or a tumultuous noise,
Such as at feasts the first-flower'd spirits of boys
Pour out in mutual contumelies still,
As little squaring with his curious will;
Or was as wanton and untaught a store.
Of Jove, and Maia that rich shoes still wore,
He sung; who suffer'd ill reports before,
And foul stains under her fair titles bore.
But Hermes sung her nation, and her name
Did iterate ever; all her high-flown fame
Of being Jove's mistress; celebrating all
Her train of servants, and collateral
Sumpture of houses; all her tripods there,
And caldrons huge, increasing every year.
All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung
With her fame's loss, which (found) she more wish'd sung.
But now he in his sacred cradle laid
His lute so absolute, and straight convey'd
Himself up to a watch-tower forth his house,
Rich, and divinely odoriferous;
A lofty wile at work in his conceit,
Thirsting the practice of his empire's height.
And where impostors rule (since sable night
Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right.
For now the never-resting Sun was turn'd
For th' under earth, and in the ocean burn'd
His coach and coursers; when th' ingenious spy
Pieria's shady hill had in his eye;
Where the immortal oxen of the Gods
In air's flood solaced their select abodes,
And earth's sweet green flower, that was never shorn,
Fed ever down. And these the witty-born,
Argicides, set serious spy upon,
Severing from all the rest, and setting gone
Full fifty of the violent bellowers.
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse
(His birth's-craft straight remembering) all their hooves,
And them transposed in opposite removes;
The fore behind set, the behind before,
T' employ the eyes of such as should explore.
And he himself, as sly-paced, cast away
His sandals on the sea-sands; past display
And unexcogitable thoughts in act
Putting, to shun of his stolen steps the tract,
Mixing both tamarisk and like-tamarisk sprays
In a most rare confusion, to raise
His footsteps up from earth. Of which sprays he
(His armful gathering fresh from off the tree)
Made for his sandals ties, both leaves and ties
Holding together; and then fear'd no eyes
That could affect his feet's discoveries.
The tamarisk boughs he gather'd, making way
Back from Pieria; but as to convey
Provision in them for his journey fit,
It being long, and therefore needing it.
An old man, now at labour near the field
Of green Onchestus, knew the verdant yield
Of his fair armful; whom th' ingenious son
Of Maia, therefore, salutation
Did thus begin to: "Ho, old man! that now
Art crooked grown with making plants to grow;
Thy nerves will far be spent, when these boughs shall
To these their leaves confer me fruit and all.

But see not thou whatever thou dost see ;
Nor hear, though hear ; but all, as touching me
Conceal, since nought it can endamage thee."
This, and no more, he said ; and on drave still
His broad-brow'd oxen. Many a shady hill,
And many an echoing valley, many a field
Pleasant and wishful, did his passage yield
Their safe transcension. But now the divine
And black-brow'd Night, his mistress, did decline
Exceeding swiftly ; Day's most early light
Fast hasting to her first point, to excite
Worldlings to work ; and in her watch-tower shone
King Pallas-Megamedes' seed (the Moon)
When through th' Alphæan flood Jove's powerful son
Phœbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded herd
(Whose necks the labouring yoke had never sphered)
Drave swiftly on ; and then into a stall
(Hilly, yet pass'd to through an humble vale
And hollow dells, in a most lovely mead)
He gather'd all, and them divinely fed
With odorous cypress, and the ravishing tree
That makes his eaters lose the memory
Of name and country. Then he brought withal
Much wood, whose sight into his search let fall
The art of making fire ; which thus he tried :
He took a branch of laurel, amplified
Past others, both in beauty and in size,
Yet lay next hand, rubb'd it, and straight did rise
A warm fume from it. Steel being that did raise
(As agent) the attenuated bays
To that hot vapour. So that Hermes found
Both fire first, and of it the seed close bound
In other substances ; and then the seed
He multiplied ; of sere-wood making feed
The apt heat of it ; in a pile combined
Laid in a low pit, that in flames straight shined,
And cast a sparkling crack up to the sky,
All the dry parts so fervent were, and high
In their combustion. And how long the force
Of glorious Vulcan kept the fire in course,
So long was he in dragging from their stall
Two of the crook-haunch'd herd, that roar'd withal,
And raged for fear, t' approach the sacred fire :
To which did all his dreadful powers aspire.
When, blustering forth their breath, he on the soil
Cast both at length, though with a world of toil.
For long he was in getting them to ground
After their through-thrust and most mortal wound.
But work to work he join'd, the flesh and cut,
Cover'd with fat, and, on treen broches put,
In pieces roasted ; but in th' intestines
The black blood, and the honorary chines,
Together with the carcases, lay there,
Cast on the cold earth, as no Deities' cheer.
The hides upon a rugged rock he spread ;
And thus were these now all in pieces shred
And undistinguish'd from earth's common herd ;
Though born for long date, and to heaven endear'd,
And now must ever live in dead event.
But Hermes, herehence having his content
Cared for no more, but drew to places even
The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven
Their capital ends, though stolen ; and therefore were
In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice Deities' cheer,
By this devotion. To all which he gave
Their several honours, and did wish to have
His equal part thereof, as free and well
As th' other Deities ; but the fatty smell
Afflicted him, though he immortal were,
Playing mortal parts, and being like mortals here.
Yet his proud mind nothing the more obey'd
For being a God himself, and his own aid
Having to cause his due : and though in heart
He highly wish'd it ; but the weaker part
Subdued the stronger, and went on in ill.
Even heavenly power had rather have his will
Than have his right ; and will's the worst of all,
When but in least sort it is criminal,
One taint being author of a number still.
And thus, resolved to leave his hallow'd hill,

First, both the fat parts and the fleshy, all
Taking away ; at the steep-entried stall
He laid all, all the feet and heads entire,
And all the sere-wood, making clear with fire.
And now, he leaving there then all things done,
And finish'd in their fit perfection,
The coals put out, and their black ashes thrown
From all discovery by the lovely light
The cheerful moon cast, shining all the night,
He straight assumed a novel voice's note,
And in the whirl-pit-eating flood afloat
He set his sandals. When now, once again
The that-morn-born Cyllenius did attain
His home's divine height ; all the far-stretch'd way
No one bless'd God encountering his assay,
Nor mortal man ; nor any dog durst spend
His born-to-bark mouth at him ; till in th' end
He reach'd his cave, and at the gate went in
Crooked, and wrapt into a fold so thin
That no eye could discover his repair,
But as a darkness of th' autumnal air.
When, going on fore-right, he straight arrived
At his rich fane ; his soft feet quite deprived
Of all least noise of one that trod the earth,
They trod so swift to reach his room of birth.
Where, in his swathe-bands he his shoulders wrapt,
And (like an infant, newly having scaped
The teeming straits) as in the palms he lay
Of his loved nurse. Yet instantly would play
(Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth
About his knees wrapt, and straight loosing both
His right and left hand) with his left he caught
His most-loved lute. His mother yet was taught
His wanton wiles, nor could a God's wit lie
Hid from a Goddess ; who did therefore try
His answer thus : "Why, thou made-all-of-sleight,
And whence arrivest thou in this rest of night?
Improvident impudent ! In my conceit
Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy gate,
With all flight fit for thy endanger'd state
(In merit of th' inevitable bands
To be imposed by vex'd Latona's hands,
Justly incensed for her Apollo's harms),
Than lie thus wrapt, as ready for her arms,
To take thee up and kiss thee. Would to heaven,
In cross of that high grace, thou hadst been given
Up to perdition, ere poor mortals bear
Those black banes, that thy father Thunderer
Hath planted thee of purpose to confer
On them and Deities !" He return'd reply :
"As master of the feats of policy,
Mother, why aim you thus amiss at me?
As if I were a son that infancy
Could keep from all the skill that age can teach,
Or had in cheating but a childish reach,
And of a mother's mandates fear'd the breach?
I mount that art at first, that will be best
When all times consummate their cunningest,
Able to counsel now myself and thee
In all things best, to all eternity.
We cannot live like Gods here without gifts,
No, nor without corruption and shifts,
And, much less, without eating ; as we must
In keeping thy rules, and in being just,
Of which we cannot undergo the loads.
'Tis better here to imitate the Gods,
And wine or wench out all time's periods,
To that end growing rich in ready heaps,
Stored with revenues ; being in corn-field reaps
Of infinite acres, than to live enclosed
In caves, to all earth's sweetest air exposed.
I as much honour hold as Phœbus does ;
And if my Father please not to dispose
Possessions to me, I myself will see
If I can force them in ; for I can be
Prince of all thieves. And, if Latona's son
Make after my stealth indignation,
I'll have a scape as well as he a search,
And overtake him with a greater lurch ;
For I can post to Pythos, and break through
His huge house there, where harbours wealth enough,

Most precious tripods, caldrons, steel, and gold,
Garments rich wrought, and full of liberal fold.
All which will I at pleasure own, and thou
Shalt see all, wilt thou but thy sight bestow."
Thus changed great words the Goat-hide-wearer's son,
And Maia of majestic fashion.
And now the air-begot Aurora rose
From out the Ocean great-in-ebbs-and-flows,
When, at the never-shorn pure-and-fair grove
(Onchestus) consecrated to the love
Of round and long-neck'd Neptune, Phœbus found
A man whom heavy years had press'd half round,
And yet at work in plashing of a fence
About a vineyard, that had residence
Hard by the highway; whom Latona's son
Made it not strange, but first did question,
And first saluted: "Ho you! aged sire,
That here are hewing from the vine the briar,
For certain oxen I come here t' inquire
Out of Pieria; females all, and rear'd
All with horns wreath'd, unlike the common herd;
A coal-black bull fed by them all alone;
And all observed, for preservation,
Through all their foody and delicious fen
With four fierce mastiffs, like one-minded men.
These left their dogs and bull (which I admire)
And, when was near set day's eternal fire,
From their fierce guardians, from their delicate fare,
Made clear departure. To me then declare,
O old man, long since born, if thy grave ray
Hath any man seen making stealthful way
With all those oxen." Th' old man made reply:
"'Tis hard, O friend, to render readily
Account of all that may invade mine eye;
For many a traveller this highway treads,
Some in much ill's search, some in noble threads,
Leading their lives out; but I this young day,
Even from her first point, have made good display
Of all men passing this abundant hill
Planted with vines, and no such stealthful ill
Her light hath shown me; but last evening, late,
I saw a thing that show'd of childish state
To my old lights, and seem'd as he pursued
A herd of oxen with brave heads endued,
Yet but an infant, and retain'd a rod;
Who warily both this and that way trod,
His head still backwards turn'd." This th' old man spake;
Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake
Into his pursuit with abundant wing,
That strook but one plain, ere he knew the thing
That was the thief to be th' impostor born;
Whom Jove yet with his son's name did adorn.
In study and with ardour then the King
(Jove's dazzling son) placed his exploring wing
On sacred Pylos, for his forced herd;
His ample shoulders in a cloud ensphered
Of fiery crimson. Straight the steps he found
Of his stolen herd, and said: "Strange sights confound
My apprehensive powers; for here I see
The tracks of oxen; but aversively
Converted towards the Pierian hills,
As treading to their mead of daffodils;
But nor mine eye men's feet nor women's draws,
Nor hoary wolves', nor bears', nor lions' paws,
Nor thick-neck'd bulls', they show. But he that does
These monstrous deeds, with never so swift shoes
Hath pass'd from that hour hither; but from hence
His foul course may meet fouler consequence."
With this took Phœbus wing; and Hermes still,
For all his threats, secure lay in his hill
Wall'd with a wood; and more a rock beside
Where a retreat ran, deeply multiplied
In blinding shadows, and where the endless Bride
Bore to Saturnius his ingenious son:
An odour, worth a heart's desire, being thrown

Along the heaven-sweet hill, on whose herb fed
Rich flocks of sheep, that bow not where they tread
Their horny pasterns. There the Light of men
(Jove's son Apollo) straight descended then
The marble pavement, in that gloomy den.
On whom when Jove and Maia's son set eye,
Wroth for his oxen, on then, instantly,
His odorous swathe-bands flew; in which as close
Th' impostor lay, as in the cool repose
Of cast-on ashes, hearths of burning coals
Lie in the woods hid, under the controls
Of skilful colliers; even so close did lie
Inscrutable Hermes in Apollo's eye,
Contracting his great Godhead to a small
And infant likeness; feet, hands, head and all.
And as a hunter hath been often view'd,
From chase retired, with both his hands embrued
In his game's blood, that doth for water call
To cleanse his hands, and to provoke withal
Delightsome sleep, new-wash'd and laid to rest;
So now lay Hermes in the close-compress'd
Chase of his oxen. His new-found-out lute
Beneath his arm held, as if no pursuit
But that prise, and the virtue of his play,
His heart affected. But to Phœbus lay
His close heart open; and he likewise knew
The brave hill-nymph there, and her dear son, new-
Born, and as well wrapt in his wiles as weeds.
All the close shrouds too, for his rapinous deeds,
In all the cave he knew; and with his key
He open'd three of them; in which there lay
Silver and gold-heaps, nectar infinite store,
And dear ambrosia; and of weeds she wore,
Pure white and purple, a rich wardrobe shined,
Fit for the blest states of powers so divined.
All which discover'd, thus to Mercury
He offer'd conference: "Infant! you that lie
Wrapt so in swathe-bands, instantly unfold
In what conceal'd retreats of yours you hold
My oxen stolen by you; or straight we shall
Jar, as beseems not powers Celestial.
For I will take and hurl thee to the deeps
Of dismal Tartarus, where ill Death keeps
His gloomy and inextricable fates;
And to no eye that light illluminates
Mother nor Father shall return thee free,
But under earth shall sorrow fetter thee,
And few repute thee their superior."
On him replied craft's subtlest Counsellor:
"What cruel speech hath past Latona's care!
Seeks he his stolen wild-cows where Deities are?
I have not seen nor heard, nor can report
From others' mouths one word of their resort
To any stranger. Nor will I, to gain
A base reward, a false relation feign.
Nor would I, could I tell. Resemble I
An ox-thief, or a man? Especially
A man of such a courage, such a force
As to that labour goes, that violent course?
No infant's work is that. My powers aspire
To sleep, and quenching of my hunger's fire
With mother's milk, and, 'gainst cold shades, to arm
With cradle-cloths my shoulders, and baths warm,
That no man may conceive the war you threat
Can spring, in cause, from my so peaceful heat.
And, even amongst th' Immortals it would bear
Event of absolute miracle, to hear
A new-born infant's forces should transcend
The limits of his doors; much less contend
With untamed oxen. This speech nothing seems
To savour the decorum of the beams
Cast round about the air Apollo breaks,
Where his divine mind her intention speaks.
I brake but yesterday the blessed womb,
My feet are tender, and the common tomb
Of men (the Earth) lies sharp beneath their tread.
But, if you please, even by my Father's head

I'll take the great oath, that nor I protest
Myself to author on your interest
Any such usurpation ; nor have I
Seen any other, that feloniously
Have forced your oxen. Strange thing! what are those
Oxen of yours? Or what are oxen? knows
My rude mind, think you? My ears only touch
At their renown, and hear that there are such."
This speech he pass'd ; and, ever as he spake,
Beams from the hair about his eyelids brake ;
His eyebrows up and down cast, and his eye
Every way look'd askance and carelessly.
And he into a lofty whistling fell,
As if he idle thought Apollo's spell.
Apollo, gently smiling, made reply :
"O thou impostor, whose thoughts ever lie
In labour with deceit! For certain, I
Retain opinion, that thou (even thus soon)
Hast ransack'd many a house ; and not in one
Night's-work alone ; nor in one country neither,
Hast been besieging house and man together ;
Rigging and rifling all ways, and no noise
Made with thy soft feet, where it all destroys.
Soft, therefore, well, and tender, thou may'st call
The feet that thy stealths go and fly withal,
For many a field-bred herdsman (unheard still)
Hast thou made drown the caverns of the hill,
Where his retreats lie, with his helpless tears,
When any flesh-stealth thy desire endears,
And thou encounterest either flocks of sheep,
Or herds of oxen! up then! do not sleep
Thy last nap in thy cradle ; but come down,
Companion of black night, and, for this crown
Of thy young rapines, bear from all the state
And style of Prince Thief, into endless date."
This said, he took the infant in his arms,
And with him the remembrance of his harms,
This presage uttering, lifting him aloft :—
"Be evermore the miserably-soft
Slave of the belly, pursuivant of all
And author of all mischiefs capital."
He scorn'd his prophecy so he neezed in's face
Most forcibly ; which hearing, his embrace
He loathed, and hurl'd him 'gainst the ground ; yet still
Took seat before him ; though, with all the ill
He bore by him, he would have left full fain
That hewer of his heart so into twain.
Yet salved all thus: "Come, you so swaddled thing,
Issue of Maia, and the Thunder's King,
Be confident, I shall hereafter find
My broad-brow'd oxen : my prophetic mind
So far from blaming this thy course, that I
Foresee thee in it to posterity
The guide of all men, all ways, to their ends."
This spoken, Hermes from the earth ascends,
Starting aloft, and as in study went,
Wrapping himself in his integument ;
And thus ask'd Phœbus : "Whither force you me,
Far-shot, and far most powerful Deity?
I know, for all your feigning, you're still wroth
About your oxen, and suspect my troth.
O Jupiter! I wish the general race
Of all earth's oxen rooted from her face.
I steal your oxen! I again profess
That neither I have stolen them, nor can guess
Who else should steal them. What strange beasts are these
Your so-loved oxen? I must say, to please
Your humour thus far, that even my few hours
Have heard their fame. But be the sentence yours
Of the debate betwixt us ; or to Jove
(For more indifferency) the cause remove."
Thus when the solitude-affecting God,
And the Latonian seed, had laid abroad
All things betwixt them ; though not yet agreed,
Yet, might I speak, Apollo did proceed
Nothing unjustly, to charge Mercury
With stealing of the cows, he does deny.

But his profession was, with filed speech,
And craft's fair compliments, to overreach
All; and even Phœbus. Who, because he knew
His trade of subtlety, he still at view
Hunted his foe through all the sandy way
Up to Olympus. Nor would let him stray
From out his sight, but kept behind him still.
And now they reach'd the odoriferous hill
Of high Olympus, to their father Jove,
To arbitrate the cause in which they strove.
Where, before both, talents of justice were
Proposed for him whom Jove should sentence clear,
In cause of their contention. And now
About Olympus, ever-crown'd with snow,
The rumour of their controversy flew.
All the Incorruptible, to their view,
On Heaven's steep mountain made return'd repair.
Hermes, and He that light hurls through the air,
Before the Thunderer's knees stood; who begun
To question thus far his illustrious Son:
"Phœbus! To what end bring'st thou captive here
Him in whom my mind puts delights so dear?
This new-born infant, that the place supplies
Of Herald yet to all the Deities?
This serious business, you may witness, draws
The Deities' whole Court to discuss the cause."
Phœbus replied: "And not unworthy is
The cause of all the Court of Deities.
For, you shall hear, it comprehends the weight
Of devastation; and the very height
Of spoil and rapine, even of Deities' rights.
Yet you, as if myself loved such delights,
Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here
An infant, that, even now, admits no peer
In rapes and robberies. Finding out his place,
After my measure of an infinite space,
In the Cyllenian mountain, such a one
In all the art of opprobration,
As not in all the Deities I have seen;
Nor in th' oblivion-mark'd whole race of men.
In night he drave my oxen from their leas,
Along the lofty rore-resounding seas,
From out the road-way quite; the steps of them
So quite transposed, as would amaze the beam
Of any mind's eye; being so infinite much
Involved in doubt, as show'd a deified touch
Went to the work's performance. All the way,
Through which my cross'd-hooved cows he did convey,
Had dust so darkly-hard to search; and he
So past all measure wrapt in subtilty.
For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,
In passing through the dry way's sandy heaps;
But used another counsel to keep hid
His monstrous tracts, that show'd as one had slid
On oak or other boughs; that swept out still
The footsteps of his oxen, and did fill
Their prints up ever, to the daffodil
(Or dainty-feeding meadow) as they trod,
Driven by this cautelous and infant God.
A mortal man, yet saw him driving on
His prey to Pylos. Which when he had done,
And got his pass sign'd, with a sacred fire,
In peace; and freely (though to his desire,
Not to the Gods, he offer'd part of these
My ravish'd oxen) he retires, and lies,
Like to the gloomy night, in his dim den,
All hid in darkness; and in clouts again
Wrapp'd him so closely, that the sharp-seen eye
Of your own eagle could not see him lie.
For with his hands the air he rarefied
(This way, and that moved) till bright gleams did glide
About his being; that, if any eye
Should dare the darkness, light apposed so nigh
Might blind it quite with her antipathy.
Which wile he wove, in curious care t' illude
Th' extreme of any eye that could intrude.
On which relying, he outrageously
(When I accused him) trebled his reply:
'I did not see, I did not hear, nor I
Will tell at all, that any other stole
Your broad-brow'd beeves. Which an impostor's soul
Would soon have done, and any author fain
Of purpose only a reward to gain,
And thus he colour'd truth in every lie."
This said, Apollo sat; and Mercury
The Gods' Commander pleased with this reply:

"Father! I'll tell the truth (for I am true,
And far from art to lie): He did pursue
Even to my cave his oxen this self day,
The sun new raising his illustrious ray;
But brought with him none of the bliss-indued,
Nor any ocular witness, to conclude
His bare assertion; but his own command
Laid on with strong and necessary hand,
To show his oxen. Using threats to cast
My poor and infant powers into the vast
Of ghastly Tartarus; because he bears
Of strength-sustaining youth the flaming years.
And I, but yesterday produced to light;
By which it fell into his own free sight,
That I in no similitude appear'd
Of power to be the forcer of a herd.
And credit me, O Father, since the grace
Of that name, in your style, you please to place,
I drave not home his oxen, no, nor prest
Past mine own threshold; for 'tis manifest,
I reverence with my soul the Sun, and all
The knowing dwellers in this heavenly Hall.
Love you, observe the least; and 'tis most clear
In your own knowledge, that my merits bear
No least guilt of his blame. To all which I
Dare add heaven's great oath, boldly swearing by
All these so well-built entries of the Blest.
And therefore when I saw myself so prest
With his reproaches, I confess I burn'd
In my pure gall, and harsh reply return'd.
Add your aid to your younger then, and free
The scruple fix'd in Phœbus' jealousy."
This said, he wink'd upon his Sire; and still
His swathe-bands held beneath his arm; no will
Discern'd in him to hide, but have them shown.
Jove laugh'd aloud at his ingenious Son,
Quitting himself with art, so likely wrought,
As show'd in his heart not a rapinous thought;
Commanding both to bear atoned minds
And seek out th' oxen; in which search he binds
Hermes to play the guide, and show the Sun
(All grudge exiled) the shroud to which he won
His fair-eyed oxen; then his forehead bow'd
For sign it must be so; and Hermes show'd
His free obedience; so soon he inclined
To his persuasion and command, his mind.
Now then, Jove's jarring Sons no longer stood;
But sandy Pylos and th' Alphæan flood
Reach'd instantly; and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields and lofty stall
Where Phœbus' oxen Hermes safely kept,
Driven in by night. When suddenly he stept
Up to the stony cave, and into light
Drave forth the oxen. Phœbus at first sight
Knew them the same, and saw apart dispread
Upon a high-raised rock the hides new flead
Of th' oxen sacrificed. Then Phœbus said:
"O thou in crafty counsels undisplay'd!
How couldst thou cut the throats, and cast to earth
Two such huge oxen? being so young a birth,
And a mere infant? I admire thy force
And will, behind thy back. But this swift course
Of growing into strength thou hadst not need
Continue any long date, O thou seed
Of honour'd Maia!" Hermes (to show how
He did those deeds) did forthwith cut and bow
Strong osiers in soft folds; and strappled straight
One of his hugest oxen; all his weight
Laying prostrate on the earth at Phœbus' feet;
All his four cloven hooves easily made to greet
Each other upwards, all together brought.
In all which bands yet all the beast's powers wrought
To rise, and stand; when all the herd about
The mighty Hermes rush'd in, to help out
Their fellow from his fetters. Phœbus' view
Of all this up to admiration drew
Even his high forces; and stern looks he threw

At Hermes for his herd's wrong, and the place
To which he had retired them, being in grace
And fruitful riches of it so entire ;
All which set all his force on envious fire.
All whose heat flew out of his eyes in flames,
Which fain he would have hid, to hide the shames
Of his ill-govern'd passions. But with ease
Hermes could calm them ; and his humours please
Still at his pleasure, were he ne'er so great
In force and fortitude, and high in heat.
In all which he his lute took ; and as-say'd
A song upon him ; and so strangely play'd,
That from his hand a ravishing horror flew.
Which Phœbus into laughter turn'd, and grew
Pleasant past measure ; tunes so artful clear
Strook even his heart-strings, and his mind made hear.
His lute so powerful was in forcing love,
As his hand ruled it, that from him it drove
All fear of Phœbus ; yet he gave him still
The upper hand ; and, to advance his skill
To utmost miracle, he play'd sometimes
Single awhile ; in which, when all the climes
Of rapture he had reach'd, to make the Sun
Admire enough ; O then, his voice would run
Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They took Apollo prisoner to his love.
And now the deathless Gods and deathful Earth
He sung ; beginning at their either's birth
To full extent of all their Empery.
And, first, the honour to Mnemosyne,
The Muses' mother, of all Goddess states
He gave ; even forced to't by the equal fates.
And then (as it did in priority fall
Of age and birth) he celebrated all.
And with such elegance and order sung
(His lute still touch'd, to stick more off his tongue),
That Phœbus' heart with infinite love he eat.
Who therefore thus did his deserts en-treat :

"Master of sacrifice! Chief soul of feast!
Patient of all pains! Artisan so blest,
That all things thou canst do in any one :
Worth fifty oxen is th' invention
Of this one lute. We both shall now, I hope,
In firm peace work to all our wishes' scope.
Inform me (thou that every way canst wind,
And turn to act, all wishes of thy mind)
Together with thy birth came all thy skill ?
Or did some God, or God-like man instil
This heavenly song to thee? Methinks I hear
A new voice ; such as never yet came near
The breast of any, either man or God,
Till in thee it had prime and period.
What art, what Muse, that medicine can produce
For cares most cureless? what inveterate use
Or practice of a virtue so profuse
(Which three do all the contribution keep
That Joy or Love confers, or pleasing Sleep),
Taught thee the sovereign facture of them all?
I of the Muses am the capital
Consort, or follower ; and to these belong
The grace of dance, all worthy ways of song,
And ever-flourishing verse ; the delicate set
And sound of instruments. But never yet
Did anything so much affect my mind
With joy, and care to compass, as this kind
Of song and play ; that for the spritely feast
Of flourishing assemblies are the best
And aptest works that ever worth gave act.
My powers with admiration stand distract,
To hear with what a hand to make in love
Thou rulest thy lute. And (though thy young'st hours move,
At full art in old councils) here I vow
(Even by this cornel dart I use to throw)
To thee, and to thy mother, I'll make thee
Amongst the Gods, of glorious degree.
Guide of men's ways and theirs ; and will impart
To thee the mighty imperatory art,
Bestow rich gifts on thee ; and in the end
Never deceive thee." Hermes (as a friend
That wrought on all advantage, and made gain
His capital object) thus did entertain

Phœbus Apollo: "Do thy dignities
(Far-working God and circularly wise),
Demand my virtues? Without envy I
Will teach thee to ascend my faculty.
And this day thou shalt reach it; finding me,
In acts and counsels, all ways kind to thee,
As one that all things knows; and first takest seat
Amongst th' Immortals, being good and great.
And therefore to Jove's love makest free access,
Even out of his accomplish'd holiness.
Great gifts he likewise gives thee; who, fame says,
Hast won thy greatness by his will; his ways.
By him know'st all the powers prophetical,
O thou far-worker, and the fates of all.
Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learn;
And even thy wish dost but discern and earn.
And since thy soul so burns to know the way
To play and sing as I do; sing, and play.
Play, and perfection in thy play employ;
And be thy care, to learn things good, thy joy.
Take thou my lute, my love, and give thou me
The glory of so great a faculty.
This sweet-tuned consort, held but in thy hand,
Sing; and perfection in thy song command.
For thou already hast the way to speak
Fairly and elegantly, and to break
All eloquence into thy utter'd mind.
One gift from heaven found may another find.
Use then, securely, this thy gift; and go
To feasts and dances that enamour so;
And to that covetous sport of getting glory,
That day nor night will suffer to be sorry.
Whoever does but say, in verse, sings still;
Which he that can of any other skill
Is capable, so he be taught by art
And wisdom; and can speak at every part
Things pleasing to an understanding mind;
And such a one that seeks this lute shall find.
Him still it teaches easily, though he plays
Soft voluntaries only; and assays
As wanton as the sports of children are.
And (even when he aspires to singular
In all the masteries he shall play or sing)
Finds the whole work but an unhappy thing:
He, I say, sure; shall of this lute be king.
But he, whoever, rudely sets upon
Of this lute's skill th' inquest or question
Never so ardently and angrily;
Without the aptness and hability
Of art, and nature fitting, never shall
Aspire to this; but utter trivial
And idle accents, though sung ne'er so loud,
And never so commended of the crowd.
But thee I know, O eminent Son of Jove,
The fiery learner of whatever Love
Hath sharpen'd thy affections to achieve.
And thee I give this lute. Let us now live
Feeding upon the hill-and-horse-fed earth
Our never-handled oxen; whose dear birth
Their females, fellow'd with their males, let flow
In store enough hereafter; nor must you
(However cunning-hearted your wits are)
Boil in your gall a grudge too circular."
Thus gave he him his lute, which he embraced;
And gave again a goad, whose bright head cast
Beams like the light forth; leaving to his care
His oxen's keeping. Which, with joyful fare,
He took on him. The lute Apollo took
Into his left hand; and aloft he shook
Delightsome sounds up; to which God did sing.
Then were the oxen to their endless spring
Turn'd; and Jove's two illustrious Offsprings flew
Up to Olympus, where it ever snew;
Delighted with their lute's sound all the way.
Whom Jove much joy'd to see, and endless stay
Gave to their knot of friendship. From which date
Hermes gave Phœbus an eternal state
In his affection; whose sure pledge and sign
His lute was, and the doctrine so divine
Jointly conferr'd on him; which well might be
True symbol of his love's simplicity.

On th' other part, Apollo in his friend
Form'd th' art of wisdom, to the binding end
Of his vow'd friendship ; and (for further meed)
Gave him the far-heard fistulary reed.
For all these forms of friendship, Phœbus yet
Fear'd that both form and substance were not met
In Mercury's intentions ; and, in plain,
Said (since he saw him born to craft and gain,
And that Jove's will had him the honour done
To change at his will the possession
Of others' goods) he fear'd his breach of vows ;
In stealing both his lute and cunning bows ;
And therefore wish'd, that what the Gods attest
Himself would witness ; and to his request
His head bow, swearing by th' impetuous flood
Of Styx, that of his whole possessions not a good
He would diminish ; but therein maintain
The full content in which his mind did reign.
And then did Maia's son his forehead bow ;
Making, by all that he desired, his vow,
Never to prey more upon anything
In just possession of the far-shot King,
Nor ever to come near a house of his.
Latonian Phœbus bow'd his brow to this,
With his like promise ; saying, "Not any one
Of all the Gods, nor any man, that son
Is to Saturnius, is more dear to me,
More trusted, nor more honour'd is than thee.
Which yet with greater gifts of Deity
In future I'll confirm ; and give thy state
A rod that riches shall accumulate ;
Nor leave the bearer thrall to death or fate,
Or any sickness. All of gold it is ;
Three-leaved, and full of all felicities.
And this shall be thy guardian ; this shall give
The Gods to thee in all the truth they live,
And, finally, shall this the tutress be
Of all the words and works informing me
From Jove's high counsels, making known to thee
All my instructions. But to prophesy
(O best of Jove's beloved) and that high skill
Which to obtain lies burning in thy will ;
Nor thee, nor any God, will Fate let learn.
Only Jove's mind hath insight to discern
What that importeth ; yet am I allow'd
(My known faith trusted, and my forehead bow'd,
Our great oath taken, to resolve to none
Of all th' Immortals the restriction
Of that deep knowledge) of it all, the mind.
Since then it sits in such fast bounds confined
(O brother) when the golden rod is held
In thy strong hand, seek not to have reveal'd
Any sure fate that Jove will have conceal'd.
For no man shall, by knowing, prevent his fate ;
And therefore will I hold in my free state
The power to hurt and help what man I will,
Of all the greatest, or least touch'd with ill,
That walk within the circle of mine eye,
In all the tribes and sexes it shall try.
Yet, truly, any man shall have his will
To reap the fruits of my prophetic skill ;
Whoever seeks it by the voice or wing
Of birds, born truly such events to sing.
Nor will I falsely, nor with fallacies,
Infringe the truth on which his faith relies,
But he that truths in chattering plumes would find
(Quite opposite to them that prompt my mind),
And learn by natural forgers of vain lies
The more-than-ever-certain Deities ;
That man shall sea-ways tread, that leave no tracts,
And false or no guide find for all his facts.
And yet will I his gifts accept as well
As his to whom the simple truth I tell.
One other thing to thee I'll yet make known,
Maia's exceedingly renowned son,
And Jove's, and of the Gods' whole session
The most ingenious genius : There dwell
Within a crooked cranny, in a dell
Beneath Parnassus, certain sisters born,
Call'd Parcæ ; whom extreme swift wings adorn ;
Their number three ; that have upon their heads
White barley-flour still sprinkled, and are maids ;

And these are schoolmistresses of things to come,
Without the gift of prophecy. Of whom
(Being but a boy, and keeping oxen near)
I learn'd their skill, though my great Father were
Careless of it, or them. These flying from home
To others' roofs, and fed with honey-comb,
Command all skill; and (being enraged then)
Will freely tell the truths of things to men.
But if they give them not that Gods' sweet meat,
They then are apt to utter their deceit,
And lead men from their way. And these will I
Give thee hereafter; when their scrutiny
And truth thou hast both made and learn'd; and then
Please thyself with them; and the race of men
(Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear,
Who will, be sure, afford it greedy ear,
And hear it often, if it prove sincere.
Take these, O Maia's son, and in thy care
Be horse and oxen; all such men as are
Patient of labour; lions, white-tooth'd boars,
Mastiffs, and flocks that feed the flowery shores;
And every four-foot beast; all which shall stand
In awe of thy high imperatory hand.
Be thou to Dis, too, sole Ambassador;
Who, though all gifts and bounties he abhor,
On thee he will bestow a wealthy one."
Thus king Apollo honour'd Maia's son
With all the rights of friendship; all whose love
Had imposition from the will of Jove.
And thus with Gods and mortals Hermes lived;
Who truly help'd but few, but all deceived
With an undifferencing respect; and made
Vain words and false persuasions his trade.
His deeds were all associates of the night,
In which his close wrongs cared for no man's right.
So all salutes to Hermes that are due,
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true.

THE END OF THE HYMN TO HERMES.

A HYMN TO VENUS.

THE force, O Muse, and functions, now unfold,
Of Cyprian Venus, graced with mines of gold.
Who, even in Deities, lights love's sweet desire;
And all Death's kinds of men makes kiss her fire:
All air's wing'd nation, all the belluine
That or the earth feeds, or the seas confine.
To all which appertain the love and care
Of well-crown'd Venus' works. Yet three there are
Whose minds she neither can deceive nor move;
Pallas, the seed of Ægis-bearing Jove,
Who still lives indevirginate, her eyes
Being blue, and sparkling like the freezing skies;
Whom all the gold of Venus never can
Tempt to affect her facts with God or man.
She loving strife, and Mars his working banes,
Pitch'd fields and fights and famous artisans;
Taught earthy men first all the arts that are;
Chariots, and all the frames vehicular,
Chiefly with brass arm'd, and adorn'd for war.
Where Venus only soft-skinn'd wenches fills
With wanton house-works, and suggests those skills
Still to their studies. Whom Diana neither,
That bears the golden distaff, and together
Calls horns, and hollows, and the cries of hounds,
And owns the epithet of loving sounds
For their sakes, springing from such spritely sports,
Can catch with her kind lures. But hill resorts

To wild-beasts' slaughters; accents far-off heard
Of harps and dances; and of woods unshear'd
The sacred shades she loves; yet likes as well
Cities where good men and their offspring dwell.
The third, whom her kind passions nothing please,
Is virgin Vesta; whom Saturnides
Made reverend with his counsels, when his Sire,
That adverse counsels agitates, life's fire
Had kindled in her, being his last begot.
Whom Neptune woo'd to knit with him the knot
Of honour'd nuptials, and Apollo too;
Which with much vehemence she refused to do,
And stern repulses put upon them both.
Adding to all her vows the Gods' great oath,
And touching Jove's chin, which must consummate
All vows so bound, that she would hold her state,
And be th' invincible Maid of Deities
Through all her days' dates. For Saturnides
Gave her a fair gift in her nuptials' stead;
To sit in midst of his house, and be fed
With all the free and richest feast of heaven:
In all the temples of the Gods being given
The prize of honour. Not a mortal man
(That either, of the powers Olympian
His half-birth having, may be said to be
A mortal of the Gods, or else that he,
Deities' wills doing, is of Deity)
But gives her honour of the amplest kind.
Of all these three can Venus not a mind
Deceive, or set on forces to reflect.
Of all powers else yet, not a sex, nor sect,
Flies Venus; either of the blessed Gods,
Or men, confined in mortal periods.
But even the mind of Jove she doth seduce,
That chides with thunder so her lawless use
In human creatures; and by lot is given
Of all most honour, both in earth and heaven.
And yet even his all-wise and mighty mind
She, when she lists, can forge affects to blind,
And mix with mortal dames his Deity:
Conceal'd at all parts from the jealous eye
Of Juno, who was both his sister born,
And made his wife; whom beauty did adorn
Past all the bevy of immortal Dames;
And whose so chiefly-glorified flames
Cross-counsell'd Saturn got, and Rhæa bore,
And Jove's pure counsels (being conqueror)
His wife made of his sister. Ay, and more,
Cast such an amorous fire into her mind
As made her (like him) with the mortal kind
Meet in unmeet bed; using utmost haste,
Lest she should know that he lived so unchaste,
Before herself felt that fault in her heart,
And gave her tongue too just edge of desert
To tax his lightness. With this end, beside,
Lest laughter-studying Venus should deride
The Gods more than the Goddesses, and say
That she the Gods commix'd in amorous play
With mortal dames, begetting mortal seed
T' immortal sires, and not make Goddesses breed
The like with mortal fathers. But, t' acquite
Both Gods and Goddesses of her despite,
Jove took (even in herself) on him her power,
And made her with a mortal paramour
Use as deform'd a mixture as the rest;
Kindling a kind affection in her breast
To God-like-limb'd Anchises, as he kept,
On Ida's top-on-top-to-heaven's-pole heapt,[1]
Amongst the many fountains there, his herd.
For, after his brave person had appear'd
To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire;
And to amaze she burn'd in his desire.
Flew straight to Cyprus, to her odorous fane
And altars, that the people Paphian
Advanced to her. Where, soon as enter'd, she
The shining gates shut; and the Graces three
Wash'd; and with oils of everlasting scent
Bathed, as became, her deathless lineament.

1 Ἀκροπόλος. *Altissimum habens verticem, cujus summitas ipsum polum attingit.*

Then her ambrosian mantle she assumed,
With rich and odoriferous airs perfumed;
Which being put on, and all her trims beside
Fair, and with all allurements amplified,
The all-of-gold-made-laughter-loving Dame
Left odorous Cyprus, and for Troy became
A swift contendress; her pass cutting all
Along the clouds, and made her instant fall
On fountful Ida, that her mother-breasts
Gives to the preyful brood of savage beasts.
And through the hill she went, the ready way
T' Anchises' oxstall, where did fawn and play
About her blessed feet wolves grisly-gray,
Terrible lions, many a mankind bear,
And lybberds swift, insatiate of red deer.
Whose sight so pleased, that, ever as she past,
Through every beast a kindly love she cast,
That, in their dens obscured with shadows deep,
Made all, distinguish'd, in kind couples, sleep.
And now she reach'd the rich pavilion
Of the heroë, in whom heavens had shown
A fair and goodly composition;
And whom she in his oxstall found, alone;
His oxen feeding in fat pastures by;
He walking up and down, sounds clear and high
From his harp striking. Then before him she
Stood like a virgin, that invincibly
Had borne her beauties; yet alluringly
Bearing her person, lest his ravish'd eye
Should chance t' affect him with a stupid fear.
Anchises seeing her, all his senses were
With wonder stricken, and high-taken-heeds
Both of her form, brave stature, and rich weeds.
For, for a veil, she shined in an attire
That cast a radiance past the ray of fire.
Beneath which wore she, girt to her, a gown
Wrought all with growing-rose-buds, reaching down
T' her slender smalls, which buskins did divine,
Such as taught Thetis' silver feet to shine.
Her soft white neck rich carcanets embraced,
Bright, and with gold in all variety graced,
That to her breasts, let down, lay there and shone,
As, at her joyful full, the rising Moon.
Her sight show'd miracles. Anchises' heart
Love took into his hand, and made him part
With these high salutations: "Joy, O Queen!
Whoever of the Blest thy beauties been
That light these entries; or the Deity
That darts affecteth; or that gave the eye
Of heaven his heat and lustre; or that moves
The hearts of all with all-commanding loves;
Or generous Themis; or the blue-eyed Maid;
Or of the Graces any that are laid
With all the Gods in comparable scales,
And whom fame up to immortality calls?
Or any of the Nymphs, that unshorn groves,
Or that this fair hill-habitation loves?
Or valleys flowing with earth's fattest goods,
Or fountains pouring forth eternal floods?
Say, which of all thou art; that in some place
Of circular prospect, for thine eyes' dear grace,
I may an altar build, and to thy powers
Make sacred all the year's devoted hours,
With consecrations sweet and opulent.
Assured whereof, be thy benign mind bent
To these wish'd blessings of me: give me parts
Of chief attraction in Trojan hearts;
And, after, give me the refulgency
Of most renown'd and rich posterity;
Long, and free life, and heaven's sweet light as long;
The people's blessings, and a health so strong
That no disease it let my life engage,
Till th' utmost limit of a human age."
To this Jove's seed this answer gave again:
"Anchises, happiest of the human strain!
I am no Goddess: why, a thrall to death
Think'st thou like those that immortality breathe?
A woman brought me forth; my father's name
Was Otreüs, if ever his high fame

Thine ears have witness'd, for he govern'd all
The Phrygian State; whose every town a wall
Impregnable embraced. Your tongue, you hear,
I speak so well, that in my natural sphere
(As I pretend) it must have taken prime.
A woman, likewise, of the Trojan clime
Took of me, in her house, the nurse's care
From my dear mother's bosom; and thus are
My words of equal accent with your own.
How here I come, to make the reason known,
Argicides, that bears the golden rod,
Transferr'd me forcibly from my abode
Made with the maiden train of her that joys
In golden shafts, and loves so well the noise
Of hounds and hunters (heaven's pure-living Power)
Where many a nymph and maid of mighty dower
Chaste sports employ'd, all circled with a crown
Of infinite multitude, to see so shown
Our maiden pastimes. Yet, from all the fair
Of this so forceful concourse, up in air
The golden-rod-sustaining-Argus' Guide
Rapt me in sight of all, and made me ride
Along the clouds with him; enforcing me
Through many a labour of mortality,
Through many an unbuilt region, and a rude,
Where savage beasts devour'd preys warm and crude,
And would not let my fears take one foot's tread
On her by whom are all lives comforted;
But said my maiden state must grace the bed
Of king Anchises, and bring forth to thee
Issue as fair as of divine degree.
Which said, and showing me thy moving grace,
Away flew he up to th' Immortal Race.
And thus came I to thee; Necessity,
With her steel stings, compelling me t' apply
To her high power my will. But you must I
Implore by Jove, and all the reverence due
To your dear parents; who, in bearing you,
Can bear no mean sail; lead me home to them
An untouch'd maid, being brought up in th' extreme
Of much too cold simplicity to know
The fiery cunnings that in Venus glow.
Show me to them then, and thy brothers born,
I shall appear none that parts disadorn,
But such as well may serve a brother's wife,
And show them now, even to my future life,
If such or no my present will extend.
To horse-breed-varying Phrygia likewise send,
T' inform my sire and mother of my state,
That live for me extreme disconsolate;
Who gold enough, and well-woven weeds, will give.
All whose rich gifts in my amends receive.
All this perform'd, add celebration then
Of honour'd nuptials, that by God and men
Are held in reverence." All this while she said,
Into his bosom jointly she convey'd
The fires of love; when, all-enamour'd, he
In these terms answer'd: "If mortality
Confine thy fortunes, and a woman were
Mother to those attractions that appear
In thy admired form, thy great father given
High name of Otreüs; and the Spy of heaven
(Immortal Mercury) th' enforceful cause
That made thee lose the prize of that applause
That modesty immaculate virgins gives:
My wife thou shalt be call'd through both our lives.
Nor shall the powers of men nor Gods withhold
My fiery resolution to enfold
Thy bosom in mine arms; which here I vow
To firm performance, past delay, and now.
Nor, should Apollo with his silver bow
Shoot me to instant death, would I forbear
To do a deed so full of cause so dear.
For with a heaven-sweet woman I will lie,
Though straight I stoop the house of Dis, and die."
This said, he took her hand and she took way
With him; her bright eyes casting round; whose stay

She stuck upon a bed, that was before
Made for the king, and wealthy coverings wore.
On which bears' hides and big-voiced lions' lay,
Whose preyful lives the king had made his prey,
Hunting th' Idalian hills. This bed when they
Had both ascended, first he took from her
The fiery weed, that was her utmost wear;
Unbutton'd her next rosy robe; and loosed
The girdle that her slender waist enclosed;
Unlaced her buskins; all her jewelry
Took from her neck and breasts, and all laid by
Upon a golden-studded chair of state.
Th' amaze of all which being removed, even Fate
And council of the equal Gods gave way
To this, that with a deathless Goddess lay
A deathful man; since, what his love assumed,
Not with his conscious knowledge was presumed.
Now when the shepherds and the herdsmen, all,
Turn'd from their flowery pasture to their stall,
With all their oxen, fat and frolic sheep,
Venus into Anchises cast a sleep,
Sweet and profound; while with her own hands now
With her rich weeds she did herself endow;
But so distinguish'd, that he clear might know
His happy glories; then (to her desire
Her heavenly person; put in trims entire)
She by the bed stood of the well-built stall,
Advanced her head to state celestial,
And in the cheeks arose the radiant hue
Of rich-crown'd Venus to apparent view.
And then she roused him from his rest, and said:
"Up, my Dardanides, forsake thy bed.
What pleasure, late employ'd, lets humour steep
Thy lids in this inexcitable sleep?
Wake, and now say, if I appear to thee
Like her that first thine eyes conceited me."
This started him from sleep, though deep and dear,
And passing promptly he enjoy'd his ear.
But when his eye saw Venus' neck and eyes,
Whose beauties could not bear the counterprise
Of any other, down his own eyes fell,
Which pallid fear did from her view repel:
And made him, with a main respect beside,
Turn his whole person from her state, and hide
(With his rich weed apposed) his royal face;
These wing'd words using: "When, at first, thy grace
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew
Thy state was deified; but thou told'st not true;
And therefore let me pray thee (by thy love
Borne to thy father, Ægis-bearing Jove)
That thou wilt never let me live to be
An abject, after so divine degree
Taken in fortune, but take ruth on me.
For any man that with a Goddess lies,
Of interest in immortalities,
Is never long-lived." She replied: "Forbear,
O happiest of mortal men, this fear,
And rest assured, that (not for me, at least)
Thy least ills fear fits; no, nor for the rest
Of all the Blessed, for thou art their friend;
And so far from sustaining instant end,
That to thy long-enlarged life there shall spring
Amongst the Trojans a dear son, and king,
To whom shall many a son, and son's son, rise
In everlasting great posterities;
His name Æneas; therein keeping life,
For ever, in my much-conceited grief,
That I, immortal, fell into the bed
Of one whose blood mortality must shed.
But rest thou comforted, and all the race
That Troy shall propagate, in this high grace:
That, past all races else, the Gods stand near
Your glorious nation; for the forms ye bear,
And natures so ingenuous and sincere.
For which, the great in counsels (Jupiter)
Your gold-lock'd Ganymedes did transfer
(In rapture far from men's depressed fates)
To make him consort with our Deified states,

And scale the tops of the Saturnian skies,
He was so mere a marvel in their eyes.
And therefore from a bowl of gold he fills
Red nectar ; that the rude distension kills
Of winds that in your human stomachs breed.
But then did languor on the liver feed
Of Tros, his father, that was king of Troy;
And ever did his memory employ[1]
With loss of his dear beauty so bereaven,
Though with a sacred whirlwind rapt to heaven.
But Jove, in pity of him, saw him given
Good compensation, sending by Heaven's Spy
White-swift-hooved horse, that Immortality
Had made firm-spirited ; and had, beside,
Hermes to see his ambassy supplied
With this vow'd bounty (using all at large
That his unalter'd counsels gave in charge)
That he himself should immortality breathe,
Expert of age and woe as well as death.
This ambassy express'd, he mourn'd no more,
But up with all his inmost mind he bore,
Joying that he, upon his swift-hooved horse,
Should be sustain'd in an eternal course.
So did the golden-throned Aurora raise,
Into her lap, another that the praise
Of an immortal fashion had in fame ;
And of your nation bore the noble name :
(His title Tithon) who, not pleased with her,
As she his lovely person did transfer,
To satisfy him, she bade ask of Jove
The gift of an Immortal for her love.
Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed brow,
Performing to the utmost point his vow.
Fool that she was, that would her love engage,
And not as long ask from the bane of age
The sweet exemption, and youth's endless flower.
Of which as long as both the grace and power
His person entertain'd, she loved the man,
And (at the fluents of the ocean
Near Earth's extreme bounds) dwelt with him ; but when
(According to the course of aged men)
On his fair head, and honourable beard,
His first grey hairs to her light eyes appear'd,
She left his bed ; yet gave him still for food
The Gods' ambrosia ; and attire as good.
Till even the hate of age came on so fast
That not a lineament of his was graced
With power of motion ; nor did still sustain,
Much less, the vigour had t' advance a vein ;
The virtue lost in each exhausted limb,
That at his wish before would answer him;
All powers so quite decay'd, that when he spake
His voice no perceptible accent brake.
Her counsel then thought best to strive no more ;
But lay him in his bed and lock his door.
Such an Immortal would not I wish thee,
T' extend all days so to eternity.
But if, as now, thou couldst perform thy course
In grace of form, and all corporeal force,
To an eternal date ; thou then shouldst bear
My husband's worthy name, and not a tear
Should I need rain, for thy deserts declined,
From my all-clouded bitterness of mind.
But now the stern storm of relentless age
Will quickly circle thee, that waits t' engage
All men alike; even loathsomeness, and bane
Attending with it, every human wane ;
Which even the Gods hate. Such a penance lies
Imposed on flesh and blood's infirmities.
Which I myself must taste in great degree,
And date as endless, for consorting thee.
All the immortals with my opprobry
Are full by this time ; on their hearts so lie
(Even to the sting of fear) my cunnings used,
And wiving conversations infused
Into the bosoms of the best of them
With women, that the frail and mortal stream
Doth daily ravish. All this long since done.
Which now no more, but with effusion
Of tears, I must in heaven so much as name,
I have so forfeited in this my fame,
And am imposed pain of so great a kind
For so much erring from a Goddess' mind.
For I have put beneath my girdle here
A son, whose sire the human mortal sphere

[1] Αλητος. *Cujus memoria erit perpetua.*

Gives circumscription. But, when first the light
His eyes shall comfort, Nymphs that haunt the height
Of hills, and breasts have of most deep receipt,
Shall be his nurses; who inhabit now
A hill of so vast and divine a brow,
As man nor God can come at their retreats;
Who live long lives, and eat immortal meats,
And with Immortals in the exercise
Of comely dances dare contend, and rise
Into high question which deserves the prize.
The light Sileni mix in love with these,
And, of all Spies the Prince, Argicides;
In well-trimm'd caves their secret meetings made.
And with the lives of these doth life invade
Or odorous fir-trees, or high-foreheaded oaks;
Together taking their begetting strokes.
And have their lives and deaths of equal dates;
Trees bearing lovely and delightsome states,
Whom Earth first feeds, that men initiates.
On her high hills she doth their states sustain,
And they their own heights raise as high again.
Their growths together made, Nymphs call their groves
Vow'd to th' Immortals' services, and loves.
Which men's steels therefore touch not; but let grow.
But when wise Fates times for their fadings know,
The fair trees still before the fair Nymphs die,
The bark about them grown corrupt and dry,
And all their boughs, fall'n, yield to Earth her right;
And then the Nymphs' lives leave the lovely light.
And these Nymphs in their caves shall nurse my son,
Whom (when in him youth's first grace is begun)
The Nymphs, his nurses, shall present to thee,
And show thee what a birth thou hast by me.
And, sure as now I tell thee all these things,
When Earth hath clothed her plants in five fair springs,
Myself will make return to this retreat,
And bring that flower of thy enamour'd heat;
Whom when thou then seest, joy shall fire thine eyes,
He shall so well present the Deities.
And then into thine own care take thy son
From his calm seat to windy Ilion,
Where, if strict question be upon thee past,
Asking what mother bore beneath her waist
So dear a son; answer, as I afford
Fit admonition, nor forget a word:
They say a Nymph, called Calucopides,
That is with others an inhabitress
On this thy wood-crown'd hill, acknowledges
That she his life gave. But, if thou declare
The secret's truth, and art so mad to dare
(In glory of thy fortunes) to approve
That rich-crown'd Venus mix'd with thee in love,
Jove, fired with my aspersion so dispread,
Will, with a wreakful lightning, dart thee dead.
All now is told thee, comprehend it all.
Be master of thyself, and do not call
My name in question; but with reverence vow
To Deities' angers all the awe ye owe."
This said, she reach'd heaven, where airs ever flow.
And so, O Goddess, ever honour'd be,
In thy so odorous Cyprian Empery.
My Muse, affecting first thy fame to raise,
Shall make transcension now to others' praise.

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMN TO VENUS

TO THE SAME.

THE reverend, rich-crown'd, and fair Queen I sing,
Venus, that owes in fate the fortressing
Of all maritimal Cyprus; where the force
Of gentle-breathing Zephyr steer'd her course
Along the waves of the resounding sea;
While, yet unborn, in that soft foam she lay
That brought her forth; whom those fair Hours that bear
The golden bridles, joyfully stood near,
Took up into their arms, and put on her
Weeds of a never-corruptible wear.
On her immortal head a crown they placed,
Elaborate, and with all the beauties graced
That gold could give it; of a weight so great,
That, to impose and take off, it had set
Three handles on it, made, for endless hold,
Of shining brass, and all adorn'd with gold.
Her soft neck all with carcanets was graced,
That stoop'd, and both her silver breasts embraced,
Which even the Hours themselves wear in resort
To Deities' dances, and her Father's court.
Graced at all parts, they brought to heaven her graces;
Whose first sight seen, all fell into embraces;
Hugg'd her white hands; saluted; wishing all
To wear her maiden flower in festival
Of sacred Hymen, and to lead her home;
All, to all admiration, overcome
With Cytherea with the violet crown.
So to the black-brow'd-sweet-spoke; all renown,
Prepare my song; and give me, in the end,
The victory; to whose palm all contend.
So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,
And, for thy sake, thy fair posterity.

BACCHUS, OR THE PIRATES.

OF Dionysus, noble Semele's Son,
I now intend to render mention.
As on a prominent shore his person shone,
Like to a youth whose flower was newly blown,
Bright azure tresses play'd about his head,
And on his bright broad shoulders was dispread
A purple mantle. Straight he was descried
By certain manly pirates, that applied
Their utmost speed to prise him, being aboard
A well-built bark, about whose broad sides roar'd
The wine-black Tyrrhene billows; death as black
Brought them upon him in their future wrack.
For, soon as they had purchased but his view,
Mutual signs past them, and ashore they flew,
Took him, and brought him instantly aboard,
Soothing their hopes to have obtain'd a hoard
Of riches with him; and a Jove-kept king
To such a flower must needs be natural spring.
And therefore straight among fetters they must fetch,
To make him sure. But no such strength would stretch
To his constrain'd powers. Far flew all their bands
From any least force done his feet or hands.
But he sat casting smiles from his black eyes
At all their worst. At which discoveries
Made by the master, he did thus dehort
All his associates: "Wretches! Of what sort

Hold ye the person ye assay to bind?
Nay, which of all the Power fully-divined
Esteem ye him? whose worth yields so much weight
That not our well-built bark will bear his freight.
Of Jove himself he is; or he that bears
The silver bow; or Neptune. Nor appears
In him the least resemblance of a man,
But of a strain at least Olympian.
Come! Make we quick dismission of his state,
And on the black-soil'd earth exonerate
Our sinking vessel of his deified load,
Nor dare the touch of an intangible God.
Lest winds outrageous, and of wrackful scathe,
And smoking tempests, blow his fiery wrath."
This well-spoke master the tall captain gave
Hateful and horrible language; call'd him slave,
And bade him mark the prosperous gale that blew,
And how their vessel with her mainsail flew;
Bade all take arms, and said, their works required
The cares of men, and not of an inspired
Pure zealous master; his firm hopes being fired
With this opinion, that they should arrive
In Ægypt straight, or Cyprus, or where live
Men whose brave breaths above the north wind blow;
Yea, and perhaps beyond their region too.
And that he made no doubt but in the end
To make his prisoner tell him every friend
Of all his offspring, brothers, wealth, and all;
Since that prise, certain, must some God let fall.
This said, the mast and mainsail up he drew,
And in the mainsail's midst a frank gale blew;
When all his ship took arms to brave their prise.
But straight strange works appear'd to all their eyes:
First, sweet wine through their swift-black bark did flow,
Of which the odours did a little blow
Their fiery spirits, making th' air so fine
That they in flood were there as well as wine.
A mere immortal-making savour rose,
Which on the air the Deity did impose.
The seamen seeing all, admiration seized.
Yet instantly their wonders were increased;
For on the topsail there ran, here and there,
A vine that grapes did in abundance bear;
And in an instant was the ship's mainmast
With an obscure-green-ivy's arms embraced,
That flourish'd straight, and were with berries graced;
Of which did garlands circle every brow
Of all the pirates; and no one knew how.
Which when they saw, they made the master steer
Out to the shore; whom Bacchus made forbear,
With showing more wonders. On the hatches, he
Appear'd a terrible lion, horribly
Roaring; and in the mid deck a male bear,
Made with a huge mane; making all, for fear,
Crowd to the stern, about the master there:
Whose mind he still kept dauntless and sincere.
But on the captain rush'd and ramp'd, with force
So rude and sudden, that his main recourse
Was to the main-sea straight: and after him
Leapt all his mates, as trusting to their swim
To fly foul death; but so found what they fled,
Being all to dolphins metamorphosed.
The master he took ruth of, saved, and made
The blessed'st man that ever tried his trade.
These few words giving him: "Be confident,
Thou God-inspired pilot, in the bent
Of my affection, ready to requite
Thy late-to-me-intended benefit.
I am the roaring God of spritely wine,
Whom Semele (that did even Jove incline
To amorous mixture, and was Cadmus' care)
Made issue to the mighty Thunderer."
And thus, all excellence of grace to thee,
Son of sweet-countenance-carrying Semele.
I must not thee forget in least degree,
But pray thy spirit to render so my song
Sweet, and all ways in order'd fury strong.

TO MARS.

MARS, most-strong, gold-helm'd, making chariots crack;
Never without a shield cast on thy back.
Mind-master, town-guard, with darts never driven;
Strong-handed; all arms, fort, and fence of heaven;
Father of victory, with fair strokes given;
Joint surrogate of justice, lest she fall
In unjust strifes a tyrant; general
Only of just men justly; that dost bear
Fortitude's sceptre; to heaven's fiery sphere
Giver of circular motion, between
That and the Pleiads that still wandering been;
Where thy still-vehemently-flaming horse
About the third heaven make their fiery course;
Helper of mortals; hear! As thy fires give
The fair and present boldnesses that strive
In youth for honour, being the sweet-beam'd light
That darts into their lives, from all thy height,
The fortitudes and fortunes found in fight.
So would I likewise wish to have the power
To keep off from my head thy bitter hour,
And that false fire, cast from my soul's low kind,
Stoop to the fit rule of my highest mind.
Controlling that so eager sting of wrath
That stirs me on still to that horrid scathe
Of war; that God still sends to wreak his spleen
(Even by whole tribes) of proud injurious men.
But O thou ever-blessed! give me still
Presence of mind to put in act, my will
Varied, as fits, to all occasion;
And to live free, unforced, unwrought upon;
Beneath those laws of peace that never are
Affected with pollutions popular
Of unjust hurt, or loss to any one;
And to bear safe the burthen undergone
Of foes inflexive, and inhumane hates;
Secure from violent and harmful fates.

TO DIANA.

DIANA praise, Muse, that in darts delights;
Lives still a maid, and had nutritial rights
With her born-brother, the far-shooting Sun.
That doth her all-of-gold-made chariot run
In chase of game; from Meles that abounds
In black-brow'd bulrushes, and (where her hounds
She first uncouples, joining there her horse),
Through Smyrna; carried in most fiery course
To grape-rich Claros. Where (in his rich home,
And constant expectation she will come)
Sits Phœbus, that the silver bow doth bear,
To meet with Phœbe, that doth darts transfer
As far as he his shafts. As far then be
Thy chaste fame shot, O Queen of archery!
Sacring my song to every Deity.

TO VENUS.

To Cyprian Venus still my verses vow,
Who gifts as sweet as honey doth bestow
On all mortality; that ever smiles,
And rules a face that all foes reconciles;
Ever sustaining in her hand a flower
That all desire keeps ever in her power.

Hail, then, O Queen of well-built Salamine,
And all the state that Cyprus doth confine:
Inform my song with that celestial fire
That in thy beauties kindles all desire.
So shall my Muse for ever honour thee,
And any other thou commend'st to me.

TO PALLAS.

PALLAS Minerva only I begin
To give my song; that makes war's terrible din:
Is patroness of cities, and with Mars
Marshall'd in all the care and cure of wars,
And in everted cities, fights, and cries.
But never doth herself sit down or rise
Before a city; but at both times she
All injured people sets on foot, and free.
Give, with thy war's force, fortune then to me;
And, with thy wisdom's force, felicity.

TO JUNO.

SATURNIA, and her throne of gold, I sing;
That was of Rhea the eternal spring,
And empress of a beauty never yet
Equall'd in height of tincture. Of the great
Saturnius (breaking air in awful noise)
The far-famed wife and sister; whom in joys
Of high Olympus all the blessed love,
And honour equal with unequall'd Jove.

TO CERES.

THE rich-hair'd Ceres I assay to sing;
A Goddess, in whose grace the natural spring
Of serious majesty itself is seen;
And of the wedded, yet in grace still green
(Proserpina, her daughter), that displays
A beauty casting every way her rays.
All honour to thee, Goddess: keep this town;
And take thou chief charge of my song's renown.

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.

MOTHER of all, both Gods and men, commend,
O Muse, whose fair form did from Jove descend;
That doth with cymbal sounds delight her life,
And tremulous divisions of the fife.
Love's dreadful lions' roars, and wolves' hoarse howls,
Sylvan retreats, and hills, whose hollow knolls
Raise repercussive sounds about her ears.
And so may honour ever crown thy years
With all-else Goddesses; and ever be
Exalted in the Muses' harmony.

TO LION-HEARTED HERCULES.

ALCIDES, forcefullest of all the brood
Of men enforced with need of earthy food
My Muse shall memorize; the son of Jove;
Whom, in fair-seated Thebes (commix'd in love
With great Heaven's sable-cloud-assembling state)
Alcmena bore to him; and who, in date
Of days forepast, through all the sea was sent,
And Earth's inenarrable continent,
To acts that king Eurystheus had decreed.
Did many a petulant and imperious deed
Himself, and therefore suffer'd many a toil;
Yet now inhabits the illustrious soil
Of white Olympus; and delights his life
With still young Hebe, his well-ankled wife.
Hail, King; and Son of Jove; vouchsafe thou me
Virtue, and her effect, felicity.

TO ÆSCULAPIUS.

WITH Æsculapius, the physician,
That cured all sickness, and was Phœbus' son,
My Muse makes entry; to whose life gave yield
Divine Coronis in the Dotian field
(King Phlegius' daughter), who much joy on men
Conferr'd, in dear ease of their irksome pain.
For which, my salutation, worthy king,
And vows to thee paid, ever when I sing.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

CASTOR and Pollux, the Tyndarides,
Sweet Muse illustrate; that their essences
Fetch from the high forms of Olympian Jove,
And were the fair fruits of bright Leda's love.
Which she produced beneath the sacred shade
Of steep Taygetus; being subdued, and made
To serve th' affections of the Thunderer.
And so all grace to you; whom all aver
(For skill in horses, and their manage given)
To be the bravest horsemen under heaven.

TO MERCURY.

HERMES I honour (the Cyllenian Spy),
King of Cyllenia, and of Arcady

With flocks abounding: and the Messenger
Of all th' Immortals, that doth still infer
Profits of infinite value to their store:
Whom to Saturnius bashful Maia bore;
Daughter of Atlas; and did therefore fly
Of all th' Immortals the society,
To that dark cave; where, in the dead of night,
Jove join'd with her in love's divine delight;
When golden sleep shut Juno's jealous eye,
Whose arms had wrists as white as ivory;
From whom, and all, both men and Gods beside,
The fair-hair'd nymph her scape kept undescried.
Joy to the Jove-got then, and Maia's care;
'Twixt men and Gods the general Messenger:
Giver of good grace, gladness, and the flood
Of all that men or Gods account their good.

TO PAN.

SING, Muse, this chief of Hermes' love-got joys,
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, amorous of noise;
That through the fair greens, all adorn'd with trees,
Together goes with Nymphs, whose nimble knees
Can every dance foot; that affect to scale
The most inaccessible tops of all
Uprightest rocks; and ever use to call
On Pan, the bright-hair'd God of pastoral.
Who yet is lean and loveless, and doth owe
By lot, all loftiest mountains crown'd with snow;
All tops of hills, and cliffy highnesses,
All sylvan copses, and the fortresses
Of thorniest queaches, here and there doth rove.
And sometimes, by allurement of his love,
Will wade the watery softnesses; sometimes
(In quite opposed capriccios) he climbs
The hardest rocks, and highest; every way
Running their ridges; often will convey
Himself up to a watch-tower's top, where sheep
Have their observance: oft through hills as steep
His goats he runs upon, and never rests.
Then turns he head, and flies on savage beasts,
Mad of their slaughters; so most sharp an eye
Setting upon them, as his beams let fly
Through all their thickest tapestries. And then
(When Hesperus calls to fold the flocks of men)
From the green closets of his loftiest reeds
He rushes forth; and joy, with song, he feeds.
When, under shadow of their motions set,
He plays a verse forth so profoundly sweet,
As not the bird that in the flowery spring,
Amidst the leaves set, makes the thickets ring
Of her sour sorrows, sweeten'd with her song,
Runs her divisions varied so and strong.
And then the sweet-voiced Nymphs that crown his mountains
(Flock'd round about the deep-black-water'd fountains)
Fall in with their contention of song.
To which the echoes all the hills along
Their repercussions add. Then here and there
(Placed in the midst) the God the guide doth bear
Of all their dances, winding in and out.
A lynx's hide, besprinkled round about
With blood, cast on his shoulders. And thus he,
With well-made songs, maintains th' alacrity
Of his free mind, in silken meadows crown'd
With hyacinths and saffrons; that abound
In sweet-breathed odours, that th' unnumber'd grass
(Besides their scents) give as through all they pass.
And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise
The blessed Gods' and long Olympus' praise:
Like zealous Hermes, who, of all, I said
Most profits up to all the Gods convey'd.
Who, likewise, came into th' Arcadian state,
(That's rich in fountains, and all celebrate
For nurse of flocks), where he had vow'd a grove
(Surnamed Cyllenius) to his Godhead's love.

Yet even himself (although a God he were)
Clad in a squalid sheepskin, govern'd there
A mortal's sheep. For soft love entering him
Conform'd his state to his conceited trim.
And made him long, in an extreme degree,
T' enjoy the fair-hair'd virgin Dryope.
Which ere he could, she made him consummate
The flourishing rite of Hymen's honour'd state;
And brought him such a piece of progeny,
As show'd, at first sight, monstrous to the eye;
Goat-footed, two-horn'd, full of noise, even then;
And (opposite quite to other children)
Told, in sweet laughter, he ought death no tear.
Yet straight his mother start, and fled, in fear,
The sight of so unsatisfying a thing,
In whose face put forth such a bristled spring.
Yet the most useful Mercury embraced,
And took into his arms, his homely-faced;
Beyond all measure joyful with his sight:
And up to heaven with him made instant flight,
Wrapt in the warm skin of a mountain hare;
Set him by Jove; and made most merry fare
To all the Deities else with his son's sight;
Which most of all fill'd Bacchus with delight;
And Pan they call'd him, since he brought to all
Of mirth so rare and full a festival.
And thus all honour to the shepherds' King,
For sacrifice to thee my Muse shall sing.

TO VULCAN.

PRAISE Vulcan, now Muse; whom Fame gives the prize
For depth and facture of all forge-devise;
Who, with the sky-eyed Pallas, first did give
Men rules of buildings, that before did live
In caves and dens, and hills, like savage beasts;
But now, by art-famed Vulcan's interests
In all their civil industries, ways clear
Through th' all-things-bringing-to-their-ends (the year),
They work out to their ages' ends; at ease
Lodged in safe roofs from Winter's utmost prease.
But, Vulcan, stand propitious to me,
Virtue safe granting, and felicity.

TO PHŒBUS.

O PHŒBUS! Even the swan from forth her wings,
(Jumping her proyning-bank), thee sweetly sings,
By bright Peneus' whirl-pit-making streams.
Thee, that thy lute makest sound so to thy beams;
Thee, first and last, the sweet-voiced singer still
Sings; for thy song's all-songs-transcending skill.
Thy pleasure, then, shall my song still supply,
And so salutes thee, King of Poesy.

TO NEPTUNE.

NEPTUNE, the mighty marine God, I sing;
Earth's mover, and the fruitless ocean's king.
That Helicon and th' Ægean deeps dost hold.
O thou Earth-shaker; thy command twofold
The Gods have sorted; making thee of horses
The awful tamer, and of naval forces
The sure preserver. Hail, O Saturn's birth,
Whose graceful green hair circles all the earth.
Bear a benign mind; and thy helpful hand
Lend all, submitted to thy dread command.

TO JOVE.

JOVE now I sing; the greatest and the best
Of all these Powers that are with Deity blest.
That far-off doth his dreadful voice diffuse,
And, being King of all, doth all conduce
To all their ends. Who (shut from all Gods else
With Themis, that the laws of all things tells)

Their fit composures to their times doth call;
Weds them together, and preserves this all.
Grace then, O far-heard Jove, the grace thou'st given,
Most glorious, and most great of Earth and Heaven.

TO VESTA.

VESTA, that as a servant oversees
King Phœbus' hallow'd house, in all degrees
Of guide about it; on the sacred shore
Of heavenly Pythos; and hast evermore
Rich balms distilling from thy odorous hair;
Grace this house with thy housewifely repair.
Enter, and bring a mind that most may move,
Conferring, even the great in counsels, Jove:
And let my verse taste of your either's love.

TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO.

THE Muses, Jove, and Phœbus, now I sing;
For from the far-off-shooting Phœbus spring
All poets and musicians; and from Jove
Th' ascents of kings. The man the Muses love,
Felicity blesses; elocution's choice
In syrup laying, of sweetest breath, his voice.
Hail, seed of Jove, my song your honours give,
And so in mine shall yours and others' live.

TO BACCHUS.

IVY-CROWN'D Bacchus iterate in thy praises,
O Muse; whose voice all loftiest echoes raises;
And he with all th' illustrious seed of Jove
Is join'd in honour; being the fruit of love
To him, and Semele the-great-in-graces:
And from the King his father's kind embraces
By fair-hair'd Nymphs was taken to the dales
Of Nyssa, and with curious festivals
Given his fair grought, far from his father's view,
In caves from whence eternal odours flew.
And in high number of the Deities placed;
Yet when the many-hymn-given God had past
His Nurses' cares, in ivies and in bays
All over thicketed, his varied ways
To sylvan coverts evermore he took
With all his Nurses; whose shrill voices shook
Thickets, in which could no foot's entry fall;
And he himself made captain of them all.
And so, O grape-abounding Bacchus, be
Ever saluted by my Muse and me.
Give us to spend with spirit our hours out here;
And every hour extend to many a year.

TO DIANA.

DIANA (that the golden spindle moves,
And lofty sounds as well as Bacchus loves
A bashful virgin, and of fearful hearts
The death-affecter, with delighted darts;
By sire and mother, Phœbus' sister born;
Whose thigh the golden falchion doth adorn)
I sing; who likewise over hills of shade
And promontories, that vast winds invade;
Amorous of hunting, bends her all-gold bow,
And sigh-begetting arrows doth bestow
In fates so dreadful that the hill-tops quake;
And bristled woods their leavy foreheads shake;
Horrors invade earth, and the fishy seas
Impassion'd furies; nothing can appease
The dying brays of beasts; and her delight
In so much death affects so with affright
Even all inanimate natures. For, while she
Her sports applies, their general progeny
She all ways turns upon to all their banes:
Yet, when her fiery pleasures find their wanes
(Her yielding bow unbent, to th' ample house
Seated in Delphos, rich and populous)
Of her dear brother, her retreats advance.
Where th' instauration of delightsome dance
Amongst the Muses, and the Graces, she
Gives form; in which, herself the regency

(Her unbent bow hung up, and casting on
A gracious robe) assumes; and first sets gone
The dances' entry; to which all send forth
Their heavenly voices; and advance the worth
Of her fair-ankled mother; since to light
She children brought the far most exquisite
In counsels, and performances, of all
The Goddesses that grace the heavenly hall.
Hail then, Latona's fair-hair'd seed, and Jove's;
My song shall ever call to mind your loves.

TO PALLAS.

PALLAS-MINERVA'S deity, the renown'd:
My Muse in her variety must resound;
Mighty in counsels; whose illustrous eyes
In all resemblance represent the skies.
A reverend maid of an inflexible mind;
In spirit and person strong; of triple kind;
Fautress of cities that just laws maintain;
Of Jove-the-great-in-councils' very brain
Took prime existence: his unbounded brows
Could not contain her; such impetuous throes
Her birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,
And stood, in gold arm'd, in her Father's view,
Shaking her sharp lance. All Olympus shook
So terribly beneath her, that it took
Up in amazes all the Deities there.
All earth resounded with vociferous fear.
The sea was put up, all in purple waves,
And settled suddenly her rudest raves.
Hyperion's radiant son his swift-hooved steeds
A mighty time stay'd, till her arming weeds,
As glorious as the Gods', the blue-eyed Maid
Took from her deathless shoulders; but then stay'd
All these distempers; and heaven's counsellor, Jove,
Rejoiced that all things else his stay could move.
So I salute thee still; and still in praise
Thy fame, and others', shall my memory raise.

TO VESTA AND MERCURY.

VESTA I sing, who, in bequest of fate,
Art sorted out an everlasting state
In all th' Immortals' high-built roofs, and all
Those of earth-dwelling men, as general
And ancient honours given thee for thy gift
Of free-lived chastity, and precious thrift.
Nor can there amongst mortals banquets be,
In which, both first and last, they give not thee
Their endless gratitudes in pour'd-out wine,
As gracious sacrifice to thy divine
And useful virtues; being invoked by all,
Before the least taste of their festival
In wine or food affect their appetites.
And thou, that of th' adorn'd with all delights
Art the most useful angel; born a God
Of Jove and Maia; of heaven's golden rod
The sole sustainer; and hast power to bless
With all good all men, great Argicides,
Inhabit all good houses; seeing no wants
Of mutual minds' love in th' inhabitants.
Join in kind blessing with the bashful maid
And all-loved virgin, Vesta; either's aid
Combined in every hospitable house:
Both being best seen in all the gracious
House-works of mortals. Jointly follow then,
Even from their youths, the minds of dames and men.
Hail then, old Daughter of the oldest God
And thou great bearer of Heaven's golden rod!
Yet, not to you alone my vows belong;
Others as well claim th' homage of my song.

TO EARTH, THE MOTHER OF ALL.

MOTHER of all things, the well-founded Earth,
My Muse shall memorize; who all the birth
Gives food that all her upper regions breed;
All that in her divine diffusions feed
In under continents; all those that live
In all the seas; and all the air doth give

Wing'd expeditions ; of thy bounties eat ;
Fair children, and fair fruits, thy labour's sweat ;
O great in reverence ; and referr'd to thee
For life and death is all the pedigree
Of mortal humans. Happy then is he
Whom the innate propensions of thy mind
Stand bent to honour. He shall all things find
In all abundance ; all his pastures yield
Herds in all plenties ; all his roofs are fill'd
With rich possessions : he, in all the sway
Of laws best order'd, cuts out his own way
In cities shining with delicious dames ;
And takes his choice of all those striving flames.
High happiness and riches, like his train,
Follow his fortunes, with delights that reign
In all their princes. Glory invests his sons ;
His daughters, with their crown'd selections
Of all the city, frolic through the meads ;
And every one her call'd-for dances treads
Along the soft-flower of the clover-grass.
All this, with all those, ever comes to pass,
That thy love blesses, Goddess full of grace,
And treasurous Angel t' all the human race.
Hail, then, Great Mother of the Deified kind,
Wife to the cope of stars ! sustain a mind
Propitious to me, for my praise ; and give
(Answering my mind) my vows fit means to live.

TO THE SUN.

THE radiant Sun's divine renown diffuse
(Jove's daughter, great Calliope, my Muse),
Whom ox-eyed Euryphaëssa gave birth
To the bright seed of starry Heaven and Earth.
For the far-famed Hyperion took to wife
His sister Euryphaëssa, that life
Of his high race gave to these lovely three :
Aurora, with the rosy wrists, and she
That owns th' enamouring tresses (the bright Moon)
Together with the never-wearied Sun.
Who (his horse mounting) gives both mortals light
And all th' Immortals. Even to horror, bright
A blaze burns from his golden burgonet
Which to behold exceeds the sharpest set
Of any eyes' intention ; beams so clear
It all ways pours abroad. The glorious cheer
Of his far-shining face up to his crown
Casts circular radiance ; that comes streaming down
About his temples, his bright cheeks, and all
Retaining the refulgence of their fall.
About his bosom flows so fine a weed
As doth the thinness of the wind exceed
In rich context : beneath whose deep folds fly
His masculine horses round about the sky ;
Till in this hemisphere he renders stay
T' his gold-yoked coach and coursers ; and his way,
Let down by heaven, the heavenly coachman makes
Down to the ocean, where his rest he takes.
My salutations then, fair King, receive,
And, in propitious returns relieve
My life with mind-fit means ; and then from thee,
And all the race of complete Deity,
My song shall celebrate those half-God states,
That yet sad death's condition circulates.
And whose brave acts the Gods show men, that they
As brave may aim at, since they can but die.

TO THE MOON.

THE Moon, now, Muses, teach me to resound,
Whose wide wings measure such a world of ground.
Jove's daughter, deck'd with the mellifluous tongue,
And seen in all the sacred art of song.
Whose deathless brows when she from heaven displays,
All earth she wraps up in her orient rays.
A heaven of ornament in earth is raised
When her beams rise. The subtle air is saised
Of delicate splendour from her crown of gold ;
And when her silver bosom is extoll'd,
Wash'd in the ocean, in day's equall'd noon
Is midnight seated ; but when she puts on
Her far-off-sprinkling-lustre-evening weeds,
(The month in two cut ; her high-breasted steeds

Maned all with curl'd flames, put in coach and all,
Her huge orb fill'd), her whole trims then exhale
Unspeakable splendours from the glorious sky.
And out of that state mortal men imply
Many predictions. And with her then,
In love mix'd, lay the King of Gods and men:
By whom, made fruitful, she Pandæa bore,
And added her state to th' immortal Store.
Hail, Queen, and Goddess, th' ivory-wristed Moon
Divine, prompt, fair-hair'd. With thy grace begun,
My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise
Of men whose states the Deities did raise
To semi-deities; whose deeds t' endless date
Muse-loved and sweet-sung poets celebrate.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX.

JOVE's fair Sons, father'd by th' Oebalian king,
Muses well-worth-all men's beholdings, sing:
The dear birth, that bright-ankled Leda bore;
Horse-taming Castor; and, the conqueror
Of tooth-tongued Momus, Pollux; whom beneath
Steep-brow'd Taygetus she gave half-god breath,
In love mix'd with the black-clouds' King of heaven:
Who, both of men and ships (being tempest driven,
When Winter's wrathful empire is in force
Upon th' implacable seas), preserve the course.
For when the gusts begin, if near the shore,
The seamen leave their ship; and (evermore
Bearing two milk-white lambs aboard) they now
Kill them ashore, and to Jove's issue vow,
When though their ship, in height of all the roar
The winds and waves confound, can live no more
In all their hopes; then suddenly appear
Jove's saving Sons; who both their bodies bear
'Twixt yellow wings, down from the sparkling pole.
Who straight the rage of those rude winds control,
And all the high-waves couch into the breast
Of th' hoary seas. All which sweet signs of rest
To seamen's labours their glad souls conceive,
And end to all their irksome grievance give.
So, once more, to the swift-horse-riding race
Of royal Tyndarus, eternal grace.

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITY.

REVERENCE a man with use propitious
That hospitable rights wants; and a house
(You of this city with the seat of state
The ox-eyed Juno vow'd) yet situate
Near Pluto's region. At the extreme base
Of whose so high-hair'd city, from the race
Of blue-waved Hebrus' lovely fluent, graced
With Jove's begetting, you divine cups taste.

CERTAIN EPIGRAMS AND OTHER POEMS OF HOMER.

TO CUMA.

LEND hospitable rites and house-respect,
You that the virgin with the fair eyes deck'd,
Make fautress of your stately-seated town:
At foot of Sardis, with the high-hair'd crown
Inhabiting rich Cuma: where ye taste
Of Hermus' heavenly fluent, all embraced
By curl-head whirlpits; and whose waters move
From the divine seed of immortal Jove.

IN HIS RETURN TO CUMA.

SWIFTLY my feet sustain me to the town,
Where men inhabit whom due honours crown;
Whose minds with free-given faculties are moved,
And whose grave counsels best of best approved.

UPON THE SEPULCHRE OF MIDUS,

CUT IN BRASS, IN THE FIGURE OF A VIRGIN.

A MAID of brass I am, infixed here
T' eternize honest Midus' sepulchre.
And while the stream her fluent seed receives,
And steep trees curl their verdant brows with leaves,
While Phœbus raised above the earth gives sight,
And th' humorous Moon takes lustre from his light,
While floods bear waves, and seas shall wash the shore,
At this his sepulchre, whom all deplore,
I'll constantly abide; all passers by
Informing, "Here doth honest Midus lie."

CUMA

REFUSING HIS OFFER TO ETERNIZE THEIR STATE, THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES.

O TO what fate hath father Jove given o'er
My friendless life, born ever to be poor?
While in my infant state he pleased to save me;
Milk on my reverend mother's knees he gave me;
In delicate and curious nursery.
Æolian Smyrna, seated near the sea,
(Of glorious empire, and whose bright sides
Sacred Meletus' silver current glides),
Being native seat to me. Which, in the force
Of far-past time, the breakers of wild horse,
Phriconia's noble nation, girt with towers;
Whose youth in fight put on with fiery powers.
From hence, the Muse-maids, Jove's illustrous seed
Impelling me, I made impetuous speed,
And went with them to Cuma, with intent
T' eternize all the sacred continent
And state of Cuma. They, in proud ascent
From off their bench, refused with usage fierce
The sacred voice which I aver, is verse.
Their follies, yet, and madness borne by me,
Shall by some Power be thought on futurely;
To wreak of him whoever, whose tongue sought
With false impair, my fall. What fate God brought
Upon my birth I'll bear with any pain;
But undeserved defame unfelt sustain.
Nor feels my person (dear to me though poor)
Any great lust to linger any more
In Cuma's holy highways: but my mind
(No thought impair'd, for cares of any kind

Borne in my body) rather vows to try
The influence of any other sky,
And spirits of people bred in any land
Of ne'er so slender and obscure command.

AN ASSAY OF HIS BEGUN ILIADS.

ILION, and all the brave-horse-breeding soil,
Dardania, I sing; that many a toil
Imposed upon the mighty Grecian powers,
Who were of Mars the manly servitors.

TO THIESTOR'S SON,[1]

INQUISITIVE OF HOMER ABOUT THE CAUSES OF THINGS.

THESTORIDES! of all the skills unknown
To errant mortals, there remains not one
Of more inscrutable affair to find
Than is the true state of a human mind.

TO NEPTUNE.

HEAR, powerful Neptune, that shakest earth in ire;
King of the great green, where dance all the quire
Of fair-hair'd Helicon; give prosperous gales,
And good pass, to these guiders of our sails;
Their voyage rendering happily directed,
And their return with no ill fate affected.
Grant likewise at rough Mimas' lowest roots,
Whose strength up to her tops prærupt rocks shoots,
My passage safe arrival; and that I
My bashful disposition may apply
To pious men; and wreak myself upon
The man whose verbal circumvention
In me did wrong t' hospitious Jove's whole state,
And th' hospitable table violate.

[1] Homer intimated, in this his answer to Thestorides, a will to have him learn the knowledge of himself, before he inquired so curiously the causes of other things. And from hence had the great peripatetic, Themistius, his most grave epiphoneme, *Anima quæ seipsam ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de aliis?* And, therefore, according to Aristotle, advises all philosophical students to begin with that study.

TO THE CITY ERYTHRÆA.

WORSHIPFUL Earth, giver of all things good!
Giver of even felicity; whose flood
The mind all-over steeps in honey-dew.
That to some men dost infinite kindness show,
To others that despise thee art a shrew.
And givest them gamesters' galls; who, once their main
Lost with an ill chance, fare like abjects slain.

TO MARINERS.

YE wave-trod watermen, as ill as she
That all the earth in infelicity
Of rapine plunges. Who upon your fare
As starved-like ravenous as cormorants are.
The lives ye lead, but in the worst degree,
Not to be envied more than misery.
Take shame, and fear the indignation
Of him that thunders from the highest throne,
Hospitious Jove, who, at the back, prepares
Pains of abhorr'd effect of him that dares
The pieties break of his hospitious squares.

THE PINE.

ANY tree else bears better fruit than thee,
That Ida's tops sustain; where every tree
Bears up in air such perspirable heights,
And in which caves and sinuous receipts
Creep in such great abundance. For about
Thy roots (that ever all thy fruits put out,
As nourish'd by them, equal with thy fruits)
Pour Mars his iron-mines their accursed pursuits.
So that when any earth-encroaching man,
Of all the martial brood Cebrenian,
Plead need of iron, they are certain still
About thy roots to satiate every will.

TO GLAUCUS,

WHO WAS SO MISERABLY SPARING THAT HE FEARED ALL MEN'S ACCESS TO HIM.

GLAUCUS! though wise enough, yet one word more
Let my advice add to thy wisdom's store,

For 'twill be better so. Before thy door
Give still thy mastiffs meat; that will be sure
To lie there, therefore, still; and not endure
(With waylaid ears) the softest foot can fall;
But men and beasts make fly thee and thy stall.

AGAINST THE SAMIAN MINISTRESS, OR NUN.

HEAR me, O goddess, that invoke thine ear;
Thou that dost feed and form the youthful year.
And grant that this dame may the loves refuse,
And beds of young men; and affect to use
Humans whose temples hoary hairs distain;
Whose powers are passing coy; whose wills would fain.

WRITTEN ON THE COUNCIL CHAMBER.

OF men, sons are the crowns of cities' towers;
Of pastures, horse are the most beauteous flowers;
Of seas, ships are the grace; and money still
With trains and titles doth the family fill.
But royal councillors, in council set,
Are ornaments past all, as clearly great
As houses are that shining fires enfold,
Superior far to houses naked and cold.

THE FURNACE CALLED IN TO SING BY POTTERS.

IF ye deal freely, O my fiery friends,
As ye assure, I'll sing, and serve your ends.
Pallas, vouchsafe thou here invoked access;
Impose thy hand upon this Forge, and bless
All cups these artists earn so, that they may
Look black still with their depth, and every way
Give all their vessels a most sacred sale.
Make all well-burn'd; and estimation call
Up to their prices. Let them market well,
And in all highways in abundance sell;
Till riches to their utmost wish arise,
And, as thou makest them rich, so make me wise.
But if ye now turn all to impudence;
And think to pay with lies my patience;
Then will I summon 'gainst your Furnace all
Hell's harmfull'st spirits; Maragus I'll call,
Sabactes, Asbett, and Omadamus,
Who ills against your art innumerous
Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies.
Come, Pallas then, and all command to rise;
Infesting forge and house with fire, till all
Tumble together, and to ashes fall:
These potters' selves dissolved in tears as small.
And as a horse-cheek chides his foaming bit,
So let this forge murmur in fire and flit,
And all this stuff to ashy ruins run.
And thou, O Circe, daughter of the Sun,
Great-many-poison-mixer; come, and pour
Thy cruell'st poisons on this Potters' floor;
Shivering their vessels; and themselves affect
With all the mischiefs possible to direct
'Gainst all their beings, urged by all thy fiends.
Let Chiron likewise come; and all those friends
(The Centaurs) that Alcides' fingers fled,
And all the rest too that his hand strook dead
(Their ghosts excited), come, and macerate
These earthen men; and yet with further fate
Affect their Furnace; all their tear-burst eyes
Seeing and mourning for their miseries.
While I look on, and laugh their blasted art
And them to ruin. Lastly, if apart
Any lies lurking, and sees yet; his face
Into a coal let th' angry fire embrace;
That all may learn by them, in all their lust,
To dare deeds great; to see them great and just.

EIRESIONE, OR, THE OLIVE-BRANCH.

THE turrets of a man of infinite might,
Of infinite action, substance infinite,
We make access to; whose whole being rebounds
From earth to heaven, and nought but bliss resounds.

Give entry then, ye doors; more riches yet
Shall enter with me; all the Graces met
In joy of their fruition, perfect peace
Confirming all; all crown'd with such increase,
That every empty vessel in your house
May stand replete with all things precious,
Elaborate Ceres may your larders fill
With all dear delicates, and serve in still.
May for your son a wife make wish'd approach
Into your towers; and rapt in in her coach
With strong-kneed mules. May yet her state prove staid,
With honour'd housewiferies; her fair hand laid
To artful loomworks; and her naked feet tread
The gum of amber to a golden bead.
But I'll return; return, and yet not press
Your bounties now assay'd with oft access;
Once a year only, as the swallow prates
Before the wealthy Spring's wide open gates.
Meantime I stand at yours, nor purpose stay
More time t' entreat. Give, or not give, away
My feet shall bear me; that did never come,
With any thought, to make your house my home.

TO CERTAIN FISHER BOYS

PLEASING HIM WITH INGENIOUS RIDDLES.

YET from the bloods, even of your self-like sires,
Are you descended, that could make ye heirs
To no huge hoards of coin; nor leave ye able
To feed flocks of innumerable rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESS WORKS OF HOMER.

EUGENIA.

Eugenia: Or Trve Nobilities Trance; For the most memorable death, of the Thrice Noble and Religiovs; William Lord Rvssel, &c. *Divided into foure Vigils of the Night.* By Geo. Chapman. Anno Domini, 1614.

[The copy of *Eugenia* from which the present reprint is made is in the Library of Woburn Abbey, and for its use we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Martin, of the Inner Temple Library, and to the liberality of the Duke of Bedford. This copy formerly belonged to Geo. Steevens, whose autograph it contains; and was purchased at Heber's sale (see Catalogue, pt. 4, § 339).]

Eugenia:

OR,

TRUE NOBILITY'S TRANCE, FOR DEATH OF THE MOST RELIGIOUSLY NOBLE WILLIAM LORD RUSSELL,* &c.

[1614.]

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO

THE MOST WORTHY AND RELIGIOUSLY-NOBLE

FRANCIS, LORD RUSSELL, BARON OF THORNHAUGH, &c.

BECAUSE, my most worthy Lord, worthiest men and their due estimations of their worthiness were seldom or never contemporaries, the world having always an Epimethean and after wit for the fit respect of all lasting goodness,—as a little excitement to their late considerations, I have endeavoured to set these weak watches by the memories of your most worthy lord and father; wherein whatsoever is presently defective, the anniversaries that, for as many years as God shall please to give me life and faculty, I constantly resolve to perform to his noblest name and virtues, shall, I hope, be furnished with supplies amendful and acceptable. And if the preserved memories of good men have been ever good means to inform good men, these paper memorials, that have ever outlasted brass and marble, and worn out all the barbarous rages both of sword and fire, need not appear to the world so superfluous and vain as

* Sir William Russell, the fourth son of Francis, second Earl of Bedford, was a person of considerable talents and enterprise. In 1580 he was knighted for his services in Ireland. He afterwards went with the Earl of Leicester to the assistance of the Dutch. His conduct at the battle of Zutphen is thus quaintly described by Stowe: "He charged so terribly, that after he had broke his lance, he so played his part with his curtle-axe, that the enemy reported him to be a devil, and not a man; for where he saw six or seven of the enemies together, thither would he, and so behave with his curtle-axe, that he would separate their friendship."

He was afterwards Lord Deputy of Ireland, where he made himself very conspicuous for prudence as well as valour. He took just pains to prevent the excesses of the army. He directed by his general orders that the soldiers should give money or a ticket for their diet, that there should be no charge on the country for more men than there really were; that they should not ask for more than a breakfast and supper; and that their quarters should be assigned by the civil magistrate. These regulations were well calculated to conciliate the lower orders. Had the Court taken his advice, another measure which he recommended would probably have gained over the nobility. He proposed that the lands of the church, which had been confiscated, should be given equally to the leading men of both religions. Had the Catholics accepted the spoils of their own church, it is evident they would have become attached to the government from which they had obtained them. On the accession of James, he was created Baron Russell, of Thornhaugh. He died in 1613, leaving an only son, Francis, who, fourteen years afterwards, succeeded to the title of Earl of Bedford.—The Life of William, Lord Russell, by Earl Russell. Lond. 1853, pp. 5-6.

they seem, nor present men with such irksome objects as most vulgarly they do. Howsoever, nothing (God willing) shall discourage my resolution, to what, with his assistance, I have advisedly vowed. Religious contemplation being the whole scopes and settersup of my poor life's rest, what better retreat can I make from the communes of the world than to the most due memories of his rare pieties? In the mean space, let me beseech your best Lordship that for whatsoever hath now failed of the honour I intended, my serviceable and infallible love may stand accepted surety for all worthy supplement; which submitting thrice humbly to your most ingenuous and judicious disposition,

I ever abide

The most unfeigned vowed tributary to your good Lordship's virtues, merits, and family,

GEO. CHAPMAN.

INDUCTIO.

Eugenia, or true Noblesse. EUGENIA, seeing true noblesse of no price,
Nought noble now but servile Avarice,
Loathing the baseness high states even profess
And loaded with an ominous heaviness,
She flew for comfort to her sister Fame;
Of whose most ancient house, the brazen frame
The house of Fame. In midst of all the universe doth shine,
'Twixt Earth, the seas, and all those tracts divine
That are the confines of the triple world;
Through whose still open gates are ceaseless hurl'd
The sounds of all things breaking air in earth;
Where all men's acts are seen, each death and birth.
Eugenia here arrived, her sister gave
All entertainment she could wish to have;
Through all her palace led her, hand in hand:
Shew'd her chief rooms to her, and bade command
The best of those chief, and would have her choose:
Each chief had divers, fit for different use,
All with inscriptions of divine device
In every chamber's curious frontispiece.
Besides the names of every family
Ennobled for effects of piety,
Virtue, and valour; none that purchased name
By any base course, touch'd at th' house of Fame;
Nor those that touch'd there, stay'd there, if they lost
The worth first in them, though they kept heir boast.
Such vanish like the sea's inflated waves
Each chase out other, and their foams their graves.
Amongst the solid then, that there endured,
Eugenia, even by subtile fate allured,
Choosed an inscription that did highly please,
Seeing in fine gold graven, The *Russelides* registered in the house of Fame.
the Russelides:
Fame praised her choice, and said the name was given
By sacred purpose and presage of heaven,
Expressing in the birth, th' antiquity
Of that most virtue-season'd family;
The word importing an effect of age*
And long-lived labour; proving the presage
That foresaw actions which should labours be,
Wrinkled with time and aged industry.
She here reposed, and from the base world gone,
To cheer her earthly desolation,
The heralds and the registers of fame,
Of life and death and all things worth the name,
The ingenuous Muses, follow'd; and with them
The cheerful Graces; and of each extreme
The parting Virtues; of all which not one
Would stay, when she that graced them all was gone.
Religion flew before, for she being ground
And root to all acts noble and renown'd,
Their veins bleed never, but hers first have vent,
She's their plain form, and they her ornament.

* ρυσσαλεος signifies *rugosus*.

All these together now in Fame's old house,
Which though of brass is yet most ruinous,
They saw the sun look pale, and cast thro' air
Tempestatis prasagia. Discolour'd beams, nor could he paint so fair
Heaven's bow in dewy vapours, but he left
The greater part unform'd, the circle cleft,
The water-gall described. And like a bull's neck shorten'd, no hues seen
But only one, and that was waterish green:
His heat was choked up, as in ovens compress'd
Half stifling men; heaven's drooping face was dress'd
Beasts, fowls and fish presaging tempests. In gloomy thunderstocks: earth, seas, array'd
In all presage of storm: the bittours play'd
And met in flocks; the herons set clamours gone
That ratteled up air's triple region.
The cormorants to dry land did address
And cried away all fowls that used the seas.
The wanton swallows jerk'd the standing springs [wings
Met in dull lakes, and flew so close, their
Shaved the top waters: frogs croak'd; the swart crow
Measured the sea-sands, with pace passing slow,
And often soused her ominous heat of blood
Quite over head and shoulders in the flood,
Still scolding at the rain's so slow access;
The trumpet-throated, the Naupliades,*
Their claugers threw about, and summon'd up
All clouds to crown imperious tempest's cup;
The erring dolphin puff'd the foamy main
Hither and thither, and did upwards rain;
The raven sat belching out his funeral din,
Venting his voice, with sucking of it in.
The patient of all labours, the poor ant,
Her eggs to caves brought; molehills proof did want
To keep such tears out, as heaven now would weep.
The hundred-footed cankerworms did creep

* Cranes, called the Naupliades of Nauplius, King of Eubœa.

Thick on the wet walls. The slow crab did take
Pibbles into her mouth, and ballast make
Of gravel, for her stay, against the gales,
Close clinging to the shore. Sea-giant whales
The watery mountains darted at the sky.
And, no less ominous, the petulant fly
Bit bitterly for blood as then most sweet.
The loving dog digg'd earth up with his feet;
The ass, as weather-wise, confirm'd these fears,
And never left shaking his flaggy ears.
Th' ingenious bee wrought ever near her hive.
The cloddy ashes kept coals long alive,
And dead coals quicken'd; both transparent clear;
The rivers crown'd with swimming feathers* were.
The trees' green fleeces† flew about the air,
And aged thistles lost their downy hair;‡
Cattle would run from out their sheds undriven [given,
To th' ample pastures; lambs were sprightly
And all in jumps about the short leas borne:
Rams fiercely butted, locking horn in horn.
The storm now near, those cattle that abroad
Undriven ran from their shelter, undriven, trod
Homewards as fast: the large-boned oxen look'd
Oft on the broad heaven, and the soft air suck'd,
Smelling it in; their reeking nostrils still
Sucking the clear dew from the daffodil;
Bow'd to their sides their broad heads, and their hair
Lick'd smooth at all parts; loved their right-side lair;
And late in night, did bellow from the stall
As thence the tempest would his blasts exhale.
The swine her never-made bed now did ply
And with her snout strow'd every way her sty;
The wolf howl'd in her den; th' insatiate beast,
Now fearing no man, met him breast to breast,
And like a murtherous beggar, him allured;
Haunting the home-groves husbandmen manured.

* *Pinna natans.*
† Leaves. ‡ Thistledown.

Then Night her circle closed, and shut in day,
Her silver spangles shedding every way,*
And earth's poor stars, the glow-worms, lay abroad
As thick as heaven's; that now no twinkle show'd,
Sudden'stly plucking in their guilty heads.
And forth the winds brake from their brazen beds,
That strook the mountains so, they cried quite out.
The thunder chid; the lightning leapt about;
And clouds so gush'd as Iris ne'er were shown,
But in fresh deluge, Heaven itself came down:
Yet all this was not half due ominous state
To lead so great and consequent a fate
As took from us this rare religious Lord;
Since his example, even th' Almighty word
Strengthen'd with men; now Faith so faint is grown
Cold, and feels fevers of confusion.
And if we note that true Religion
Crowns all our worth, without which we have none,
And that her truth is in so few express'd
By life that answers her true love profess'd;
That verbal pleadings only make her thought
A word, no thing: example that is wrought
Out of her being believed, and proves to be
Both her, and her divine sincerity
Who can enough grace, or see magnified
His fame in whom it lived, who in it died?
Forth then, this tempest past, Eugenia bled
As it had rain'd blood, and so seconded
The watery cataracts, that fear on fear
Shook the poor guests of Fame; and then news were
Of this lord's death; at which all gave a shriek
That would have drown'd the tempest: it did strike
Eugenia so, she fell into a trance
Whose deep dejection none could re-advance:
Fame in her ear did such a blast inspire
Of her love's living virtues, as got fire
In frozen death, and he came stalking in,
Proclaiming loud the victory of sin.

The Virtues spake, the cheerful Muses sung,
The Graces held her eyes ope, yet her tongue
Denied her function: till at last, their cry
Call'd down Religion to her ecstasy,
Who half intranced herself was; all the part
She had of humanes pined even to her heart, Religion described.
And made her form as if transform'd she were
Into a lean and lisping grasshopper:
As small and faintly spake she; her strength's loss
Made her go lame, and leaning on the cross,
Stooping and crooked, and her joints did crack
As all the weight of earth were on her back:
Her looks were like the pictures that are made
To th' optic reason, one way like a shade,
Another monster-like, and every way
To passers-by and such as made no stay
To view her in a right line, face to face,
She seem'd a serious trifle; all her grace
Show'd in her fix'd inspection; and then
She was the only grace of dames and men:
All hid in cobwebs came she forth, like these
Poor country churches, chapels call'd of ease,
For so of worldly ends men zealous were.
None hundred-handed would lend one to her;
Nor had they one to do so good a deed:
None will do good but where there is no need.
All full of spiders was her home-spun weed,
Where souls like flies hung, of which some would strive
To break the net, their bodies yet alive;
Some (all their bodies eat) the spiders' thighs
Left hanging like the only wings of flies.
She cheer'd Eugenia, and would have her speak,
But she with her late blood lost was so weak,
She could not move a sound, believing then
That she no more should live in noble men.
Religion said she err'd where none would come
And that grief made her miss her way at home.

* Falling stars.

He had a son so fitting for his place
As left not through it all the slenderest space;
One that in piety and all parts of kind
His father's person imaged,* and his mind;
Oped his death's wound, pour'd fresh juice thro' each vein,
Refined his age and made him live again.
This since Religion whisper'd in her ear
(Though with her faint voice), yet it more did cheer
Her daunted powers, than that shrill blast of Fame,
With which Death waked, and quick amongst them came.
Then her soul's motion, her soft fantasy,
That sense in act put, doth create—did ply
Her spirits so, she felt her speech's power
A little retrieved, even that night and hour
She lost her love; that night that doth forerun
The labouring week in rest, and of the moon
Retains her surname;† when, though still half dead,
Her noblesse forced her grief to let her head
Rise from her pillow, and for that night give
Way to her speech, in which she much did strive
To justify the greatness of her grief
Even to her trance, that from her took her life.

VIGILIA PRIMA.

Eugenia. And worthily; for who can live and see
A death so worth life? 'Tis impiety
Not to pay grief as much to virtue gone
As comfort to her dear fruition:
Those pores and passes, that our pleasures lend
Let in our miseries even in nature's end;
Nay, where she takes in joy at entries few,
Grief enters all parts; even the places due
By health to pleasure: every slenderest grief
From all our greatest joys takes th' edge and life.
Must we to pleasures vow devotions ever,
Those indigent repletions that will never
Fill, though they burst, and then least satiate are
When surfeit serves in their idolatrous fare?
Griefs, Sighs, and Tears, and ejulations too,
Consumptions, trances, all the bane of woe
We should sustain; since love of every good
In one all goodness, buys it with his blood.
And you, Religion, whom the world hath pined,
To whose dejections, spiders are more kind
Than wolf-like humanes, those feign'd, perverse bees
That poisons suck from your sincerities,
And clothe you only but to make them nests
And nets to catch them livings; what now rests
For your recomfort? no man living now
Will any true care take of me or you.
How then will this poor remnant of your powers,
This cut-up-quick anatomy of yours,
This ghost and shadow of you be preserved?
Good life, that only feeds you, is so sterved
That you must perish; 'tis not noble now
To be religious; 'tis for men of vow,
Given, and indeed cast out from this world's ship
To whales and monsters of earth's covetous deep.
They that get livings by Religion
Must be religious; and who lives upon
Any demesnes that eats not out their heart?
If living be the end of life's desert,
Life future is a dream but of a thought,
A spider's web that's out of nothing wrought,
A pair of tarriers to set* fools a-work,
And lighter than the shadow of a cork:†
And then are all things nothing to a man
Of any reason; Life is not a span;
All's fiction all have writ, believed, sustain'd;
Earth and great Heaven made for a good mere feign'd.‡
Ambitious bubbles, holding nought within
But only gauds and properties for sin;

* ["manag'd" in the original quarto.—ED.]
† He died on a Monday night.

* ["*so* set" in the quarto.—ED.]
† Φέλλου σκίας κουφότερον.
‡ ["for a *Good more fayn'd*" in the quarto.—ED.]

And do by no necessity contain
Judgment and object; life's joy [or] ill's pain
Proportionable to our good or ill:
All is an *animal*, that hath no will
To order all his parts, nor no respects,
But hath peculiar actions and effects
That from the whole do no excitements take,
Nor his impulsion their prime motion make.
This 'gainst the common notions Nature gives
Our rarest Artists utter in their lives:
Of them great men hold, that must ignorant be,
Skills superficial fit nobility.
By those grave magnets at the fountain's head,
Our country states, the crooked streams, are led;
By them, the rabble; and from hence doth rise
Their error's maze,—each sees with others' eyes.
Even Artists, borne with the traditional stream,
Others of their coat trust, as others them;
Not knowledge, but opinion, being their guide;
Not truth, nor love of truth, but lust and pride.
Truth loathes to prostitute herself to men
That do but court, and study name and gain;
And if they do not only, and past all,
Entirely love her, she will never fall
Within a-kenning of the deepliest learn'd;
Nay, least of all she is by them discern'd:
For they, presuming on mere terms, tongues, fame,
Much reading (which are noblest breaths t' inflame
Her quenchless fire); but she being still in calm,
And her lamp nourish'd with so rich a balm
As at the hearty will, love, thought, takes fire,
That seek her first and last; all base desire
Of name, gold, honour, counted clay to her;
Yet nought the slower come, if men prefer
Her to the first place, and with such delight
And such a sacred rage of appetite,
That sweetest sins to her more bitter be
Than rhubarb, or the drugs of Thessaly;
Without which tests to try her perfect gold
All tongues fly up in fume. All such as hold
Their skills of those lords have to truth no right,
But are with tempests ravish'd from her sight.
A rout of things they know, but know them ill;
Which truth's love and good life's want, argue still.*
Wise men and just they are that only know
All duties that to men and God we owe.
Such was at all parts our most noble friend;
Both place and practice from his birth t' his end
Renowming him with all things fit to be
The precedents of all nobility.
His birth and noble breeding who needs show?
Methinks even the Antipodes should know
Noblet and piety pass where nought hath past,
And as they pierced past all things stick as fast.
How far his worth they carried, when the arts
Had laid their groundwork, into foreign parts,
France and infectious Italy can tell
Thro' which he yet made way, and never fell,
In antic affectation of their guises
Nor (for their own ends) impious devices,
From the religious integrity
His birth and admiration did imply
In his unchanged powers; but did arm the more
His solid virtues, and their sleights abhor.
Cold Rhenus' and Danubius' streams he past
Through Hungary, and Germany the vast
In quest of action, and the discipline
Of knightly‡ arms; in which, with grace divine,
His goodly person shone; and valour strook
Sparkles from steel, that fire at wonder took.
In Belgia, the nurse and school of war,
Through sieges, battles, he made circular
His military skill; where our great Queen
(That with her little kingdom curb'd the spleen

---

* *Pessimum est multarum rerum peritia acquisita male*, φρόνιμοι και δίκαιοι, &c.—PLAT. *Alcib.* 2.

† Qy? *Noblesse.*

‡ "brightly" in the original quarto.—ED.

Of Spain and France, and with her mighty hand
Made even that most divided kingdom stand)
Gave him her Empire's pledge for his command ;*
And, in her own dominions, a crown
Set on his temples ;† in the high renown
Of that full government his virtues sway'd;
Which wood-housed, wild rebellion obey'd.
Thus, as a River, that the more his force
Runs from his fount, takes virtue of his course,
And grows more great and strong still ; nor doth stay
Till it mix streams with his great sire, the Sea ;
So, till he match'd his greatest ancestor,
He never ceased to amplify his store.
His father's parts all fathers' dues indued,
As he did all sons' offices include.
Of the good Earl of Bedford the sire gain'd
The surname ; and the good the son maintain'd.
Heaven in them both the Graces' gifts employ'd,
What they consumed increased, what gave enjoy'd.
The use not the possession of things
Commends their worth, and their increases springs ;
And that use must have influence from his ground,
Religion, with which all his acts‡ were crown'd.
Nor could a man distinguish 'twixt his deeds
And say :§ "This act‡ from fortitude proceeds ;
"This from humanity ; this from continence :"
But each from all the virtues' influence
Had their composure, proving the decree
The Stoics made, and we may justify :
Each action that a wise man makes his fruit
He doth with all the virtues execute.‖
Some one the groundwork laying, all the rest
Flow in as fellows, with their interest.

What man, not imitating him, can be
Noble, or pious, in the best degree?
Religion seasons all nobility.
Take that even from the greatest ; you shall see
How lank he shows in his felicity ; Faith, Hope, Charity, the sum of Religion.
For his Incharity he wins no love ;
For his Faith's want, to him none faithful prove ;
For his felt ill he cannot hope for good,
But fear strikes every shadow through his blood.
What such men want, content with piety's shade,
With that and her heart was this lord all made.
In noble being and making good his place,
Stooping for height to nothing that was base.
Nobles example have, and gentry may
Affect no nobles met with in that way.
Ignobles (if his worth he will apply*)
May, though most base, outreach nobility.
Observe then, after all his high'st command
How equal and unchangeable a hand
He bore in thought of it with things most low,
For that he might to all example show
He made not height his end nor happiness here,
But as more high, more good he might appear,
(Height simply holding no good, much less all)
He willingly from all his tops did fall
And, for retreat, a parsonage made his home ;
Where, near the church, he nearer God did come ;
Each week-day doing his devotion
With some few beads-folk, to whom still was shown
His secret Bedford's hand ; nor would he stay
The needy asking ; but prevent their way
And go to them, t' inquire how they could live,
And to avoid even thanks where he did give
He would their hardly-nourish'd lives supply
With shew of lending ; yet, that industry
Might not in them be lessen'd to relieve
Their states themselves, he would have some one give

* He was Lord Governor of Ulyssing.
† He was three years Lord Deputy of Ireland.
‡ ["art" in the quarto.]
§ ["said" in the quarto.—ED.]
‖ *Quicquid agit sapiens, omnibus virtutibus agit.*

* ["appay" in the original quarto.—ED.]

His word for the repayment; which, sweet lord,
He never took, nor ask'd a thankful word.
And therein truly imitated God,
Who gives us laws to keep, the period
Of whose injunction points not at his good;
But knowing that when they are understood,
Their understanding, by observing proved,
Would make us see that in that circle moved
Our taught felicity; nor can we add
With all our observations what may glad
His still-at-full state in the best degree
Other than this,—that as Philosophy
Says there is evermore proportion
Betwixt the knowing part and what is known,
So join'd that both are absolutely one,*
So when we know God in things here below,
And truly keep th' abstracted good we know
(God being all goodness); which† with him combine,
And therein shew the all-in-all doth shine.
This briefly for the life of my blest love,
Which now combined is with the life above;
His death (to name which, I abhor to live)
O sister, do you with your trump admire.‡
As Fame addrest to this, the Morning came
And burn'd up all things sacred with her flame
When now some night-birds of the day began
To call and cry and gibbet man to man;
Swoln forges puff'd abroad their windy ire,§
Air, earth, and water turn'd, and all to fire;
And in their strife for chymical events
Made transmutation of the elements.
They blew and hammers beat, and every noise
Was emptying tumult out of men and boys;
Bursting the air with it, and deafening th' ear;
The black fumes of whose breaths did all besmear
And choke the Muses, and such rude clouds rear
As all the world a dyer's furnace were.
'Gainst which Fame's guests their doors and windows closed,
As their poor labours were in earth opposed.

Explicit Vigilia Prima.

VIGILIÆ SECUNDÆ

INDUCTIO.

Now to the nestful woods the brood of flight
Had on their black wings brought the zealous night,
When Fame's friends oped the windows they shut in
To bar day's worldly light and men's rude din
In tumults raised about their fierce affairs,
That deafen heaven to their distracted prayers
With all the Virtues; Grave Religion
That slept with them all day, to ope begun
Her ears and red eyes, hearing every way
The clocks and knells of cities, and the bay
Of country dogs, that mock men's daily cark,
And after them all night at shadows bark.
Though all Fame's brazen gates and windows stood
Ope day and night, yet had her tender'd brood
Close in their private chambers their own fashion;
Silence and Night do best fit contemplation.
And as Fame said of old that peaceful night
The Gods' chief day was, since their chief delight
In fix'd calm* stood, themselves in quiet still,
Earth's cares to pursue, to scale their high hill;
So these poor labourers for the second life
(Divine powers imitating) all their strife
Spend for hereafter, and thereafter thrive;
This vantage yet these have of men alive
(These living dead to this life), that as they
Studying this world in chief, on this world prey
When they have pray'd, more than these fed with prayers;
So these that study here to be heaven's heirs,

* *Oportet esse analogiam inter potentiam cognoscentem et hoc quod cognoscitur, &c. Intellectus, in ipsa intelligibilia transit. Cul.* ARIST.

† Qy? *we.* ‡ Qy? *achieve.*

[§ "Ice" in the quarto.—ED.]

[* "fixt *caliure*" in the original quarto.—ED.]

Virtue and skill pursuing in chief end,
More thrifty therein are ;* and their oils spend
More cheerfully, and find truth more with ease,
For these are in the way: the covetous prease
Of Truth's professors, in by-ways perplext,
March like those marginal notes that spoil the text.
These thirsting Fame's report of this lord's death,
The curious Dame that weighs and locks up breath,
Form'd in fit words (as God doth even our thoughts
That nothing of good men may come to noughts)
Address'd her to be echo to his words,
Which, though not many, yet may teach all lords ;
* * * * * *
†And neither strange nor eloquent nor new ;
Doctrine that toucheth souls, or saves or kills ;
A good man dying utters oracles.
And now was Fame advanced past sight upon
A hill of brass that far the sun outshone,
Day and night shining, never going down ;
Her brows encompass'd with a triple crown.
Enchased‡ with jewels valued past men's lives :
Her trumpet then she sounded, that revives
Men long since buried ; to whose clanges sing
All the afflicted virtues, conquering
All their afflicters, her triumph braver bore
The arts for arms of all men's worth before ;
Disparaged worths shew'd there the perfect things,
And beggars' worthy arts§ were blazed with kings' :
Desert finds means to utter, Fame to hold,
Both arts and words‖ most secret and most old,

* Men of true knowledge, virtue and religion (which are figured in the Muses, Virtues, &c.), make their chief gain in providing for the second life, and therefore thrive not in this, so much as false and worldly professors: nor can those men therefore thrive so much in true knowledge and piety.

[† A line has apparently slipped out between this and the preceding.—Ed.]

[‡ "Each ac't" in the quarto.—Ed.]

[§ Qy? *acts.*] [‖ Qy? *acts and worths*]

Nor do they ever their existence leave,
Nor any that their virtues love deceive.
Fame having summon'd fit attention,
And all her guests into expectance blown,
Like the morn's trump* when day is near inflamed
She clapt her golden wings and thus proclaim'd.

VIGILIA SECUNDA.

When by divine presage this godlike lord — Fame's report of the Lord Russell dying.
Felt health decline, and knew she gave the word
Through all his powers to make a guard for death,
Friends healthful, slighting still what followeth,
Nobly persuaded as themselves would be
Touch'd with the like effects of malady,
That his conceit of weakness was too strong.
He ask'd them why they wish'd him to prolong
His needful resolution to die ;
As if 'twere fit to fear felicity,
Or that he doubted it, and all the cheer
The hearty Scriptures did invite to, were
Served up in painted dishes, and to make
(Only for fashion) sick men sit and take
And seem to eat too ; though but as their banes,
Only to die accounted Christians.
"Hungry to heaven's feast come, and cheerfully
Eat what you wish ; I'll teach ye all to die ;
If ye believe, express it in your lives
That best appear in death ; 'gainst whom who strives — Who would not, did resist Nature and necessity.
Would faithless and most reasonless deny
All laws of Nature and Necessity.
No frail thing simply is ;† no flesh nor blood
Partakes with essence ; all the flitting flood
Of natures mortal birth and death do toss
Upwards and downwards, ever at a loss.
Human births ever are and never stay,
Still in mutation ; we die every day :
Ridiculous are we then in one death flying
That dead so often are and ever dying.

* The Cock.

† *Qui mutatur idem non est ; si idem non est, ne est quidem.*—Pl.

Ye fear your own shades; they are fools that make
Death's form so ugly, and remembrance take
Of their dissolving by so foul a sight,
When death presents the fair of heavenly light.
The ghostly form that in this world we leave
When death dissolves us, wise men should conceive
Shows well what life is, far from figuring death.
Am I this trunk? It is my painted sheath.
As brave young men think they are what they wear,
So these encourage men with what they fear.
Make Death an angel scaling of a heaven
And crown him with the asterism of seven,
Death described by his true effects.
To show he is the death of deadly sins:
A rich spring make his robe, since he begins
Our endless summer: let his shoulders spring
Both the sweet Cupids for his either wing,
Since love and joy in death to heaven us bring.
Hang on the ivory brawn of his right arm
A bunch of golden keys; his left a swarm
Of thrifty bees, in token we have done
The year, our life's toil, and our fruits have shone
In honey of our good works labour'd here:
Before his flaming bosom let him wear
A shining crystal; since through him we see
The lovely forms of our felicity.
His thighs make both the heaven-supporting poles,
Since he sustains heaven, storing it with souls.
Achelous' horn.
His left hand let a plenty's horn extend;
His right a book to contemplate our end.
This form conceive Death bears, since truly this
In his effects informs us what he is.
Who in life flies not to inheritance given?
And why not then, in death, t' inherit heaven?
Wrastlers for games know they shall never be,
Till their strife end and they have victory,
Crown'd with their garlands, nor receive their game,
And in our heaven's strife know not we the same?
Why strive we, not being certain to obtain
If we do conquer? and because we gain
Conquest in faith, why faint we, since therein
We lose both strife and conquest? Who will win
Must lose in this strife; in death's easy lists
Who yields, subdues; he's conquer'd that resists.
Each morning setting forth to your affairs,
These things commend ye to our God in prayers:
'Direct me, God, in all this day's expense
His prayer.
As thy necessity of providence
Thinks fit for me: whatever way you lead
And point out for me I will gladly tread;*
So, being thy son and pious, stick and go
Compell'd as slave and my impiety slow.'
And how most wretchedly shall those that bear
Authority and swim in riches here
(Resisting death for them) be forced in fear
To go with him, when all they can oppose,
They† insolent and impotently lose?
None of those men that most spent oil and blood
With study for joy's fullest taste in good
In this life, ever could their longings fill;
Their reasons straining through their bodies still
Waterish and troubled, as thro' clouds and mists,
And wrastler-like, rush'd ever on their lists.
Too straight, and choked with prease to comprehend
The struggling contemplation of their end.
He that with God did wrastle all in night,
Figured our strife with truth here for his light;
Which seen thro' death, being but a touch i' th' thigh,
Blessing both us and our posterity,‡

[* "dread" in the quarto.—ED.]
[† "The" in the quarto.—ED.]
‡ The Angel touched Jacob in the hollow of his thigh, and blessed him, though he made him halt: which figured the necessity of death in the best; without which touch he could not be blessed with eternity.

Who would not wish death? Touching fear to die
For my estate's disposure (whose cares lie
Heavy on some men's hearts) my sure hope is
My son will make my disposition his;
Acquitting me of any cause to fear.
The Lord Russell, to you now most worthy Lord, his Son.
And, son, what of my constant hopes you hear
Make spurs to prove that what I hope you are.
I shall leave something worthy of your care:
Nor waste nor labour the increase too much;
Nor let your pleasure in their use be such
As at their most, their too much joy may breed.
For you must suffer the same natural need
Of parting from them that you now behold
Makes all my joy in them so deadly cold.
Let nothing seem to you so full of merit
As may inflame you with the greater spirit,
Nor no adverse chance stoop their height a hair.
But in the height and depth of each affair,
Be still the same, and hold your own entire,
Like heaven in clouds or finest gold in fire.
To rise and fall for water is and wind:
A man all centre is, all stay, all mind,
The body only made her instrument;
And to her ends in all acts must consent:
Without which order, all this life hath none,
But breeds the other life's confusion.
Respect to things without us hinder this
Inward consent of our souls' faculties.
Things outward therefore think no further yours
Than they yield homage to your inward powers
In their obedience to your reason's use,
Which for their order deity did infuse.
For when the happiest outside man on earth
Weighs all his haps together, such a dearth
He shall find in their plenty every way,
That if with solid judgment he survey
Their goodliest presence, he will one thought call
Of God and a good conscience worth it all.
Nor doth th' imagined good of ill so please
As that the best and sweetest images
Feign'd to himself thereof he can make end
In any true joy, but do ever tend
To joy and grieve at once: what most doth please
Ends in sense bodily or mind's disease.
Why then should ill be choosed by policy,
When nowhere he can find vacuity
Of cares or labours? nowhere rests content
With his mere self? at no time finds unbent,
No, nor undrawn even compass his rack'd mind.
His bloody arrows too in every kind
Tugg'd to the head, and ceaseless shot away
At flying objects, that make flight their stay?
Hoard gold, heap honours up, build towers to heaven;
Get caps and knees; make your observance even
With and above God's, as most great ones do;
Unless you settle your affections too,
And to insatiate appetite impose
A glutted end, yourself from fears and woes
Manfully freeing, as to men that pine
And burn with fevers you fill cups of wine,
The choleric honey give, and fulsome meat
On sick men force that at the daintiest sweat;
Who yet, their hurtful tempers turn'd to good,
Mild spirits generate and gentle blood
With restitution of their natural heat,
Even cheese and water-cresses they will eat
With taste enough; so make but strong your mind
With her fit rule, and cates of humblest kind
You taste with height of pleasure, turning all
Particular to the pleasure general.
Learn to love truly good and honest things,
And you shall find there wealth and honours springs,
Enabling you a private path to tread,
As well as life in prease of empire lead.
Those deeds become one greatly noble best,
That do most good, and pinch his greatness least;
That soar not high, nor yet their feathers pull,
Never superfluous, ever yet at full;
That to eternal ends in chief aspire,
And nothing fit without themselves require.

But these are never taught till they be loved
And we must teach their love too, both being moved
With one impulsion and a third to these
(Which is good life) doth from one doctrine rise.
Liberal and servile, we may teach all arts
Whose whole some cut into six hundred parts,
Which I admire, since th' art of good life lies
By none profess'd, and good men's fames that rise
From that art's doctrine, are as rarely seen
As Centaurs, or Sicilian giants been.
For God's love and good life yet, as too true
We prove, our bodies means have to imbue
Their powers with carnal love;* will any say
That God doth not as powerful means convey
For his work's love, into it as doth man
Into the body? the soul never can,
In no propriety, love her contrary;
Life loves not death, nor death eternity;
Nor she that deathless is, what death doth claim.
If she then, by God's grace, at God's love aim,
May she not means claim by his liberal word
(That promiseth his mercy will afford
His love to all that love him) to obtain
That which she seeks therein, and hold the chain
Of his infusion that let down from heaven
Can draw up even the earth?† the flesh is given
A liver that forms love: and hath not she
In all her powers one Christ-blest faculty
To be her liver, to inform his love?
In all chief parts that in the great world move
Proportion and similitude have place
With this our little world.‡ The great world's face
Inserted stars hath, as lucifluent eyes;
The sun doth with the heart analogise,
And through the world his heat and light disperse,
As doth the heart through man's small universe.
The two vast lineaments, the sea and earth,
Are to the world as to a human birth
The ventricle and bladder, and the Moon
Being interposed betwixt the Earth and Sun
Is as the liver placed betwixt the heart
And ventricle. If these then we convert
To a resemblance with our body's powers,
Shall not our body's Queen, this soul of ours,
For her use find as serviceable parts
In her command with use of all her arts?
All which are livers to inflame desire,
And eagles' eyes to take in three-fork'd fire*
(That doth the dazzling Trinity intend)
T' inflame her love thereof: in sacred end
Herself being th' eagle, and the Queen of Kings,
That of our Kings' King bears beneath her wings
The dreadful Thunder, the Almighty word;
All which, call'd fiction, with sure Truth accord.
But if men may teach all arts else but this
Art of good life, that all their subject is,
And object too in this life; and for which
Both Earth and Heaven so fair are and so rich;
Yet this must needs want form and discipline,
Reason and stay, and only fortune shine
In her composure. O want wise men eyes
To see in what suds all their learning lies?
Not such as learn not but as teach not right
Are chiefly blameful: Good life takes her light
From her own flame. He that will teach an art
Must first perform himself the leading part.
Who kindles fire without fire? He that strives
Without his own good life to form good lives,

* The soul, which is God's only infusion, hath as much means to inflame her proper form, as the body the love belonging to it.

† *Homeri Aurea Restis afflatu divino Resurrectionis prefiguratio.*

‡ *Analogia Mundi et Corporis principum partium.*

* The soul, mythologized, is the eagle which is said to bear the thunder under her wings. The lightning (which is called *Trisulcus*, figuring the thrice sacred Trinity) in her eyes. The word, intended by the Thunder; which Divine Scripture calls *God's voice.*

Motions that all the sacred Book affords,
But conjurations makes with holy words,
That of the tempter savour more than God;
Temptations, not persuasions, brings abroad;
With tempests thinks to conjure quick dead coals,
Torments, not comforts, sick and dying souls.
And as the winds all met at woful fires
Kindled in cities, stuff with all their ires
Their puff'd-up cheeks, toss flames from house to house,
And never leave till their dry rage carouse
A whole town's life-blood in a general flame,
Yet tapers, torches, all the lights men frame
For needful uses, put directly out;
So at the conflagration that the rout
Of proud and covetous zeals hath so enraged
In God's dear city, tempests still engaged
In spleenful controversies daily rise,
Cheeks ever puff'd with hollow pieties,
The wild flames feeding, yet extinguish quite
Of needful good life both the heat and light.
God's love, that both inflames, given all offence,
And heaven's chaste kingdom suffering violence
Which they incense and ply with batteries
To point at it, and shew men where it is.
When he his sparkling forehead ever shows
Where peace is crown'd and where no vapour blows;
Where patience, mild humility, and love,
Faith and good works, with dove-like paces move
Under the shadow of his starry wings,
Prove all they owe him, not with words but things
Contention clean puts out zeal's quiet flame.
Truth's doctrine rather should be taught with shame
Than such proud honours as her manners change;
Contempt and poverty her battles range;
Plain simple life more propagate her birth
Than all the policy and pomp of earth.
There is a sweet in good life that must go
Arm-in-arm with it, which men should teach too
The end that should in every Teacher meet
With his beginning is to make good sweet,*
Who with mere art and place good life doth ply
Attempts with pride to teach humility
Humility, Truth's salt and supple spirit,
That works and seasons all men born t'inherit
The kingdom, on whose blest shore my foot now
Is gladly fixt; Let that then season you:
It makes and crowns true nobles, and commends
Even to felicity, our births and ends."

Now threw the busy day through humorous blood — The Morning.
Her sensual stings, and strook the heart from good.
Things outward with the Mother of their grace, face,
The gaudy light, things inward quite out-
To this pied world's austere and wolvish care
All things mere trifles seem, but those that are. take,
Eugenia, that from Fame might comfort
Let trance still shut her eyes and would not wake counsellers,
But heard all speech like this world's
As if she heard not, and betwixt her ears.
'Twixt life and death she lay still: This sour sweet
That piety ministers doth never meet
With fit secretion and refining here;
Being like hard fruit, whose true taste ends the year
The most enforcive bare relation
Of pious offices is held but fashion;
Proud flesh holds out her customary will,
And yields resisting, moves without a will
To comforts promised, and no bond but faith
For the performance, and her surety death.
And this even in the weed Eugenia wore
Of human flesh, cleft like a shirt of gore†
That figured this life's offal for the grave
And makes the noblest that indues it rave.

Explicit Vigilia Secunda.

VIGILIÆ TERTIÆ

INDUCTIO.

By this the Babel of confused sounds,
The clamorous game-given world, his mouthlike wounds

* *Docere ut honesta fiant suavia.*—Lac.

† Alluding to Alcides, of whose shirt this is the mythology.

Felt leave their raging. The sweet Even had dropt
Her silent balms* in and their gaping stopt.
Minerva's birds whoop'd at him as he drew
His many heads home. Sleep's wing'd ushers flew
Off from their flitches, and about men's noses
Play'd buzz. The beetle that his whole life loses
In gathering muck, still wallowing there, did raise [paise
With his irate wings his most unwieldy
And with his knell-like humming gave the dor
Of Death to men as all they labour'd for.
The golden-back'd and silver-bellied snail†
His moist mines melted, creeping from his shell,
And made crook'd mazes of his glittering slime,
To shew in what paths worldlings spend their time;
All these the evening only make their morn,
And thus employ it as men's mock-days born.
Abroad thus crept the world-scared brood of Peace
To greet Eugenia; whose trance still did sease
Her grief-rack'd powers, which since her love did make
Just joy to her, Religion would not wake.
In midst of all her sable chamber lay
Eugenia corselike. The despised of day
(The Muses, Graces, Virtues, Poesy,
But then arrived there) on the pavement by
Sat round. Religion (as of that rich ring
The precious stone) did th' ends together bring
Of their celestial circle. All so placed
As they her arms were, and she them embraced.
All then wish'd Fame to give her trump the rest [blest.
(Even to the death's word) of the living
Fame, like the lion-fighting bird in cheer
Proud to report parts that so sacred were,
Her rosy throat stretch'd and did thus extend
To his last motion his proceeding end.

VIGILIA TERTIA.

Still looking, never stooping to his death,
Like some great combatant that though given breath
Yet eyes his foe still; no glance cast aside
To give advantage of a touch unspied:
So those twice seven days that his life's foe gave
His sickness breath (though in his sight his grave
Gasp'd for his duty in death's instant deed)
He never lay nor wore a sickly weed.*
If Death of him gat, he of Death got more
And fortified himself still with the store
The sacred magazine yielded† where he found
Weapons that grew and made each word a wound,
Of which he gave his ghastly enemy one
To be his trophy when the fight was done,
Which was a frailty in him that would fain
Have proved a fainting. But who grows again
Up to his strength is stronger far than he
Whose forces never felt infirmity.
He choosed his funeral text‡ that shew'd him strook
With some distraction; yet the form he took
From the most learn'd apostle cheer'd him so
That death's advantage proved his overthrow.

[* "Bala'ms" in the quarto.—ED.]

† The mouths [of] worldlings [from] their still crying out and longing for Riches and Honours, without satisfaction, or ease, may more worthily be called their [wo] unds; both [from] their resemblance to [wo] unds and [also] since the mines of their worldly thirsts, are chiefly uttered by them. [Bats] called the ushers of sleep, since they make their flights before it is time [for] binding our houses. Their [time] spent most in feeding on [bac] on flitches.

[This singular marginal note is cut into in the Woburn copy: the words and letters in brackets are supplied conjecturally.—ED.]

* Fame of the Lord Russell's death. He never lay a day from his first day's sickness to his last, nor wore so much as a night-cap.

† The Scripture.

‡ The weapon he gave Death against him, out of St. Paul, since it shewed a little his distraction was a text as followeth. The text he choosed was out of St. Paul to the Philippians. the first chapter, and 23rd verse. *Coarctor autem è duobus, &c.*

The Prophet that was ravish'd quick to Heaven
And never fought with death, nor those foul seven
His ugly ministers, in that extreme
Triumphs [not] in so rich a diadem
As he in heaven wears. The more wrestling here
The garland won, the more our price is there.
But in our worldly ends so frail we are
That we the garland give to every care
That doth assail us, each particular miss
Of that for which the body careful is;
Our other plenties proving merely wants
And all that the celestial providence plants
Still in our reach is to our use despised,
And only when we cannot compass prized.
When this fault sense proves true, as Reason says,
Why let we Sense still interpose delays
To our true reason's comforts? ruling so
That either we must rage still in our woe
Or bear it with so false a patience
As shows no more our ease than our offence,
Express'd in grudging at our penance still;
Our grudging shewn in our no more curb'd will
To our most just imposers than to leave
Moody and muddy our apt powers to grieve.
Not that we may not bear a suffering show
In our afflictions, weighing gravely how
We may dispose them to our best amends,
But not take so much sorrow as transcends
Our healths, or shews we let grief further go
Than our content that God will have it so.
Remaining in such plight as if we thought
That this our physic of affliction wrought
More painfully than with a healthful need;
When our all-skill'd Physician doth proceed
So strictly in his object of our ease
(So he may mend us too and soundly please)
That not a scruple nor the slenderest grain
Of any corasive shall rack our pain
Past his full point of our most needful cure;
Weight, measure, number, all God's works assure.
Which not because infallible Scripture says,
We only may believe (though that cause weighs
More than enough to strengthen any faith);
But God to every sound belief convey'th
A regular knowledge to inform us how
We may sustain his burthens, though we bow
Under their sad weight; which when once we prove
It will annex to our belief such love
That (as the sun mists) quite shall clear our care
And make our general peace so circular
That Faith and Hope at either end shall pull
And make it come round as the moon at full.
And this do many know, though, as 'tis said
By that most comfortable Truth our Head
After his Prophet, with the art of th' ear
Yet nothing understanding ye shall hear,
Ye looking on shall see and not perceive:
As often our diverted thoughts bereave
The use of both those senses though we be
In reach of sights and sounds, and hear and see.
For as the eye discerns not black from white,
Colour from sound, till with a noble light
The soul casts on it, it is made descry;
So till the soul's blank intellectual eye
The world's soul rinseth in his active rays,
And her razed table fills with forms, it stays
Blank to all notions that inform us how
To make our cares within [our] comforts grow;
Our fainting in the free reach of our faith,
And in our life's fix'd peace all fear of death.
Which true light to this lord's soul shining came,
And fix'd him rock-like till his faith did flame.
His conflict past, he to the comfort went
That makes those thorns crowns; the blest sacrament
Of which, the powerful consecrated bread,
(That cheers the living and revives the dead,
Received with fear and faith that one yoke bear,
Fear that awes faith and faith that tempers fear)
Assumed by him; this witness he did give
Of what he took:—"I constantly believe
That as I take, hold, and by grace shall eat
This sacred bread, so that flesh that did sweat
Water and blood in my dear Saviour's side
I shall in this bread all exhibified

In my eternal safety's full effect
Take, hold and eat, as his most sure elect."
To this effect, effectually the wine
(Turn'd the true blood of the eternal Vine,
His most-loved Saviour), then as fresh in power
As in the very instant of that hour
In which 'twas shed for him, he did believe
To his salvation he did then receive.
Thus held he combat till his latest day
Walking, and after, conquer'd as he lay,
Spake to his latest hour, and when no more
He could by speech impart th' amazing store
Of his assured joys, that as surely last,
His diligent divine desired a taste
Of his still strong assurance by some sign,
When both his hands even then wrought in the mine
Of his exhaustless faith that crown'd his even,
And cast such treasure up as purchased heaven,
Thus his most christian combat did conclude,
He conquering most when most he was subdued.*
Yet not to leave him here, his funeral
Deserves in part to be observed of all,
In which his son his own kind zealous spirit
Did with his honours and his lands inherit,
Whose pious nature paying manly tears
(Which stony joys stop in most other heirs)
To his departure; whose attending close,
Through dust and heat, the body in repose,
Next even, and the whole way to his home;
Whose there fresh dewing with kind balms his tomb;
Whose liberal hand to near two thousand poor;
Whose laying up as his most prized store
His father's life-bought counsels; all as nought,
I will not touch here.* None gives these a thought.
But how his tears led others, all the fane
Flowing with such brine seasoning parts humane,
Offer'd to piety, which kind dead to now,
Yet here so plenteous, methinks should not show
Less than a wonder, and may argue well
That from some sacred fount these rivers fell.
O why wept man's great Pattern for his friend
But these affections gravely to commend?
But these things now are nothing, the proud morn
Now on her tiptoes view'd this stuff with scorn:
Scripture examples, parts of manly kind,
The most upright flames of the godlike mind
Like winter lightnings are, that do portend
Wretched events to all men they commend,
All things inverted are, nought brooks the light
But what may well make blush the blackest night.

Explicit Vigilia Tertia.

VIGILIÆ QUARTÆ & ULTIMÆ INDUCTIO.

The taste of all joys in society
The sick world felt a little satisfy;
The garland and the ivy-twisted lance
Put on, and toss'd were by the god of dance.
Vulcan gilt houses, th' Eleutherian feast
Of all the liberals now paid rites to rest;
Songs, hymeneals, all the cares of day
Tumults and quarrels turn'd to peace and play;
Representation, that the chymist's part
Plays in her pastimes, now turn'd with her art
This iron world into the golden age,
Earth's ancient worthies showing on her stage

* For all that wants of fit illustration to this most religious and worthy Lord, I refer the reader to the learned and godly sermon of Mr. Walker, made at his funeral.

[A Sermon preached at the Funerals of the Right Honourable William Lord Russell, Baron of Thornhaugh, at Thornhaugh, in Northamptonshire, the 16. of September, 1613. Wherein is briefly set downe his godly life, together with his Christian Death. By William Walker, Batchelour of Divinitie, and Preacher of the word of God at Cheswicke in Middlesex. London: Printed for John Hodgets, 1614.]

[* "her" in the quarto.—Ed.]

Where those sweet swarms that taste no crabbed lacks
Hang thick with all their honey on their backs;
Embraced with music and the pride of wit:
Silence much more in solemn state doth sit
In that fair concourse with an actor's voice
Than where rich Law insults still vex'd with noise.
And where nine heralds could not crown her peace,
One Prologue here puts on her wreath with ease;
Love joys began to burn, and all did rise
To give the thriftless evening sacrifice.
Then went the Muses, Virtues, Graces on
The hearse and tomb the crown to set upon
Of this most endless noble Lord deceased
And to his soul's joy and his body's rest
A hymn advance which to the trump of Fame
Poor Poesy sung: her every other dame,
Th' ingenuous Muses, ringing out the chore;
Fame sounded; Poesy sung the part before.

HYMNUS AD D. RUSSELLIUM DEFUNCTUM.

I.

Rising and setting, let the sun
Grace whom we honour;
And ever at her full, the moon
Assume upon her
The form his noblesse did put on,
In whose orb all the virtues shone,
With beams decreasing never;
Till faith, in her firm rock reposed;
Religion, his life's circle closed,
And open'd life for ever.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, O hear
These rites of ours that every year
We vow thy hearse,
And breathe the flames of souls entire,
Thrice het with heaven's creating fire,
In deathless verse.

II.

Russell, Lord Russell, while we pay
Thy name our numbers:
Directed by the eye of day
That never slumbers:
May all Heaven's quire of angels sing
And glorify in thee their king
That death with death subdueth;
While we strike earth's sounds dumb and deaf,
And crown thee with a feastful leaf,
Whose verdure still reneweth.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, O hear
These rites of ours that every year
We vow his hearse,
And breathe the flames of souls entire,
Thrice het with heaven's creating fire,
In deathless verse.

III.

Ever, O ever may this eve
That we keep holy,
Thy name increasing honours give
That serve it solely.
And second with divine increase
Thy progeny's religious peace,
Zeal's altars ever smoking;
And their true pieties excite
With full draughts of celestial light,
Thy virtues still invoking.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, O hear
These rites of ours that every year
We vow his hearse, &c.

IV.

Requests that justice would fulfil
Great Giver, give them,
Unjust moods make them bridle still
And here outlive them.
Directly let their zealous prayers
Her eyne* ope in their blest affairs;
And of their noblest father
Enable them to fill the place;
And every one proofs of his race
From his example gather.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, O hear
These rites of ours that every year
We vow his hearse, &c.

V.

Honours that virtues keep in height
With sires deceased,
All know make up their comforts' weight
And them more bless'd.
And therefore in thus wishing thine,
We wish the more thy worth may shine,
Great grace of all men noble;
From whose life, faith and zeal did flow,
In whose death, they shall freshly grow,
And thy blest race redouble.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, &c.

[* "euen" in the quarto.—Ed.]

VI.

Monsters for nobles let the earth
Bring forth to brand her;
And their adulterate beastly birth
At swindge command her.
Yet slaves made to their lusts and hell,
They shall but here like giants dwell,
And breed but flames and thunder.
To beat them under their own hills
Their sweets turn'd torments, their goods ills,
Thy race their envy's wonder.
Earth, Seas, the Air, &c.

VII.

Exult and triumph then in all
Thy thoughts intended,
Which heaven did into joys exhale
For thee, ascended.
If not a hair, much less a thought,
Shall loss claim of what goodness ought,
But shine in heaven together;
Whose joys, to truly-studied souls,
Shall shine even here, like ash-kept coals,
Laid open 'gainst the weather.
Earth, Seas, the Air, &c.

VIII.

Knowledge, not fashion'd here to feel
Heaven's promised pleasure,
In life's sea is a turn'd-up keel,
With all her treasure.
Not one, return'd from death to tell
The joys of Heaven, the pains of Hell,
Can add to that relation;
Which, possible impulsions used,
The soul knows here and spirits infused
Far past her first creation.
Earth, Seas, the Air, &c.

IX.

Infuse this into his dear kind,
Truth's free unfolder:
With fire that first inform'd the mind
Now nothing colder.
For which the thrice-almighty One
The Spirit, Sire, and Word still done,
Praise give that gifts transcendeth.
Despised souls comfort with thy love,
In whom with thy first motion move
Till in fix'd truth it endeth.
Earth, Seas, the Air, and Heaven, O hear
These rites of ours that every year
We vow thy hearse,
And breathe the flames of souls entire
Thrice het with heaven's creating fire
In deathless verse.

Explicit Hymnus.

WITH this, Eugenia from her trance arose
And in her love's assured joys did repose
Her noble sorrows, being assured withal
That no effect did memorably fall
From his renown'd example, but was found
In his true Son, and would in him resound.
Then left she straight Fame's lofty region,
Stoop'd Earth, and vow'd to dwell with him or none,
Whom since the Muses, Virtues, Graces now
Of force must follow, sweet Lord, be not you
Careless of them that she esteem'd so dear.
For howsoever they to Earth appear,
Where in their truth they are and are not prized;
In them is true Religion despised.
Remember your religious Father, then,
And after him be you the man of men.
To these the Night thus short seem'd, and thus bare
Was every clamorous worldling at his care,
Care cried in cities, and in countries roar'd.
Now was the soul a toy, her gifts abhorr'd,
All ornament but bravery was a stain.
Nought now akin to wit but cozening gain,
Crafts, and deceits, enrich'd, made Arts so poor;
Which artists seeing, rich apparel wore
And bore out Art, light's only made for show,
And show for lightness. Gravest bookmen now — Artists professed only.
Most rich in show be for their approbation,
And never swagger but in sacred fashion;
Look blank on good life and point-blank on thrift,
He that is richest hath the holiest gift.
In night men dream; day best shows what is fit,
Learning was made for gain, not gain for it;
Now bellies deafen'd ears in every street
And backs bore more than heads, heads more than feet.

Explicit Eugeniæ Ecstasis
Musa quæ Invidia?

DOUBTFUL PLAYS

AND

FRAGMENTS.

DOUBTFUL PLAYS

AND

FRAGMENTS

The Second Maiden's Tragedy.*

PREFACE TO THE EDITION OF 1824.

THIS is one of the three unpublished plays which escaped the fatal hands of Warburton's cook, and is printed from a manuscript book of that gentleman, in the Lansdown Collection. No title page is prefixed to the manuscript, nor is the name of "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" in the same handwriting as the play. From the tenor of the license to act, indeed, it is probable that this name was given to it by the Master of the Revels; that license is in the following words: "This Second Maiden's Tragedy (for it hath no name inscribed,) may, with the reformations, be publickly acted. 31 October, 1611, G. Buc." Why it is called "The Second Maiden's Tragedy" does not appear—there is no trace of any drama having the title of "The First Maiden's Tragedy," and it does not bear any resemblance to the "Maid's Tragedy" of Beaumont and Fletcher. There is reason therefore to believe that the name by which it is now known, was adopted merely for the purpose of distinguishing it from other plays licensed to be acted, as the words, "for it hath no name inscribed," can hardly be supposed to refer to the want of the author's name, which is as difficult to be ascertained as that of his play. At the back of the manuscript, it is said to be by a person whose name, on a close inspection, appears to have been William (afterwards, altered to Thomas) Goughe. This name has been nearly obliterated, and that of "George Chapman" substituted, which in its turn has been scored through, for the purpose of making room for "Will. Shakspear." That it does not belong to Thomas Goff,† the author of the *Raging Turk*, is abundantly obvious—he was at the time it was licensed not more than nineteen years of age, and besides was totally incapable of producing anything of the kind: nor has Chapman, in our opinion, a better title to it. Many of the scenes are distinguished by a tenderness and pathos which are not to be found in the productions of either of those Authors; but although it possesses merits of no ordinary kind, it cannot be pretended that it approaches the character of the Dramas of Shakspeare, whose name indeed is written in a much more modern hand. The subordinate plot is founded upon the story of the *Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, from which it differs very little, except in the catastrophe. Various parts of the play have been struck out, some for the purpose of being omitted in the representation, and others which were probably considered dangerous or offensive to royalty, apparently by Sir George Buc; for example, in the second scene of the last act, the exclamation of the Tyrant, "Your King's poisoned!" is altered to "I am poisoned;" the *propriety* of which reformation is manifest from the answer of Memphonius, *viz.*, "The King of Heaven be praised for it!" In both cases the original text has been restored in the present publication.

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* *The Second Maiden's Tragedy.* Now first printed from the original MS. in the Lansdown Collection. London: Printed for Charles Baldwyn, Newgate Street. 1824. [The text of this edition is very inaccurate and incomplete. A reference to the original MS. in the library of the British Museum has enabled us to correct numerous errors and to supply several important omissions in it.]

† Mr. [Robert] Goughe appears from the MS to have acted the part of the Tyrant in this Play.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Usurping Tyrant.
Govianus, *the deposed King.*
Anselmus, *his Brother.*
Votarius, *the friend of Anselmus.*
Helvetius, Memphonius, Sophonirus, } *Nobles.*

Bellarius, *the lover of Leonella.*

The Lady, *the Daughter of Helvetius.*
The Wife of Votarius.
Leonella, *her Woman.*

Nobles, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Second Maiden's Tragedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter the new usurping Tyrant; *the Nobles of his faction*, Memphonius, Sophonirus, Helvetius, *with others, the right heir*, Govianus, *deposed*.

Tyr. Thus high, my Lords, your powers and constant loves
Have fix'd our glories like unmoved stars,
That know not what it is to fall or err.
We're now the kingdom's love: and he, that was
Flatter'd awhile so, stands before us now
Readier for doom than dignity.
Gov. So much
Can the adulterate friendship of mankind,
False fortune's sister, bring to pass in kings,
And lay usurpers sunning in their glories,
Like adders in warm beams.
Tyr. There was but one
In whom my heart took pleasure amongst women;
One in the whole creation, and in her
You dared to be my rival! was't not bold?
Now we are king she'll leave the lower path
And find the way to us: Helvetius!
It is thy daughter, happier than a king,
And far above him, for she kneels to thee
Whom we have kneel'd to; richer in one smile
That came from her, than she in all thy blessings;
If thou be'st proud thou art to be forgiven,
It is no deadly sin in thee; while she lives,
High lust is not more natural to youth
Than that to thee; be not afraid to die in't,
'Tis but the sign of joy; there is no gladness,
But has a pride it lives by,—that's the oil
That feeds it into flames;—Let her be sent for,
And honourably attended, as beseems
Her that we make our queen; my lord Memphonius,
And Sophonirus, take into your care
The royal business of my heart; conduct her
With a respect equal with that to us;
If more, it shall be pardon'd; so still err,
You honour us, but ourself honours her.
Mem. Strange fortune, does he make his queen of her? [*Exit* Memph.
Sop. I have a wife; would she were so preferr'd!
I could be but her subject, so I'm now;
I allow her her one friend to stop her mouth,
And keep her quiet, give him his table free,
And the huge feeding of his great stone-horse,
On which he rides in pomp about the city,
Only to speak to gallants in bay-windows;
Marry, his lodging he pays dearly for:
He gets me all my children, there I save by't;
Beside I draw my life out, by the bargain,
Some twelve years longer than the times appointed;
When my young prodigal gallant kicks up's heels
At one-and-thirty, and lies dead and rotten
Some five-and-forty years before I'm coffin'd.
'Tis the right way to keep a woman honest,
One friend is barricado to a hundred,
And keeps 'em out, nay more, a husband's sure
To have his children all of one man's getting,
And he that performs best, can have no better.

I'm e'en as happy then that save a labour.
[*Exit* Sophonirus.
Tyr. Thy honours with thy daughter's love shall rise,
I shall read thy deservings in her eyes.
Helv. O may they be eternal books of pleasure,
To show you all delight!
Gov. The loss of her sits closer to my heart
Than that of kingdom, or the whorish pomp
Of this world's titles, that with flattery swells us,
And makes us die like beasts fat for destruction.
O she's a woman, and her eye will stand
Upon advancement, never weary yonder;
But when she turns her head by chance, and sees
The fortunes that are my companions,
She'll snatch her eyes off, and repent the looking.
Tyr. 'Tis well advised; we doom thee, Govianus,
To banishment for ever from our kingdom.
Gov. What could be worse to one whose heart is lock'd
Up in another's bosom? Banishment!
And why not death? is that too easy for me?
Tyr. But that the world would call our way to dignity
A path of blood, it should be the first act
In all our reign.
Gov. She's lost for ever; farewell, virtuous men,
Too honest for your greatness! now you're mightier
Than when we knew the kingdom, your style's heavier
Than ponderous nobility; farewell!
3rd Nobl. How's that, sir?
Gov. Weighty and serious! O sir! is it you?
I knew you one-and-twenty and a lord,
When your discretion suck'd; is't come from nurse yet?
You scorn to be a scholar, you were born better,
You have good lands, that's the best grounds of learning;
If you can construe but your doctor's bill,
Parse your wife's waiting-women, and decline your tenants
'Till they're all beggars, with new fines and rackings,
You're scholar good enough, for a lady's son
That's born to living; if you list to read,
Ride but to th' city and bestow your looks
On the court library, the mercer's books,
They'll quickly furnish you, do but entertain
A tailor for your tutor, to expound
All the hard stuff to you, by what name and title
Soever they be call'd.
3rd Nobl. I thank you, sir.
Gov. 'Tis happy you have learnt so much manners
Since you have so little wit; Fare you well, sir!
Tyr. Let him be stayed awhile.
4th Nobl. Stay!
3rd Nobl. You must stay, sir.
Gov. He's not so honest sure to change his mind,
Revoke his doom; hell has more hope on him.
Tyr. We have not ended yet, the worst part's coming,
Thy banishment were gentle were that all;
But to afflict thy soul before thou goest,
Thou shalt behold the heaven that thou must lose
In her that must be mine.
Then to be banish'd, then to be deprived,
Shows the full torment we provide for thee.
Gov. He's a right tyrant now, he will not bate me
Th' affliction of my soul; he'll have all parts

Enter the Lady *clad in black, with* Attendants.

Suffer together; now I see my loss:
I never shall recover't, my mind's beggar'd.
Tyr. Whence rose that cloud? can such a thing be seen
In honour's glorious day, the sky so clear?
Why mourns the kingdom's mistress? does she come
To meet advancement in a funeral garment?
Back! [*to the* Attendants.] she forgot herself, 'twas too much joy
That bred this error, and we heartily pardon't.
Go, bring me her hither like an illustrious bride
With her best beams about her, let her jewels
Be worth ten cities, that beseems our mistress,
And not a widow's case, a suit to weep in.
Lady. I am not to be alter'd.
Tyr. How!
Lady. I have a mind

That must be shifted ere I cast off these,
Or I shall wear strange colours ;—'tis not titles,
Nor all the bastard honours of this frame
That I am taken with ; I come not hither
To please the eye of glory, but of goodness,
And that concerns not you, sir, you're for greatness ;
I dare not deal with you, I have found my match,
And I will never lose him.

Gov. If there be man
Above a king in fortunes, read my story,
And you shall find him there ; farewell, poor kingdom !
Take it to help thee, thou hast need on't now ;
I see thee in distress, more miserable
Than some thou lay'st taxations on, poor subjects !
Thou'rt all beset with storms, more overcast
Than ever any man that brightness flatter'd.
'Tis only wretchedness to be there with thee,
And happiness to be here.

Tyr. Sure some dream crown'd me ;
If it were possible to be less than nothing,
I wake the man you seek for :—there's the kingdom
Within yon valley fixt ; while I stand here
Kissing false hopes upon a frozen mountain
Without the confines. I am he that's banish'd.
The king walks yonder chose by her affections,
Which is the surer side, for when she goes
Her eye removes the court ; what is he here
Can spare a look ? they're all employ'd on her.
Helvetius, thou art not worth the waking neither,
I lose but time in thee, go, sleep again
Like an old man, thou can'st do nothing ;
Thou takest no pains at all to earn thine honours ;
Which way shall we be able to pay thee
To thy content, when we receive not ours ?
The master of the work must needs decay
When he wants means and sees his servants play.

Helv. [*To his daughter*]. Have I bestow'd so many blessings on thee,
And do they all return to me in curses ?
Is that the use I've for them ? be not to me
A burden ten times heavier than my years !
Thou'dst wont to be kind to me and observe
What I thought pleasing ; go, entreat the king !

Lady. I will do more for you, sir, you're my father ;
I'll kiss him too. [*She kisses* Govianus.

Helv. How am I dealt withal ?

Lady. Why, that's the usurper, sir, this is the king ;
I happen'd righter than you thought I had ;
And were all kingdoms of the earth his own,
As sure as this is not, and this dear gentleman
As poor as virtue, and almost as friendless,
I would not change this misery for that sceptre,
Wherein I had part with him ; sir, be cheerful,
'Tis not the reeling fortune of great state,
Or low condition, that I cast mine eye at,
It is the man I seek, the rest I lose,
As things unworthy to be kept or noted ;
Fortunes are but the outsides of true worth,
It is the mind that sets his master forth.

Tyr. Have there so many bodies been hewn down
Like trees, in progress to cut out a way
That was more known for us and our affections,
And is our game so cross'd ? There stands the first
Of all her kind that ever refused greatness,
A woman to set light by sovereignty !
What age can bring her forth, and hide that book !
'Tis their desire most commonly to rule,
More than their part comes to, sometimes their husbands.

Helv. 'Tis in your power, my lord, to force her to you,
And pluck her from his arms.

Tyr. Thou talk'st unkindly ;
That had been done before thy thought begot it,
If my affection could be so hard-hearted,
To stand upon such payment ; it must come
Gently and kindly, like a debt of love,
Or 'tis not worth receiving.

[*Aside to* Helvetius.

Gov. Now, usurper !
I wish no happier freedom than the banishment
That thou hast laid upon me.

Tyr. O! he kills me
At mine own weapon; 'tis I that live in exile
Should she forsake the land; I'll feign some cause
Far from the grief itself, to call it back.
[*Aside.*
[*To* Govianus.
That doom of banishment was but lent to thee
To make a trial of thy factious spirit,
Which flames in thy desire; thou would'st be gone:
There is some combination betwixt thee
And foreign plots, thou hast some powers to raise,
Which to prevent, thy banishment we revoke,
Confine thee to thy house nearest our court,
And place a guard about thee. Lord Memphonius,
See it effected.
Mem. With best care, my Lord.
Gov. Confine me? here's my liberty in mine arms,
I wish no better to bring me content,
Lovers' best freedom is close prisonment.
[*Exeunt* Lady *and* Govianus.
Tyr. Methinks the day e'en darkens at her absence,
I stand as in a shade, when a great cloud
Muffles the sun, whose beams shine afar off
On towers and mountains, but I keep the valleys,
The place that is last served.
Helv. My Lord!
[Tyrant *and* Helvetius *converse apart.*
Tyr. Your reason, sir?
Helv. Your grace is mild to all but your own bosom;
They should have both been sent to several prisons,
And not committed to each other's arms;
There's a hot durance, he'll ne'er wish more freedom.
Tyr. 'Tis true;
Let 'em be both forced back.
[*To the* Officers.
Stay, we command you!
Thou talk'st not like a statesman; had my wrath
Took hold of such extremity at first,
They'd lived suspectful still, warn'd by their fears,
When now that liberty makes them more secure,
I'll take them at my pleasure; it gives thee
Freer access to play the father for us,
And ply her to our will.
Hel. 'Mass, so it does:
Let a man think on't twice, your grace hath happen'd
Upon a strange way, yet it proves the nearest.
Tyr. Nay, more to vex his soul, give command straight
They be divided into several rooms,
Where he may only have a sight of her
To his mind's torment, but his arms and lips
Lock'd up, like felons, from her.
Helv. Now you win me,
I like that cruelty passing well, my Lord.
Tyr. Give order with all speed.
Helv. Though I be old,
I need no spur, my Lord,—Honour pricks me.
I do beseech your grace, look cheerfully,
You shall not want content, if it be lock'd
In any blood of mine; the key's your own,
You shall command the wards.
Tyr. Say'st thou so, sir?
I were ungrateful then, should I see thee
Want power, that provides content for me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Anselmus, *the deposed King's Brother, with his Friend,* Votarius.

Vot. Pray, sir, confine your thoughts and excuse me,
Methinks the deposed king your brother's sorrow,
Should find you business enough.
Ans. How, Votarius!
Sorrow for him? weak ignorance talks not like thee,
Why he was never happier.
Vot. Pray prove that, sir.
Ans. He has lost the kingdom, but his mind's restored;
Which is the larger empire? prithee tell me.
Dominions have their limits, the whole earth
Is but a prisoner, nor the sea, her jailor,
That with a silver hoop locks in her body;
They're fellow prisoners, though the sea looks bigger,
Because he is in office, and pride swells him;
But the unbounded kingdom of the mind
Is as unlimitable as heaven, that glorious court of spirits.
Sir, if thou lovest me, turn thine eye to me,
And look not after him that needs thee not:
My brother's well attended, peace and pleasure

Are never from his sight; he has his mistress,
She brought those servants and bestow'd them on him;
But who brings mine?
Vot. Had you not both long since
By a kind, worthy lady, your chaste wife?
Ans. That's it that I take pains with thee to be sure of.
What true report can I send to my soul
Of that I know not?—we must only think
Our ladies are good people, and so live with 'em:
A fine security for them; our own thoughts
Make the best fools of us; next to them our wives.
But say she's all chaste, yet, is that her goodness?
What labour is't for woman to keep constant,
That's never tried or tempted? Where's her fight?
The war's within her breast, her honest anger
Against the impudence of flesh and hell:
So let me know the lady of my rest,
Or I shall never sleep well; give not me
The thing that is thought good, but what's approved so:
So wise men choose.—O what a lazy virtue
Is chastity in a woman, if no sin
Should lay temptation to't!—prithee set to her,
And bring my peace along with thee.
Vot. You put to me
A business that will do my words more shame
Than ever they got honour among women.
Lascivious courtings among sinful mistresses
Come ever seasonably, pleasure best—
But let the boldest ruffian touch the ear
Of modest ladies with adulterous sounds,
Their very looks confound him, and force grace
Into that cheek where impudence sets her seal;
That work is never undertook with courage,
That makes his master blush.—However, sir,
What profit can return to you by knowing
That which you do already, with more toil?
Must a man needs, in having a rich diamond,
Put it between a hammer and an anvil,
And not believing the true worth and value,
Break it in pieces to find out the goodness,
And in the finding lose it? good sir, think on't;
Nor does it taste of wit to try their strengths
That are created sickly, nor of manhood.
We ought not to put blocks in women's ways,
For some too often fall upon plain ground.
Let me dissuade you, sir.
Ans. Have I a friend?
And has my love so little interest in him,
That I must trust some stranger with my heart,
And go to seek him out?
Vot. Nay, hark you, sir,
I am so jealous of your weaknesses,
That rather than you should lie prostituted
Before a stranger's triumph, I would venture
A whole hour's shaming for you.
Ans. Be worth thy word then.

Enter Wife.

Yonder she comes,—I'll have an ear to you both;
I love to have such things at the first hand. [*Aside and retires.*
Vot. I'll put him off with somewhat; guile in this
Falls in with honest dealing; O who would move
Adultery to yon face! so rude a sin
May not come near the meekness of her eye;
My client's cause looks so dishonestly,
I'll ne'er be seen to plead in't. [*Aside.*
Wife. What, Votarius!
Vot. Good morrow, virtuous madam.
Wife. Was my Lord
Seen lately here?
Vot. He's newly walk'd forth, lady.
Wife. How was he attended?
Vot. 'Faith I think with none, madam.
Wife. That sorrow for the king his brother's fortune
Prevails too much with him, and leads him strangely
From company and delight.
Vot. How she's beguiled in him!
There's no such natural touch, search all his bosom. [*Aside.*
That grief's too bold with him, indeed, sweet madam,
And draws him from the pleasure of his time,
But 'tis a business of affection
That must be done.—We owe a pity, madam,
To all men's misery, but especially

To those afflictions that claim kindred of us;
We're forced to feel 'em, all compassion else
Is but a work of charity, this of nature,
And ties our pity in a bond of blood.
Wife. Yet, sir, there is a date set to all sorrows,
Nothing is everlasting in this world.
Your counsel will prevail, persuade him, good sir,
To fall into life's happiness again,
And leave the desolate path; I want his company.
He walks at midnight in thick shady woods,
Where scarce the moon is starlight; I have watch'd him
In silver nights, when all the earth was drest
Up like a virgin, in white innocent beams,
Stood in my window, cold and thinly clad,
T' observe him through the bounty of the moon,
That liberally bestow'd her graces on me,
And when the morning dew began to fall,
Then was my time to weep; h'as lost his kindness,
Forgot the way of wedlock, and become
A stranger to the joys and rites of love.
He's not so good as a lord ought to be.
Pray tell him so from me, sir.
[*Exit* Wife.
Vot. That will I, madam.
Now must I dress a strange dish for his humour.
Ans. Call you this courting? 'life! not one word near it.
There was no syllable but was twelve score off.
My faith, [a] hot temptation! woman's chastity,
In such a conflict, had great need of one
To keep the bridge; 'twas dangerous for the time.
Why, what fantastic faiths are in these days
Made without substance; whom should a man trust
In matters about love?
Vot. Mass! here he comes too.

Anselmus *comes forward.*

Ans. How now, Votarius! what's the news for us?
Vot. You set me to a task, sir, that will find
Ten ages work enough, and then unfinish'd.
Bring sin before her! why it stands more quaking,
Than if a judge should frown on't; three such fits
Would shake it into goodness, and quite beggar
The under kingdom.—Not the art of man,
Woman, or devil—
Ans. O, peace, man! prithee peace!—
Vot. Can make her fit for lust.
Ans. Yet, again, sir?
Where lives that mistress of thine, Votarius,
That taught thee to dissemble? I'd fain learn;
She makes good scholars.
Vot. How, my lord!
Ans. Thou art the son of falsehood, prithee leave me.
How truly constant, charitable, and helpful
Is woman unto woman in affairs
That touch affection and the peace of spirit!
But man to man how crooked and unkind!
I thank my jealousy I heard thee all,
For I heard nothing: now thou'rt sure I did.
Vot. Now, by this light then, wipe but off this score,
Since you're so bent, and if I ever run
In debt again to falsehood and dissemblance,
For want of better means, tear the remembrance of me
From your best thoughts.
Ans. For thy vows' sake, I pardon thee.
Thy oath is now sufficient watch itself
Over thy actions; I discharge my jealousy.
I've no more use for't now; to give thee way
I'll have an absence made purposely for thee,
And presently take horse. I'll leave behind me
An opportunity, that shall fear no starting,
Let but thy pains deserve it.
Vot. I am bound to't.
Ans. For a small time farewell, then: hark thee!
[Anselmus *whispers to him; and exit.*
Vot. O good sir!
It will do wondrous well;—What a wild seed
Suspicion sows in him, and takes small ground for't!
How happy were this lord if he would leave
To tempt his fate, and be resolved he were so!

He would be but too rich :—
Man has some enemy still that keeps him back
In all his fortunes, and his mind is his,
And that's a mighty adversary: I had rather
Have twenty kings my enemies than that part,
For let me be at war with earth and hell,
So that be friends with me.—I have sworn to make
A trial of her faith, I must put on
A brazen face and do't; mine own will shame me.

Enter Wife.

Wife. This is most strange of all! how one distraction
Seconds another!
Vot. What's the news, sweet madam?
Wife. He has took his horse, but left his leave untaken.
What should I think on't, sir? did ever lord
Depart so rudely from his lady's presence!
Vot. Did he forget your lip?
Wife. He forgot all
That nobleness remembers.
Vot. I'm ashamed on him.
Let me help, madam, to repair his manners,
And mend that unkind fault.
Wife. Sir, pray forbear;
You forget worse than he.
Vot. So virtue save me,
I have enough already. [*Aside.*
Wife. 'Tis himself
Must make amends, good sir, for his own faults.
Vot. I would he'd do't then, and ne'er trouble me in't; [*Aside.*
But, madam, you perceive he takes the course
To be far off from that, he's rode from home;
But his unkindness stays and keeps with you;
Let who will please his wife, he rides his horse,
That's all the care he takes. I pity you, madam,
You've an unpleasing lord; would 'twere not so,
I should rejoice with you.
You're young, the very spring's upon you now,
The roses on your cheeks are but new-blown.
Take you together, you're a pleasant garden,
Where all the sweetness of man's comfort breathes.
But what is it to be a work of beauty,
And want the heart that should delight in you?
You still retain your goodness in yourself,
But then you lose your glory, which is all.
The grace of every benefit is the use,
And is't not pity you should want your grace?
Look you like one whose lord should walk in groves
About the peace of midnight? Alas! madam,
'Tis to me wondrous how you should spare the day
From amorous clips, much less the general season
When all the world's a gamester.
That face deserves a friend of heart and spirit,
Discourse and motion, indeed such a one
That should observe you, madam, without ceasing,
And not a weary lord.
Wife. Sure I was married, sir,
In a dear year of love, when scarcity
And famine of affection vex'd poor ladies,
Which makes my heart so needy, it ne'er knew
Plenty of comfort yet.
Vot. Why, that's your folly,
To keep your mind so miserably, madam:
Change into better times, I'll lead you to 'em.
What bounty shall your friend expect for this?
O you that can be hard to your own heart,
How would you use your friends? if I thought kindly,
I'd be the man myself should serve your pleasure.
Wife. How, sir!
Vot. Nay, and ne'er miss you too. I'd not come sneaking
Like a retainer once a week or so,
To show myself before you for my livery;
I'd follow business like a household servant,
Carry my work before me and dispatch,
Before my lord be up, and make no words on't,
The sign of a good servant.
Wife. 'Tis not friendly done, sir,
To take a lady at advantage thus;
Set all her wrongs before her, and then tempt her.
Vot. 'Sheart! I grow fond myself! 'twas well she waked me
Before the dead sleep of adultery took me;

'Twas stealing on me; up, you honest thoughts,
And keep watch for your master! I must hence;
I do not like my health, 't has a strange relish;
Pray heaven I pluck'd mine eyes back time enough.
I'll never see her more: I praised the garden,
But little thought a bed of snakes lay hid in't. [*Aside, as he is retiring.*
Wife. I know not how I am! I'll call my woman;
Stay! for I fear thou'rt too far gone already.
Vot. I'll see her but once more; do thy worst, love!
Thou art too young, fond boy, to master me. [*Aside.*

Votarius *returns.*

I come to tell you, madam, and that plainly,
I'll see your face no more, take 't how you please.
Wife. You will not offer violence to me, sir,
In my lord's absence? what does that touch you
If I want comfort?
Vot. Will you take your answer?
Wife. It is not honest in you to tempt woman,
When her distresses take away her strength.
How is she able to withstand her enemy?
Vot. I would fain leave your sight, an I could possibly.
Wife. What is't to you, good sir, if I be pleased
To weep myself away; and run thus violently
Into the arms of death, and kiss destruction:
Does this concern you now?
Vot. Ay marry, does it.
What serve these arms for, but to pluck you back?
These lips but to prevent all other tasters
And keep that cup of nectar for themselves?
'Heart! I'm beguiled again, forgive me, heaven!
My lips have been naught with her, sin's mere witchcraft
Break all the engines of life's frame in pieces,
I will be master once and whip the boy
Home to his mother's lap, fare, fare thee well! [*Exit* Votarius.
Wife. Votarius! sir! my friend! thank heaven, he's gone.
And he shall never come so near again,
I'll have my frailty watch'd ever; henceforward
I'll no more trust it single; it betrays me
Into the hands of folly. Where's my woman?

Enter Leonella.

My trusty Leonella!
Leo. Call you, madam?
Wife. Call I? I want attendance, where are you?
Leo. Never far from you, madam.
Wife. Pray be nearer,
Or there is some that will, and thank you too,
Nay, perhaps bribe you to be absent from me.
Leo. How, madam?
Wife. Is that strange to a lady's woman?
There are such things i'th' world, many such buyers
And sellers of a woman's name and honour,
Though you be young in bribes, and never came
To the flesh-market yet—beshrew your heart
For keeping so long from me!
Leo. What ail you, madam?
Wife. Somewhat commands me, and takes all the power
Of myself from me.
Leo. What should that be, lady?
Wife. When did you see Votarius?
Leo. Is that next?
Nay, then I have your ladyship in the wind. [*Aside.*
I saw him lately, madam.
Wife. Whom didst see?
Leo. Votarius.
Wife. What have I to do with him
More than another man? Say he be fair,
And has parts proper both of mind and body,
You praise him but in vain, in telling me so.
Leo. Yes, madam; are you prattling in your sleep?
'Tis well my lord and you lie in two beds. [*Aside.*
Wife. I was ne'er so ill, I thank you, Leonella,
My negligent woman, here you show'd your service.
Leo. 'Slife! have I power or means to stop a sluice
At a high water? what would she have me do in't?
Wife. I charge thee, while thou livest with me henceforward,

Use not an hour's absence from my sight.
[*Exit* Lady.
Leo. By my faith, madam, you shall pardon me;
I have a love of mine own to look to,
And he must have his breakfast. Pish! Bellarius.

Enter Bellarius, *muffled in his cloak.*

Bel. Leonella?
Leo. Come forth, and show yourself a gentleman,
Although most commonly they hide their heads,
As you do there methinks! And why a taffety muffler?
Show your face, man! I'm not ashamed on you.
Bel. I fear the servants.
Leo. And they fear their mistress, and ne'er think on you,
Their thoughts are upon dinner, and great dishes.
If one thing hap, impossible to fail too—
(I can see so far in't) you shall walk boldly, sir,
And openly in view through every room
About the house, and let the proudest meet thee,
I charge you give no way to 'em.
Bel. How thou talk'st!
Leo. I can avoid the fool, and give you reason for't.
Bel. 'Tis more than I should do if I ask'd more on thee.
I prithee tell me how?
Leo. With ease, i'faith, sir,
My lady's heart is wondrous busy, sir!
About the entertainment of a friend too,
And she and I must bear with one another,
Or we shall make but a mad house betwixt us.
Bel. I'm bold to throw my cloak off at this news,
Which I ne'er durst before, and kiss thee freelier.
What is he, sirrah?
Leo. 'Faith, an indifferent fellow,
With good long legs,—a near friend of my lord's.
Bel. A near friend of my lady's, you would say;
His name, I prithee?
Leo. One Votarius, sir.
Bel. What say'st thou?
Leo. He walks under the same title.
Bel. The only enemy that my life can shew me.
Leo. Your enemy? Let my spleen then alone with him.
Stay you your anger; I'll confound him for you.
Bel. As how, I prithee?
Leo. I'll prevent his venery,
He shall ne'er lie with my lady.
Bel. Troth, I thank you.—
'Life! that's the way to save him; art thou mad?
Whereas the other way he confounds himself,
And lies more naked to revenge and mischief.
Leo. Then let him lie with her, and the devil go with him,
He shall have all my furtherance.
Bel. Why now you pray heartily and speak to purpose. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter the Lady of Govianus *with a* Servant.

Lady. Who is't would speak with us?
Serv. My lord your father.
Lady. My father? pray make haste, he waits too long.
Intreat him hither. In despite of all
[*Exit* Servant.
The tyrant's cruelties, we have got that friendship
E'en of the guard that he has placed about us,
My lord and I have free access together,
As much as I would ask of liberty;
They'll trust us largely now, and keep sometimes
Three hours from us, a rare courtesy
In jailors' children; some mild news I hope
Comes with my father.

Enter Helvetius.

No, his looks are sad,
There is some further tyranny; let it fall!
Our constant sufferings shall amaze it.
[*She kneels.*
Helv. Rise!
I will not bless thee,—thy obedience
Is after custom, as most rich men pray,
Whose saint is only fashion and vain-glory;
So 'tis with thee in thy dissembled duty,
There's no religion in't, no reverent love,
Only for fashion, and the praise of men.

Lady. Why should you think so, sir?
Helv. Think? I know't and see't.
I'll sooner give my blessing to a drunkard,
Whom the ridiculous power of wine makes humble,
As foolish use makes thee;—base-spirited girl,
That canst not think above disgrace and beggary,
When glory is set for thee and thy seed,
Advancement for thy father, beside joy
Able to make a latter spring in me,
In this my fourscore summer, and renew me
With a reversion yet of heat and youth!
But the dejection of thy mind and spirit
Makes me, thy father, guilty of a fault
That draws thy birth in question, and e'en wrongs
Thy mother in her ashes, being at peace
With heaven and man; had not her life and virtues
Been seals unto her faith, I should think thee now
The work of some hired servant, some house tailor,
And no one part of my endeavour in thee.
Had I neglected greatness, or not rather
Pursued almost to my eternal hazard,
Thou'dst ne'er been a lord's daughter!
Lady. Had I been
A shepherd's, I'd been happier and more peaceful.
Helv. Thy very seed will curse thee in thy age,
When they shall hear the story of thy weakness,—
How in thy youth, thy fortunes tender'd thee
A kingdom for thy servant, which thou left'st
Basely to serve thyself; what dost thou in this,
But merely cozen thy posterity
Of royalty and succession, and thyself
Of dignity present?
Lady. Sir, your king did well
'Mongst all his nobles to pick out yourself
And send you with these words: his politic grace
Knew what he did, for well he might imagine
None else should have been heard; they'd had their answer
Before the question had been half way through.
But, dearest sir, I owe to you a reverence,
A debt which both begins and ends with life,
Never till then discharged, 'tis so long lasting
Yet, could you be more precious than a father,
Which next a husband is the richest treasure
Mortality can show us, you should pardon me,
And yet confess too that you found me kind,
To hear your words, though I withstood your mind.
Helv. Say you so, daughter? troth, I thank you kindly,
I am in hope to rise well by your means,
Or you to raise yourself; we're both beholding to you.
Well, since I cannot win you, I commend you,—
I praise your constancy and pardon you.
Take Govianus to you, make the most of him,
Pick out your husband there, so you'll but grant me
One light request that follows.
Lady. Heaven forbid else, sir!
Helv. Give me the choosing of your friend, that's all.
Lady. How, sir? my friend?—a light request indeed!
Somewhat too light, sir, either for my wearing,
Or your own gravity, an you look on't well!
Helv. Pish!
Talk like a courtier, girl, not like a fool!
Thou know'st the end of greatness, and hast wit
Above the flight of twenty feather'd mistresses,
That glister in the sun of prince's favours.
Thou hast discourse in thee, fit for a king's fellowship,
A princely carriage, and astonishing presence.
What should a husband do with all this goodness?
Alas! one end on't is too much for him,
Nor is it fit a subject should be master
Of such a jewel; 'tis in the king's power
To take it for the forfeit,—but I come
To bear thee gently to his bed of honours,
All force forgotten. The king commends him to thee
With more than the humility of a servant,
That since thou wilt not yield to be his queen,
Be yet his mistress, he shall be content
With that or nothing, he shall ask no more;
And with what easiness that is perform'd,

Most of your women know, having a husband;
That kindness costs thee nothing, you have that in
All over and above to your first bargain,
And that's a brave advantage for a woman,
If she be wise, as I suspect not thee;
And having youth, and beauty, and a husband,
Thou'st all the wish of woman. Take thy time then—
Make thy best market.

Lady. Can you assure me, sir,
Whether my father spake this? or some spirit
Of evil wishing, that has for a time
Hired his voice of him, to beguile me that way,
Presuming on his power and my obedience?
I'd gladly know, that I might frame an answer
According to the speaker.

Helv. How now, baggage!
Am I in question with thee? does thy scorn cast
So thick an ignorance before thine eyes,
That I'm forgotten too? Who is't speaks to thee,
But I thy father?

Enter Govianus, *discharging a pistol.*

Gov. The more monstrous he!
[Helvetius *falls.*
Art down but with the bare voice of my fury?
Up, ancient sinner! thou'rt but mock'd with death,
I miss'd thee purposely, thank this dear creature.
Had'st thou been anything beside her father,
I'd made a fearful separation on thee;
I would have sent thy soul to a darker prison
Than any made of clay, and thy dead body
As a token to the lustful king, thy master.
Art thou strook down so soon with the short sound
Of this small earthly instrument, and do'st thou
So little fear the eternal noise of hell?
What's she? does she not bear thy daughter's name?
How stirs thy blood, sir? is there a dead feeling
Of all things fatherly and honest in thee?
Say thou could'st be content for greatness' sake
To end the last act of thy life in pandarism,
(As you perhaps will say your betters do)
Must it needs follow that unmanly sin
Can work upon the weakness of no woman
But her, whose name and honour natural love
Bids thee preserve more charily than eyesight,
Health, or thy senses? can promotion's thirst
Make such a father? turn a grave old lord
To a white-headed squire? make him so base
To buy his honours with his daughter's soul,
And the perpetual shaming of his blood?
Hast thou the leisure, thou forgetful man,
To think upon advancement at these years?
What would'st thou do with greatness? dost thou hope
To fray death with't? or hast thou that conceit
That honour will restore thy youth again?
Thou art but mock'd, old fellow! 'tis not so;
Thy hopes abuse thee, follow thine own business,
And list not to the syrens of the world.
Alas! thou hadst more need kneel at an altar,
Than to a chair of state;
And search thy conscience for thy sins of youth;
That's work enough for age, it needs no greater.
Thou'rt call'd within, thy very eyes look inward,
To teach thy thoughts the way and thy affections;
But miserable notes that conscience sings,
That cannot truly pray, for flattering kings.

Helv. This was well search'd, indeed, and without favouring;
Blessing reward thee! such a wound as mine
Did need a pitiless surgeon—Smart on, soul!
Thou'lt feel the less hereafter: sir, I thank you,
I ever saw myself in a false glass,
Until this friendly hour. With what fair faces
My sins would look on me, but now truth shows 'em,
How loathsome and how monstrous are their forms;

Be you my king and master, still! henceforward
My knee shall know no other earthly lord.
Well may I spend this life to do you service,
That sets my soul in her eternal path!
Gov. Rise, rise, Helvetius!
Helv. I'll see both your hands
Set to my pardon first.
Gov. Mine shall bring hers.
Lady. Now, sir, I honour you for your goodness chiefly,
You're my most worthy father, you speak like him;
The first voice was not his; my joy and reverence
Strive which should be most seen; let our hands, sir,
Raise you from earth thus high, and may it prove [*They raise him up.*
The first ascent of your immortal rising,
Never to fall again!
Helv. A spring of blessings
Keep ever with thee, and the fruit thy lord's!
Gov. I have lost an enemy, and have found a father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Votarius, *sadly.*

Vot. All's gone, there's nothing but the prodigal left,
I have play'd away my soul at one short game,
Where e'en the winner loses.
Pursuing sin, how often did I shun thee!
How swift art thou a-foot, beyond man's goodness,
Which has a lazy pace! so was I catch'd—
A curse upon the cause; man in these days
Is not content to have his lady honest,
And so rest pleased with her without more toil,
But he must have her tried forsooth, and tempted,
And when she proves a quean, then he lies quiet,
Like one that has a watch of curious making,
Thinking to be more cunning than the workman,
Never gives over tampering with the wheels,
'Till either spring be weaken'd, balance bow'd,
Or some wrong pin put in, and so spoils all;
How I could curse myself! most business else
Delights in the dispatch, that's the best grace to't,
Only this work of blind repented lust
Hangs shame and sadness on his master's cheek:
Yet wise men take no warning.

Enter Wife.

Nor can I now.
Her very sight strikes my repentance backward.
It cannot stand against her.—Chamber thoughts
And words that have sport in 'em, they're for ladies.
Wife. My best and dearest servant—
Vot. Worthiest mistress.

Enter Leonella.

Leo. Madam—
Wife. Who's that? my woman, she's myself,
Proceed, sir—
Leo. Not if you love your honour, madam,
I came to give you warning my lord's come—
Vot. How!
Wife. My lord?
Leo. Alas! poor vessels, how this tempest tosses 'em,
They're driven both asunder in a twinkling,
Down goes the sails here, and the main mast yonder;
Here rides a bark with better fortune yet,
I fear no tossing, come what weather will,
I have a trick to hold out water still.
Vot. His very name shoots like a fever through me,
Now hot, now cold: which cheek shall I turn toward him,
For fear he should read guiltiness in my looks?
I would he would keep from hence like a wise man,
'Tis no place for him now; I would not see him
Of any friend alive! it is not fit
We two should come together, we have abused
Each other mightily; he used me ill,
T' employ me thus, and I have used him worse;
I'm too much even with him;—

Enter Anselmus.

Yonder's a sight of him.

Wife. My loved and honour'd lord—most welcome, sir.

Leo. Oh there's a kiss—methinks my lord might taste
Dissimulation rank in't, if he had wit.
He tastes but of the breath of his friend's lip,
A second kiss is hers, but that she keeps
For her first friend; we women have no cunning!

Wife. You parted strangely from me.

Ans. That's forgotten!
Votarius, I make speed to be in thine arms.

Vot. You never come too soon, sir.

Ans. How goes business?

Vot. Pray, think upon some other subject, sir.
What news at court?

Ans. Pish! Answer me.

Vot. Alas, sir, would you have me work by wonders,
To strike fire out of ye? y'are a strange lord, sir:
Put me to possible things, and find 'em finish'd
At your return to me; I can say no more.

Ans. I see by this thou didst not try her throughly.

Vot. How, sir, not throughly! by this light, he lives not
That could make trial of a woman better.

Ans. I fear thou wast too slack.

Vot. Good faith, you wrong me, sir.
She never found it so.

Ans. Then I've a jewel,
And nothing shall be thought too precious for her.
I may advance my forehead and boast purely:
Methinks I see her worth with clear eyes now.
O, when a man's opinion is at peace,
'Tis a fine life to marry! no state's like it.
My worthy lady, freely I confess
To thy wrong'd heart, my passion had a-late
Put rudeness on me, which I now put off:
I will no more seem so unfashionable
For pleasure, and the chamber of a lady.

Wife. I'm glad you're changed so well, sir. [*Exeunt* Wife *and* Anselmus.

Vot. Thank himself for't.

Leo. This comes like physic when the party's dead.
Flows kindness now, when 'tis so ill deserved?
This is the fortune still; well, for this trick
I'll save my husband and his friend a labour:
I'll never marry as long as I am honest,
For, commonly, queans have the kindest husbands.

[*Exit* Leonella; *manet* Votarius.

Vot. I do not like his company now, 'tis irksome,
His eye offends me; methinks 'tis not kindly,
We two should live together in one house;
And 'tis impossible to remove me hence:
I must not give way first, she is my mistress,
And that's a degree kinder than a wife;
Women are always better to their friends
Than to their husbands, and more true to them;
Then let the worst give place, whom she's least need on,
He that can best be spared, and that's her husband.
I do not like his over-boldness with her;
He's too familiar with the face I love.
I fear the sickness of affection;
I feel a grudging on't: I shall grow jealous
E'en of that pleasure which she has by law,
I shall go so near with her;—

Enter Bellarius, *passing over the Stage.*

Ha! what's he!
'Life! 'tis Bellarius my rank enemy;
Mine eye snatch'd so much sight of him.
What's his business?
His face half darken'd; stealing through the house,
With a whore-master's pace—I like it not:
This lady will be served like a great woman,
With more attendants, I perceive, than one;
She has her shift of friends. My enemy one!
Do we both shun each other's company
In all assemblies public, at all meetings,
And drink to one another in one mistress?
My very thought's my poison; 'tis high time
To seek for help.—Where is our head physician,
A doctor of my making, and that lecher's?
O, woman! when thou once leavest to be good,
Thou carest not who stands next thee; every sin
Is a companion for thee; for thy once crack'd honesty
Is like the breaking of whole money,
It never comes to good, but wastes away.

Enter Anselmus.

Ans. Votarius!
Vot. Ha!
Ans. We miss'd you, sir, within.
Vot. I miss'd you more without—would, you had come sooner, sir!
Ans. Why, what's the business?
Vot. You should have seen a fellow,
A common bawdy-house ferret, one Bellarius,
Steal through this room, his whorish barren face
Three quarters muffled; he is somewhere hid
About the house, sir.
Ans. Which way took the villain,
That marriage felon? one that robs the mind
Twenty times worse than any highway striker;
Speak, which way took he?
Vot. Marry, my lord, I think,—
Let me see, which way was't now? up yon stairs—
Ans. The way to chambering; did not I say still
All thy temptations were too faint and lazy?
Thou didst not play 'em home.
Vot. To tell you true, sir,
I found her yielding, ere I left her last,
And wavering in her faith.
Ans. Did not I think so?
Vot. That makes me suspect him.
Ans. Why, partial man,
Couldst thou hide this from me, so dearly sought for,
And rather waste thy pity upon her?
Thou'rt not so kind as my heart praised thee to me.
Hark!
Vot. 'Tis his footing, certain.
Ans. Are you chamber'd?
I'll fetch you from aloft. [*Exit* Anselmus.
Vot. He takes my work,
And toils to bring me ease: this use I'll make of him:
His care shall watch to keep all strange thieves out,
Whilst I familiarly go in and rob him,
Like one that knows the house.
But how has rashness and my jealousy used me!
Out of my vengeance to mine enemy,
Confess'd her yielding: I have lock'd myself
From mine own liberty with that key; revenge
Does no man good, but to his greater harm;
Suspect and malice, like a mingled cup,
Made me soon drunk; I knew not what I spoke,
And that may get me pardon.

Enter Anselmus, *a dagger in his hand, with* Leonella.

Leo. Why, my lord!
Ans. Confess, thou mystical pandaress: run, Votarius,
To the back gate, the guilty slave leap'd out,
And scaped me so; this strumpet lock'd him up
In her own chamber. [*Exit* Votarius.
Leo. Hold, my lord!—I might.—
He is my husband, sir!
Ans. O soul of cunning!
Came that arch subtilty from thy lady's counsel,
Or thine own sudden craft? confess to me,
How oft thou hast been a bawd to their close actions,
Or all thy light goes out.
Leo. My lord, believe me,
In troth, I love a man too well myself
To bring him to my mistress.
Ans. Leave thy sporting!
Or my next offer makes thy heart weep blood.
Leo. O spare that strength, my lord, and I'll reveal
A secret that concerns you, for this does not.
Ans. Back! back my fury, then!
It shall not touch thy breast; speak freely, what is't?
Leo. Votarius and my lady are false gamesters,
They use foul play, my lord.
Ans. Thou liest.
Leo. Reward me then
For all together; if it prove not so,
I'll never bestow time to ask your pity.
Ans. Votarius and thy lady? 'twill ask days
Ere it be settled in belief; so, rise!
Go, get thee to thy chamber! [*Exit.*
Leo. A pox on you!
You hinder'd me of better business—thank you.
He's fray'd a secret from me; would he were whipt!
'Faith, from a woman a thing's quickly slipt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Tyrant *with* Sophonirus, Memphonius, *and other* Nobles.

A Flourish.

Tyr. My joys have all false parts, there's nothing true to me,
That's either kind or pleasant. I'm hardly dealt withal;
I must not miss her, I want her sight too long.
Where's this old fellow?
Soph. Here's one, my lord, of threescore and seventeen.
Tyr. Pish! that old limber ass puts in his head still:—
Helvetius! where is he?
Mem. Not yet return'd, my lord.

Enter Helvetius.

Tyr. Your lordship lies;
Here comes the kingdom's father: who amongst you
Dares say, this worthy man has not made speed?
I would fain hear that fellow.
Soph. I'll not be he;
I like the standing of my head too well
To have it mended.
Tyr. Thy sight quickens me.
I find a better health when thou art present
Than all times else can bring me:—is the answer
As pleasing as thyself?
Helv. Of what, my lord?
Tyr. Of what? fie now! he did not say so, did he?
Soph. O, no, my lord, not he, he spoke no such word.
I'll say as he would have't, for I'd be loth
To have my body used like butcher's meat.
Tyr. When comes she to our bed?
Helv. Who, my lord?
Tyr. Hark!
You heard that plain amongst you?
Soph. O, my lord,
As plain as my wife's tongue, that drowns a sance-bell.
Let me alone to lay about for honour,
I'll shift for one.
Tyr. When comes the lady, sir,
That Govianus keeps?
Helv. Why, that's my daughter!
Tyr. Oh! is it so! Have you unlock'd your memory?
What says she to us?
Helv. Nothing!
Tyr. How thou tempt'st us!
What didst thou say to her, being sent from us?
Helv. More than was honest, yet it was but little.
Tyr. How cruelly thou work'st upon our patience,
Saving advantage, 'cause thou art her father!
But be not bold too far, if duty leave thee,
Respect will fall from us.
Helv. Have I kept life
So long till it looks white upon my head;
Been threescore years a courtier; and a flatterer
Not above threescore hours, which time's repented
Amongst my greatest follies; and am I at these days
Fit for no place, but bawd to mine own flesh?
You'll prefer all your old courtiers to good services
If your lust keep but hot some twenty winters,
We are like to have a virtuous world of wives,
Daughters and sisters, besides kinswomen
And cousin-germans removed up and down,
Where'er you please to have 'em! Are white hairs
A colour fit for pandars and flesh-brokers,
Which are the honour'd ornaments of age,
To which e'en kings owe reverence, as they're men,
And greater in their goodness, than their greatness?
And must I take my pay all in base money?
I was a lord born, set by all court grace,
And am I thrust now to a squire's place?
Tyr. How comes the moon to change so in this man?
That was at full but now in all performance,
And swifter than our wishes? I beshrew that virtue
That busied herself with him, she might have found
Some other work; the man was fit for me,
Before she spoil'd him:—she has wrong'd my heart in't,
And marr'd me a good workman.—Now his art fails him,
What makes the man at court? this is no place
For fellows of no parts; he lives not here
That put himself from action when we need him,

I take off all thy honours, and bestow 'em
On any of this rank that will deserve 'em.
Sop. My lord, that's I; trouble your grace no further;
I'll undertake to bring her to your bed,
With some ten words; marry, they're special charms—
No lady can withstand 'em; a witch taught me 'em.
If you doubt me, I'll leave my wife in pawn
For my true loyalty, and your majesty
May pass away the time till I return.
I have a care in all things.
Tyr. That may thrive best,
Which the least hope looks after; but, however,
Force shall help nature; I'll be so sure now.
Thy willingness may be fortunate, we employ thee.
Sop. Then I'll go fetch my wife, and take my journey.
Tyr. Stay, we require no pledge, we think thee honest.
Sop. Troth, the worse luck for me; we had both been made by't;
It was the way to make my wife great too.
Tyr. [*to* Helvetius]. I'll teach thee to be wide and strange to me—
Thou'lt feel thyself light shortly,
I'll not leave thee
A title to put on, but the bare name
That men must call thee by, and know thee miserable.
Helv. 'Tis miserable, king, to be of thy making,
And leave a better workman; if thy honours
Only keep life in baseness, take 'em to thee,
And give 'em to the hungry; there's one gapes.
Sop. One that will swallow you, sir, for that jest,
And all your titles after.
Helv. The devil follow 'em,
There's room enough for him too—leave me thou king,
As poor as Truth, the mistress I now serve,
And never will forsake her for her plainness,
That shall not alter me.
Tyr. No!—Our guard within there!

Enter Guard.

Guard. My lord!
Tyr. Bear that old fellow to our castle, prisoner;
Give charge he be kept close.
Helv. Close prisoner!
Why, my heart thanks thee; I shall have more time
And liberty to virtue in one hour,
Than all those threescore years I was a courtier.
So by imprisonment I sustain great loss;
Heaven opens to that man the world keeps close. [*Exit, with* Guard.
Sop. But I'll not go to prison to try that,
Give me the open world, there's a good air.
Tyr. I would fain send death after him, but I dare not;
He knows I dare not; that would give just cause
Of her unkindness everlasting to me.
His life may thank his daughter:—Sophonirus,
Here, take this jewel, bear it as a token
To our heart's saint, 'twill do thy words no harm;
Speech may do much, but wealth's a greater charm
Than any made of words; and, to be sure,
If one or both should fall, I provide farther.
Call forth those resolute fellows, whom our clemency
Saved from a death of shame in time of war
For field offences; give 'em charge from us
They arm themselves with speed, beset the house
Of Govianus round; that if thou fail'st,
Or stay'st beyond the time thou leavest with them,
They may with violence break in themselves,
And seize her for our use.
[*Exeunt;—manet* Sophonirus.
Sop. They're not so savage,
To seize her for their own, I hope,
As there are many knaves will begin first,
And bring their lords the bottom; I have been served so
A hundred times myself, by a scurvy page
That I kept once; but my wife loved him,
And I could not help it. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Govianus, *with his* Lady *and a* Servant.

A Flourish.

Gov. What is he?
Ser. An old lord come from the court.

Gov. He should be wise by's years; he will not dare
To come about such business, 'tis not man's work.
Art sure he desired conference with thy lady?
Ser. Sure, sir.
Gov. 'Faith, thou'rt mistook, 'tis with me certain.
Let's do the man no wrong, go, know it truly, sir!
Ser. This is a strange humour, we must know things twice. [*Exit.*
Gov. There's no man is so dull, but he will weigh
The work he undertakes, and set about it
E'en in the best sobriety of his judgment,
With all his senses watchful; then his guilt
Does equal his for whom 'tis undertaken.

Enter Servant.

What says he now?
Ser. E'en as he said at first, sir.
He's business with my lady from the king.
Gov. Still from the king; he will not come near, will he?
Ser. Yes, when he knows he shall, sir.
Gov. I cannot think it.
Let him be tried!
Ser. Small trial will serve him, I warrant you, sir.
Gov. Sure honesty has left man; has fear forsook him?
Yes, 'faith, there is no fear, where there's no grace.
Lady. What way shall I devise to gi'm his answer?
Denial is not strong enough to serve, sir.
Gov. No, 't must have other helps.—

Enter Sophonirus.

I see he dares.
O patience, I shall lose a friend of thee!
Sop. I bring thee, precious lady, this dear stone,
And commendations from the king my master.
Gov. I set before thee, panderous lord, this steel,
And much good do't thy heart; fall to, and spare not!
[*He stabs* Sophonirus.
Lady. 'Las! what have you done, my lord?
Gov. Why, sent a bawd
Home to his lodging; nothing else, sweet heart.
Sop. Well! you have kill'd me, sir, and there's an end:
But you'll get nothing by the hand, my lord,
When all your cards are counted; there be gamesters
Not far off, will set upon the winner,
And make a poor lord of you, ere they've left you.
I'm fetch'd in like a fool to pay the reckoning,
Yet you'll save nothing by't.
Gov. What riddle's this?
Sop. There she stands by thee now, who yet ere midnight
Must lie by the king's side.
Gov. Who speaks that lie?
Sop. One hour will make it true; she cannot 'scape
No more than I from death; you've a great game on't
An' you look well about you, that's my comfort;
The house is round beset with armed men,
That know their time when to break in and seize her.
Lady. My lord!
Gov. 'Tis boldly done to trouble me,
When I've such business to dispatch:—within there!

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord—
Gov. Look out, and tell me what thou see'st.
Sop. How quickly now my death will be revenged!
Before the king's first sleep: I depart laughing
To think upon the deed.
Gov. It is thy banquet;
Down, villain, to thy everlasting weeping,
That canst rejoice so in the rape of virtue,
And sing light tunes in tempests, when near shipwreck'd,
And have no plank to save us!—

Enter Servant.

Now, sir, quickly.
Ser. Which way soe'er I cast mine eye, my lord,
Out of all parts o' th' house, I may see fellows,
Gather'd in companies, and all whispering,
Like men for treachery busy.
Lady. 'Tis confirm'd.
Ser. Their eyes still fix'd upon the doors and windows.
Gov. I think thou'st never done, thou lovest to talk on't,

'Tis fine discourse, prithee find other business.
Ser. Nay, I am gone, I'm a man quickly sneap'd. [*Exit.*
Gov. He has flatter'd me with safety for this hour.
Lady. Have you leisure to stand idle? why, my lord,
It is for me they come.
Gov. For thee, my glory!
The riches of my youth, it is for thee!
Lady. Then is your care so cold? will you be robb'd
And have such warning of the thieves? come on, sir!
Fall to your business, lay your hands about you:
Do not think scorn to work; a resolute captain
Will rather fling the treasure of his bark
Into whales' throats, than pirates should be gorged with't.
Be not less man than he; thou art master yet,
And all's at thy disposing; take thy time,
Prevent mine enemy, away with me,
Let me no more be seen: I'm like that treasure,
Dangerous to him that keeps it; rid thy hands on't!
Gov. I cannot lose thee so.
Lady. Shall I be taken,
And lost the cruellest way? then would'st thou curse
That love that sent forth pity to my life!
Too late thou wouldst!
Gov. Oh, this extremity!
Hast thou no way to scape 'em, but in soul?
Must I meet peace in thy destruction,
Or will it ne'er come at me?
'Tis a most miserable way to get it!
I had rather be content to live without it,
Than pay so dear for't, and yet lose it too.
Lady. Sir, you do nothing, there's no valour in you!
You're the worst friend to a lady in affliction
That ever love made his companion:
For honour's sake dispatch me, thy own thoughts
Should stir thee to this act, more than my weakness.
The sufferer should not do't; I speak thy part,
Dull and forgetful man, and all to help thee.
Is it thy mind to have me seized upon
And borne with violence to the tyrant's bed?
There forced unto the lust of all his days?
Gov. Oh no, thou livest no longer, now I think on't:
I take thee at all hazard.
Lady. O stay, hold, sir!
Gov. Lady,
What had you made me done now? You ne'er cease
Till you prepare me, cruel, 'gainst my heart,
And then you turn't upon my hand and mock me.
Lady. Cowardly flesh!
Thou show'st thy faintness still, I felt thee shake
E'en when the storm came near thee; thou'rt the same:
But 'twas not for thy fear I put death by;
I had forgot a chief and worthy business,
Whose strange neglect would have made me forgotten
Where I desire to be remember'd most:
I will be ready straight, sir.
[*She kneels in prayer.*
Gov. O poor lady!
Why might not she expire now in that prayer,
Since she must die, and never try worse ways?
'Tis not so happy, for we often see
Condemn'd men sick to death, yet 'tis their fortune
To recover to their execution,
And rise again in health to set in shame.
What, if I steal a death unseen of her now,
And close up all my miseries, with mine eyes?
Oh, fie,
And leave her here alone! that were unmanly.
Lady. My lord, be now as sudden as you please, sir;
I am ready for your hand.
Gov. But that's not ready.
'Tis the hardest work that ever man was put to,
I know not which way to begin to come to't.
Believe me, I shall never kill thee well:
I shall but shame myself, it were but folly,
Dear soul, to boast of more than I can perform;
I shall not have the power to do thee right in't:
Thou deservest death with speed, a quick dispatch,

The pain but of a twinkling, and so sleep ;
If I do't, I shall make thee live too long,
And so spoil all that way ; I prithee excuse me.
Lady. I should not be disturb'd an' you did well, sir :
I have prepared myself for rest and silence,
And took my leave of words ; I am like one
Removing from her house, that locks up all ;
And rather than she would displace her goods,
Makes shift with any thing for the time she stays ;
Then look not for more speech, th' extremity speaks
Enough to serve us both, had we no tongues.— [*Knocking within.*
Hark !
Within. Lord Sophonirus !
Gov. Which hand shall I take?
Lady. Art thou yet ignorant? There is no way
But through my bosom.
Gov. Must I lose thee then?
Lady. They're but thine enemies that tell thee so.
His lust may part me from thee, but death never ;
Thou can'st not lose me there, for, dying thine,
Thou dost enjoy me still,—kings cannot rob thee. [*Knocking.*
Within. Do you hear, my lord?
Lady. Is it yet time, or no?
Honour remember thee !
Gov. I must—come !
Prepare thyself !—
Lady. Never more dearly welcome.—
[*He runs at her, and falls by the way in a swoon.*
Alas, Sir !
My lord, my love !—O thou poor-spirited man !
He's gone before me ; did I trust to thee,
And hast thou served me so? left all the work
Upon my hand, and stole away so smoothly?
There was not equal suffering shown in this,
And yet I cannot blame thee ; every man
Would seek his rest ; eternal peace sleep with thee !
[*She takes up the sword of* Govianus.
Thou art my servant now ; come ! thou hast lost
A fearful master, but art now preferr'd
Unto the service of a resolute lady,
One that knows how to employ thee, and scorns death
As much as great men fear it. Where's hell's ministers,
The tyrant's watch and guard? 'tis of much worth,
When with this key the prisoner can slip forth.— [*Kills herself ;—knocking.*
Gov. How now ! What noise is this? I heard doors beaten.
[*A great knocking again.*
Where are my servants? let men knock so loud
Their master cannot sleep !
Within. The time's expired
And we'll break in, my lord.
Gov. Ha ! where's my sword?
I had forgot my business.—O, 'tis done,
And never was beholding to my hand !
Was I so hard to thee? so respectless of thee,
To put all this to thee? why, it was more
Than I was able to perform myself,
With all the courage that I could take to me ;
It tired me ; I was fain to fall and rest ;
And hast thou, valiant woman, overcome
Thy honour's enemies with thine own white hand,
Where virgin-victory sits, all without help?
Eternal praise go with thee !—Spare not now,
Make all the haste you can—I'll plant this bawd
Against the door, the fittest place for him ;
That when with ungovern'd weapons they rush in,
Blinded with fury, they may take his death
Into the purple number of their deeds,
And wipe it off from mine ;—
[*Knocking within.*
How now, forbear,
My lord's at hand !
Within. My lord and ten lords more—
I hope the king's officers are above 'em all.

Enter the Fellows, *well weaponed.*

Gov. 'Life ! what do you do, take heed ! —bless the old man !—
My lord All-ass, my lord, he's gone !
1st Officer. Farewell he then.
We have no eyes to pierce thorough inch boards.
'Twas his own folly ; the king must be served,

And shall; the best is, we shall ne'er be hang'd for't,
There's such a number guilty.
Gov. Poor my lord!
He went some twice Ambassador, and behaved himself
So wittily in all his actions.
2nd Officer. My lord! what's she?
Gov. Let me see!
What should she be? Now I remember her,—
O, she was a worthy creature,
Before destruction grew so inward with her.
1st Officer. Well, for her worthiness, that's no work of ours;
You have a lady, sir, the king commands her
To court with speed, and we must force her thither.
Gov. Alas! she'll never strive with you, she was born
E'en with the spirit of meekness; is't for the king?
1st Officer. For his own royal and most gracious lust,
Or let me ne'er be trusted.
Gov. Take her then.
2nd Officer. Spoke like an honest subject, by my troth!
I'd do the like myself to serve my prince.
Where is she, sir?
Gov. Look but upon yon face,
Then do but tell me where you think she is?
2nd Officer. 'Life! she's not here.
Gov. She's yonder.
1st Officer. 'Faith, she's gone
Where we shall ne'er come at her, I see that.
Gov. No, nor thy master, neither; now I praise
Her resolution, 'tis a triumph to me,
When I see those about her.
2nd Officer. How came this, sir?
The king must know.
Gov. From yon old fellow's prattling;
All your intents he reveal'd largely to her,
And she was troubled with a foolish pride
To stand upon her honour, and so died.
'Twas a strange trick of her, few of your ladies
In ordinary will believe it*
They'll sooner kill themselves with lust than for it.
1st Officer. We have done the king good service to kill him,
More than we were aware of; but this news
Will make a mad court: 'twill be a hard office
To be a flatterer now, his grace will run
Into so many moods, there'll be no finding of him:
As good seek a wild hare without a hound now.
A vengeance of your babbling, these old fellows
Will hearken after secrets as their lives,
But keep 'em in e'en as they keep their wives.
Fellows. We have watch'd fairly.
[*Exeunt—manet* Govianus.
Gov. What a comfort 'tis
To see 'em gone without her; 'faith, she told me
Her everlasting sleep would bring me joy,
Yet I was still unwilling to believe her,
Her life was so sweet to me, like some man
In time of sickness that would rather wish
(To please his fearful flesh), his former health
Restored to him than death, when after trial,
If it were possible, ten thousand worlds
Could not entice him to return again,
And walk upon the earth from whence he flew:
So stood my wish, joy'd in her life and breath,
Now gone, there is no heaven but after death.
Come, thou delicious treasure of mankind,
To him that knows what virtuous woman is,
And can discreetly love her! the whole world
Yields not a jewel like her, ransack rocks
And caves beneath the deep: O thou fair spring
Of honest and religious desires,
Fountain of weeping honour, I will kiss thee
After death's marble lip! thou'rt cold enough
To lie entomb'd now by my father's side,
Without offence in kindred; there I'll place thee
With one I loved the dearest next to thee;
Help me to mourn, all that love chastity.
[*Exit.*

* The remainder of this effaced line is illegible in the MSS.—ED.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Votarius, *with* Anselmus' Lady.

Vot. Pray, forgive me, madam; come, thou shalt!
Wife. I'faith 'twas strangely done, sir.

Vot. I confess it.
Wife. Is that enough to help it, sir? 'tis easy
To draw a lady's honour in suspicion,
But not so soon recover'd and confirm'd
To the first faith again from whence you brought it:
Your wit was fetch'd out about other business,
Or such forgetfulness had never seized you.
Vot. 'Twas but an overflowing, a spring tide
In my affection, raised by too much love,
And that's the worst words you can give it, madam.
Wife. Jealous of me?
Vot. 'Life, you'd a sworn yourself, madam,
Had you been in my body, and changed cases,
To see a fellow with a guilty pace
Glide through the room, his face three-quarters nighted,
As if a deed of darkness had hung on him.
Wife. I tell you twice, 'twas my bold woman's friend:
Hell take her impudence!
Vot. Why, I have done, madam.
Wife. You've done too late, sir, who shall do the rest now?
Confess'd me yielding! was thy way too free?
Why, didst thou long to be restrain'd? pray speak, sir!
Vot. A man cannot cozen you of the sin of weakness,
Or borrow it of a woman for one hour,
But how he's wonder'd at, where, search your lives,
We shall ne'er find it from you; we can suffer you
To play away your days in idleness,
And hide your imperfections with our loves,
Or the most part of you would appear strange creatures;
And now 'tis but our chance to make an offer,
And snatch at folly running; yet to see,
How earnest you're against us, as if we had robb'd you
Of the best gift your natural mother left you.
Wife. 'Tis worth a kiss, i'faith, and thou shalt have't,
Were there not one more left for my lord's supper:
And now, sir, I've bethought myself.
Vot. That's happy!
Wife. You say we're weak, but the best wits on you all
Are glad of our advice, for aught I see,
And hardly thrive without us.
Vot. I'll say so too,
To give you encouragement, and advance your virtues.
'Tis not good always to keep down a woman.
Wife. Well, sir, since you've begun to make my lord
A doubtful man of me, keep on that course,
And ply his faith still with that poor belief
That I'm inclining unto wantonness;
Take heed you pass no further now.
Vot. Why, do'st think
I'll be twice mad together in one moon?
That were too much for any freeman's son,
After his father's funeral.
Wife. Well then thus, sir.
Upholding still the same, as being emboldened
By some loose glance of mine, you shall attempt,
After you've placed my lord in some near closet,
To thrust yourself into my chamber rudely,
As if the game went forward to your thinking,
Then leave the rest to me: I'll so reward thee
With bitterness of words, but, prithee, pardon me,
My lord shall swear me into honesty
Enough to serve his mind all his life after;
Nay, for a need, I'll draw some rapier forth,
That shall come near my hand as 'twere by chance,
And set a lively face upon my rage;
But fear thou nothing, I too dearly love thee
To let harm touch thee.
Vot. O, it likes me rarely,
I'll choose a precious time for it.
[*Exit* Votarius.
Wife. Go thy ways,
I'm glad I had it for thee.

Enter Leonella.

Leo. Madam, my lord entreats your company.
Wife. Psha, ye!
Leo. Psha, ye! My lord entreats your company.
Wife. What now?
Are ye so short-heel'd?
Leo. I am as my betters are, then.
Wife. How came you by such impudence a-late, minion?

You're not content to entertain your play-fellow
In your own chamber closely, which I think
Is large allowance for a lady's woman;
There's many a good knight's daughter is in service,
And cannot get such favour of her mistress,
But what she has by stealth; she and the chamber maid
Are glad of one between them, and must you
Give such bold freedom to your long-nosed fellow,
That every room must take a taste of him?
Leo. Does that offend your ladyship?
Wife. How think you, forsooth?
Leo. Then he shall do't again.
Wife. What?
Leo. And again, madam,
So often till it please your ladyship;
And when you like it, he shall do't no more.
Wife. What's this?
Leo. I know no difference, virtuous madam,
But, in love, all have privilege alike.
Wife. You're a bold quean.
Leo. And are not you my mistress?
Wife. This is well, i'faith.
Leo. You spare not your own flesh no more than I;
Hell take me, an' I spare you.
Wife. O the wrongs
That ladies do their honours, when they make
Their slaves familiar with their weaknesses;
They're ever thus rewarded for that deed,
They stand in fear e'en of the grooms they feed.
I must be forced to speak my woman fair now,
And be fast friends with her, nay, all too little,
She may undo me at her pleasure else;
She knows the way so well, myself not better,
My wanton folly made a key for her
To all the private treasure of my heart;
She may do what she list [*aside*]; come, Leonella!
I am not angry with thee.
Leo. Pish!
Wife. 'Faith, I am not.
Leo. Why, what care I, an' you be?
Wife. Prithee, forgive me.
Leo. I have nothing to say to you.
Wife. Come, thou shalt wear this jewel for my sake,
A kiss and friends, we'll never quarrel more.
Leo. Nay, chuse you, 'faith; the best is, an' you do,
You know who'll have the worst on't.
Wife. True, myself.
Leo. Little thinks she, I have set her forth already;
I please my lord, yet keep her in awe too [*Aside.*
Wife. One thing I had forgot; I prithee, wench,
Steal to Votarius closely, and remember him
To wear some privy armour then about him,
That I may feign a fury without fear.
Leo. Armour! when, madam?
Wife. See now, I chide thee
When I least thought upon thee; thou'rt my best hand,
I cannot be without thee: thus then, sirrah,
To beat away suspicion from the thoughts
Of ruder listening servants about house,
I have advised Votarius at fit time,
Boldly to force his way into my chamber,
The admittance being denied him, and the passage
Kept strict by thee, my necessary woman
(La! there I should have miss'd thy help again);
At which attempt I'll take occasion
To dissemble such an anger, that the world
Shall ever after swear us to their thoughts
As clear and free from any fleshly knowledge,
As nearest kindred are, or ought to be
Or what can more express it, if that fail'd.
Leo. You know I'm always at your service, madam,
But why some privy armour?
Wife. Marry, sweet heart,
The best is yet forgotten, thou shalt have
A weapon in some corner of the chamber,
Yonder, or there.
Leo. Or any where: why, i'faith, madam,
Do you think I'm to learn now to hang a weapon?
As much as I'm incapable of what follows.
I've all your mind without book, think it done, madam.
Wife. Thanks, my good wench, I'll never call thee worse. [*Exit* Wife.
Leo. 'Faith, you're like to have't again, an' you do, madam.

Enter Bellarius.

Bel. What, art alone?

Leo. Curse me, what makes you here, sir?
You're a bold long-nosed fellow.
Bel. How!
Leo. So my lady says.
'Faith, she and I have had a bout for you, sir.
But she got nothing by't.
Bel. Did not I say still, thou would'st be too adventurous?
Leo. Ne'er a whit, sir. I made her glad to seek my friendship first.
Bel. By my faith, that show'd well; if you come off
So brave a conqueress, to't again and spare not,
I know not which way you should get more honour.
Leo. She trusts me now to cast a mist, forsooth,
Before the servants' eyes. I must remember
Votarius to come once with privy armour
Into her chamber, when with a feign'd fury,
And rapier drawn, which I must lay a-purpose
Ready for her dissemblance, she will seem
T' act wonders for her juggling honesty.
Bel. I wish no riper vengeance! canst conceive me?
Votarius is my enemy.
Leo. That's stale news, sir.
Bel. Mark what I say to thee: forget of purpose
That privy armour; do not bless his soul
With so much warning, nor his hated body
With such sure safety; here express thy love,
Lay some empoison'd weapon next her hand,
That in that play he may be lost for ever;
I'd have him kept no longer, away with him,
One touch will set him flying, let him go.
Leo. Bribe me but with a kiss, it shall be so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tyrant, *wondrous discontentedly.* Nobles *afar off.*

2nd Noble. My lord.
Tyr. Begone, or never see life more;
I'll send thee far enough from court; Memphonius
Where's he now?
Mem. Ever at your highness' service.
Tyr. How darest thou be so near, when we have threaten'd
Death to thy fellow? Have we lost our power?
Or thou thy fear? Leave us in time of grace,
'Twill be too late anon.
Mem. I think 'tis so
With thee already. [*Aside.*
Tyr. Dead! And I so healthful!
There's no equality in this; stay!
Mem. Sir!
Tyr. Where is that fellow brought the first report to us?
Mem. He waits without.
Tyr. I charge thee give command
That he be executed speedily,
As thou'lt stand firm thyself.
Mem. Now, by my faith,
His tongue has help'd his neck to a sweet bargain. [*Exit* Memphonius.
Tyr. Her own fair hand so cruel! Did she choose
Destruction before me? was I no better?
How much am I exalted to my face,
And when I would be graced how little worthy!
There's few kings know how rich they are in goodness,
Or what estate they have in grace and virtue:
There is so much deceit in glosers' tongues,
The truth is taken from us; we know nothing
But what is for their purpose; that's our stint;
We are allow'd no more.—O, wretched greatness!
I'll cause a sessions for my flatterers,
And have them all hang'd up.—'Tis done too late:
O she's destroy'd, married to death and silence,
Which nothing can divorce; riches, nor laws,
Nor all the violence that this frame can raise.
I've lost the comfort of her sight for ever;
I cannot call this life that flames within me,
But everlasting torment lighted up,
To show my soul her beggary.—A new joy
Is come to visit me in spite of death!
It takes me of that sudden, I'm ashamed
Of my provision, but a friend will bear.—
Within there!

Enter Soldiers.

1st Sol. Sir.

2nd Sol. My lord.
Tyr. The men I wish'd for,
For secrecy and employment: go, give order
That Govianus be released.
4th Sol. Released, sir?
Tyr. Set free; and then I trust he will fly the kingdom,
And never know my purpose—Run, sir!
[*Exit 4th* Soldier.
You
Bring me the keys of the cathedral straight.
1st Sol. Are you so holy now, do you curse all day,
And go to pray at midnight?
[*Aside and exit.*
Tyr. Provide you, sirs, close lanthorns and a pickaxe:
Away, be speedy.
2nd Sol. Lanthorns and a pickaxe?
'Life, does he mean to bury himself alive too? [*Exeunt 2nd and 3rd* Soldiers.
Tyr. Death, nor the marble prison my love sleeps in,
Shall keep her body lock'd up from mine arms.
I must not be so cozen'd; though her life
Was like a widow's state, made o'er in policy
To defeat me and my too confident heart;
'Twas a most cruel wisdom to herself,
As much to me that loved her.—What, return'd?

Enter 1st Soldier.

1st Sol. There be the keys, my lord.
Tyr. I thank thy speed;
Here comes the rest full furnish'd: follow me,
And wealth shall follow you. [*Exit.*
1st Sol. Wealth! by this light
We go to rob a church; I hold my life
The money will ne'er thrive; that's a sure saw,
What's got from grace, is ever spent in law.
What strange fits grow upon him here a-late!
His soul has got a very dreadful leader.
What should he make in the cathedral now,
The hour so deep in night? all his intents
Are contrary to man, in spirit or blood.
He waxes heavy in his noble mind;
His moods are such they cannot bear the weight,
Nor will not long if there be truth in whispers!
The honorable father of the state,
Noble Helvetius, all the lords agree
By some close policy shortly to set free.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Tyrant *and* Soldiers *at a farther door, which opened, brings them to the Tomb where the* Lady *lies buried. The Tomb is discovered richly set forth.*

Tyr. Softly, softly!
Let's give this place the peace that it requires;
The vaults e'en chide our steps with murmuring sounds,
For making bold so late,—it must be done.
1st Sol. I fear nothing but the whorish ghost of a quean I kept once; she swore she would so haunt me, I should never pray in quiet for her, and I have kept myself from church this fifteen year to prevent her.
Tyr. The monument wooes me, I must run and kiss it.
Now trust me if the tears do not e'en stand
Upon the marble: what slow springs have I!
'Twas weeping to itself before I came;
How pity strikes e'en through insensible things,
And makes them shame our dulness.
Thou house of silence and the calms of rest,
After tempestuous life, I claim of thee
A mistress, one of the most beauteous sleepers
That ever lay so cold, not yet due to thee
By natural death, but cruelly forced hither,
Many a fair year before the world could spare her.
We miss her 'mongst the glories of our court
When they be number'd up. All thy still strength,
Thou grey-eyed monument, shall not keep her from us!
Strike, villain! though the echo rail us all
Into ridiculous deafness; pierce the jaws
Of this cold ponderous creature.
2nd Sol. Sir.
Tyr. Why strikest thou not?
2nd Sol. I shall not hold the axe fa I'm afraid, sir.
Tyr. O shame of men, a soldier, and so fearful!

2nd Sol. 'Tis out of my element to be in a church, sir.
Give me the open field and turn me loose, sir.
Tyr. True, there thou hast room enough to run away;
Take thou the axe from him.
1st Sol. I beseech your grace—
'Twill come to a worse hand; you'll find us all
Of one mind for the church, I can assure you, sir.
Tyr. Nor thou?
3rd Sol. I love not to disquiet ghosts
Of any people living; that's my humour, sir.
Tyr. O slaves of one opinion! give me't from thee,
Thou man made out of fear.
2nd Sol. By my faith, I'm glad I'm rid on't—
I that was ne'er before in a cathedral,
And have the battering of a lady's tomb,
Lie hard upon my conscience at first coming;
I should get much by that; it shall be a warning to me,
I'll ne'er come here again.
Tyr. No—wilt not yield?
[*Strikes at the tomb.*
Art thou so loth to part from her?
1st Sol. 'Life! what means he?
Has he no feeling with him? By this light, if I be not afraid to stay any longer; very fear will go nigh to turn me of some religion or other, and so make me forfeit my lieutenantship.
Tyr. O, have we got the mastery? help, you vassals,
Freeze you in idleness, and can see us sweat?
2nd Sol. We sweat with fear as much as work can make us.
Tyr. Remove the stone that I may see my mistress;
Set to your hands, you villains, and that nimbly,
Or the same axe shall make you all fly open.
All. O, good my lord.
Tyr. I must not be delay'd.
1st Sol. This is ten thousand times worse than entering upon a breach: 'Tis the first stone that ever I took off from any lady; marry, I have brought 'em many fair diamonds, sapphires, rubies.
Tyr. O blest object!
I never shall be weary to behold thee;
I could eternally stand thus and see thee.
Why, 'tis not possible, death should look so fair.
Life is not more illustrious when health smiles on't;
She's only pale, the colour of the court,
And most attractive; mistresses most strive for't;
And their lascivious servants best affect it.
Where be these lazy hinds again?
All. My lord?
Tyr. Take up her body.
1st Sol. How, my lord?
Tyr. Her body.
1st Sol. She's dead, my lord.
Tyr. True, if she were alive,
Such slaves as you should not come near to touch her;
Do't, and, with all best reverence, place her here.
1st Sol. Not only, sir, with reverence, but with fear;
You shall have more than your own asking once.
I am afraid of nothing but she'll rise
At the first jog, and save us all a labour.
2nd Sol. Then we were best take her up and never touch her.
1st Sol. 'Life! how can that be? does fear make thee mad?
I've took up many a woman in my days,
But never with less pleasure I protest.
Tyr. O the moon rises! what reflection
Is thrown about this sanctified building,
E'en in a twinkling! How the monuments glister,
As if death's palaces were all massy silver,
And scorn'd the name of marble! Art thou cold?
I have no faith in't yet, I believe none.
Madam! 'tis I, sweet lady, prithee, speak,
'Tis thy love calls on thee, thy king, thy servant.
No! not a word, all prisoners to pale silence.
I'll prove a kiss.
2nd Sol. Here's fine chill venery;
'Twould make a pandar's heels ache, I'll be sworn;
All my teeth chatter in my head to see't.
Tyr. By th'mass! thou'rt cold indeed beshrew thee for't,
Unkind to thine own blood, hard-hearted lady!
What injury hast thou offer'd to the youth
And pleasure of thy days? refuse the court,
And steal to this hard lodging! was that wisdom?

Oh I could chide thee with mine eye brimful,
And weep out my forgiveness when I have done!
Nothing hurt thee but want of woman's counsel;
Hadst thou but ask'd th' opinion of most ladies,
Thoud'st never come to this! they would have told thee
How dear a treasure life and youth had been;
'Tis that they fear to lose: the very name
Can make more gaudy tremblers in a minute,
Than heaven, or sin, or hell; these are last thought on,
And where gott'st thou such boldness from the rest
Of all thy timorous sex, to do a deed here
Upon thyself, would plunge the world's best soldier,
And make him twice bethink him, and again,
And yet give over? Since thy life has left me,
I'll clasp the body for the spirit that dwelt in it,
And love the house still for the mistress' sake.
Thou art mine now, spite of destruction,
And Govianus; and I will possess thee.
I once read of a Herod, whose affection
Pursued a virgin's love, as I did thine,
Who, for the hate she owed him, kill'd herself,
As thou too rashly didst, without all pity,
Yet he preserved her body dead in honey,
And kept her long after her funeral;
But I'll unlock the treasure-house of art
With keys of gold, and bestow all on thee.
Here, slaves! receive her humbly from our arms.
Upon your knees, you villains! all's too little,
If you should sweep the pavement with your lips.

1st Sol. What strange brooms he invents!

Tyr. So! reverently!

Bear her before us gently to the palace.
Place you the stone again where first we found it.

[*Exeunt,—manet* 1st Soldier.

1st Sol. 'Life! must this on now to deceive all comers,
And cover emptiness? 'tis for all the world
Like a great city-pie brought to a table,
Where there be many hands that lay about.
The lid's shut close when all the meat's pick'd out,
Yet stands to make a show and cozen people. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Govianus *in black, a book in his hand, his* Page *carrying a torch before him.*

Gov. Already mine eye melts; the monument
No sooner stood before it, but a tear
Ran swiftly from me to express her duty.
Temple of honour! I salute thee early,
The time that my griefs rise; chamber of peace!
Where wounded virtue sleeps lock'd from the world,
I bring to be acquainted with thy silence
Sorrows that love no noise; they dwell all inward,
Where truth and love in every man should dwell.
Be ready, boy! give me the strain again,
'Twill show well here, whilst, in my grief's devotion,
At every rest mine eye lets fall a bead,
To keep the number perfect.

[Govianus *kneels at the Tomb wondrous passionately.* *His* Page *sings.*

THE SONG.

If ever pity were well placed
On true desert and virtuous honour,
It could ne'er be better graced;
Freely then bestow't upon her.
Never lady earn'd her fame
In virtue's war with greater strife;
To preserve her constant name,
She gave up beauty, youth, and life.
There she sleeps;
And here he weeps,
The lord unto so rare a wife.
Weep, weep, and mourn! lament,
You virgins that pass by her!
For if praise come by death again,
I doubt few will lie nigh her.

Gov. Thou art an honest boy, 'tis done like one
That has a feeling of his master's passions,
And the unmatched worth of his dead mistress.
Thy better years shall find me good to thee,

When understanding ripens in thy soul,
Which truly makes the man, and not long time.
Prithee, withdraw a little, and attend me
At cloister door.
Page. It shall be done, my lord.
[Page *retires.*
Gov. Eternal maid of honour, whose chaste body
Lies here, like virtue's close and hidden seed.
To spring forth glorious to eternity
At the everlasting harvest!
A Voice within—I am not here.
Gov. What's that? who is not here? I'm forced to question it,
Some idle sounds the beaten vaults send forth.

[*On a sudden, in a kind of noise like a wind, the doors clattering, the tomb-stone flies open, and a great light appears in the midst of the tomb, his lady as* [*she*] *went out standing just before him all in white, stuck with jewels and a great crucifix on her breast.*

Gov. Mercy, look to me!—Faith, I fly to thee!
Keep a strong watch about me! now thy friendship!
O, never came astonishment and fear
So pleasing to mankind! I take delight
To have my breast shake, and my hair stand stiff.
If this be sorrow, let it never die!
Came all the pains of hell in that shape to me,
I should endure them smiling; keep me still
In terror, I beseech thee! I'd not change
This fever for felicity of man,
Or all the pleasures of ten thousand ages.
Ghost. Dear lord, I come to tell you all my wrongs.
Gov. Welcome! who wrongs the spirit of my love?
Thou art above the injuries of blood,
They cannot reach thee now; what dares offend thee?
No life that has the weight of flesh upon't,
And treads as I do, can now wrong my mistress.
Ghost. The peace that death allows me is not mine,
The monument is robb'd—behold! I'm gone,
My body taken up.
Gov. 'Tis gone, indeed.
What villain dares so fearfully run in debt
To black eternity?
Ghost. He that dares do more,
The tyrant.
Gov. All the miseries below
Reward his boldness!
Ghost. I am now at court
In his own private chamber; there he wooes me,
And plies his suit to me with as serious pains,
As if the short flame of mortality
Were lighted up again in my cold breast;
Folds me within his arms, and often sets
A sinful kiss upon my senseless lip;
Weeps when he sees the paleness of my cheek,
And will send privately for a hand of art,
That may dissemble life upon my face,
To please his lustful eye.
Gov. O piteous wrongs!
Inhuman injuries, without grace or mercy.
Ghost. I leave them to thy thought, dearest of men;
My rest is lost, thou must restore't again.
Gov. O fly me not so soon!
Ghost. Farewell—true lord.
[*The* Ghost *disappears.*
Gov. I cannot spare thee yet. I'll make myself
Over to death too, and we'll walk together
Like loving spirits; I pray thee, let's do so.
She's snatch'd away by fate, and I talk sickly;
I must dispatch this business upon earth,
Before I take that journey:
I'll to my brother for his aid or counsel.
So wrong'd, O heaven put armour on my spirit!
Her body I will place in her first nest,
Or in th' attempt lock death into my breast. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Votarius, *with* Anselmus *the husband.*

Vot. You shall stand here, my lord, unseen, and hear all;
Do I deal now like a right friend with you?
Ans. Like a most faithful.
Vot. You shall have her mind, e'en as it comes to me,
Though I undo her by't; your friendship, sir,
Is the sweet mistress that I only serve;
I prize the roughness of a man's embrace,
Before the soft lips of a hundred ladies.
Ans. And that's an honest mind of thee.
Vot. Lock yourself, sir,

Into that closet, and be sure none see you.
Trust not a creature, we'll have all round clear,
E'en as the heart affords it.
Ans. 'Tis a match, sir. [*Retires.*
Vot. Troth, he says true there, 'tis a match indeed.
He does not know the strength of his own words,
For, if he did, there were no mastering of him.
He's cleft the pin in two with a blind man's eyes;
Though I shoot wide, I'll cozen him of the game. [*Exit.*

Enter Leonella *above in a Gallery, with her Lover*, Bellarius.

Leo. Dost thou see thine enemy walk?
Bel. I would I did not.
Leo. Prithee rest quiet, man; I have fee'd one for him,
A trusty catchpole too that will be sure of him;
Thou know'st this gallery, well, 'tis at thy use now,
'Thas been at mine full often; thou may'st sit
Like a most private gallant in yon corner,
For all the play, and ne'er be seen thyself.
Bel. Therefore I chose it.
Leo. Thou shalt see my lady
Play her part naturally, more to the life
Than she's aware on.
Bel. Then must I be pleased;
Thou'rt one of the actors, thou'lt be miss'd anon.
Leo. Alas! a woman's action's always ready;
Yet I'll down now I think on't.
Bel. Do; 'tis time, i'faith.
[Leonella *descends.*
Ans. I know not yet where I should plant belief,
I am so strangely toss'd between two tales;
I'm told by my wife's woman the deed's done,
And in Votarius' tongue 'tis yet to come.
The castle is but upon yielding yet,
'Tis not deliver'd up: well, we shall find
The mystery shortly; I will entertain
The patience of a prisoner i'th' mean time.
[*Locks himself in.*

Enter Wife, *with* Leonella.

Wife. Is all set ready, wench?
Leo. Pish, madam! all.
Wife. Tell not me so; she lives not for a lady
That has less peace than I.
Leo. Nay, good sweet madam.
You would not think how much this passion alters you;
It drinks up all the beauty of your cheek.
I promise you, madam, you have lost much blood.
Wife. Let it draw death upon me, for till then
I shall be mistress of no true content:
Who could endure hourly temptation,
And bear it as I do?
Leo. Nay, that's most certain:
Unless it were myself again: I can do't,
I suffer the like daily; you should complain, madam.
Wife. Which way, were that wisdom? prithee, wench, to whom?
Leo. To him that makes all whole again, my lord.
To one that, if he be a kind good husband,
Will let you bear no more than you are able.
Wife. Thou know'st not what thou speak'st; why, my lord's he
That gives him the house-freedom, all his boldness;
Keeps him o' purpose here to war with me.
Leo. Now I hold wiser of my lord than so,
He knows the world, he would not be so idle.
Wife. I speak sad truth to thee; I am not private
In mine own chamber, such his impudence is:
Nay, my repenting time is scarce blest from him,
He will offend my prayers.
Leo. Out upon him:
I believe, madam, he's of no religion.
Wife. He serves my lord, and that's enough for him:
And preys upon poor ladies like myself;
There's all the gentleman's devotion.
Leo. Marry, the devil of hell give him his blessing!
Wife. Pray, watch the door, and suffer none to trouble us,
Unless it be my lord.
Leo. 'Twas finely spoke that!
My lord indeed is the most trouble to her.
Now must I show a piece of service here;
How do I spend my days, 'life! shall I never
Get higher than a lady's door-keeper?
I must be married as my lady is, first,
And then my maid may do as much for me. [*Aside.*

Wife. O miserable time! except my lord
Do wake in honourable pity to me,
And rid this vicious gamester from his house,
Whom I have check'd so often: here I vow
I'll imitate my noble sister's fate,
Late mistress to the worthy Govianus,
And cast away my life as she did hers.

Enter Votarius, *to the door within.*

Leo. Back, you're too forward, sir! there's no coming for you.
Vot. How, mistress Len, my lady's smock-woman,
Am I no farther in your duty yet?
Leo. Duty! look for't of them you keep under, sir.
Vot. You'll let me in.
Leo. Who would you speak withal?
Vot. Why, the best lady you make curtsey to.
Leo. She will not speak with you.
Vot. Have you her mind?
I scorn to take her answer of her broker.
Leo. Madam.
Wife. What's there? How now, sir, what's your business?
We see your boldness plain.
Vot. I came to see you, madam.
Wife. Farewell then! though 'twas impudence too much
When I was private.
Vot. Madam!
Wife. 'Life, he was born
To beggar all my patience.
Vot. I'm bold
Still to prefer my love; your woman hears me not.
Wife. Where's modesty and honour? Have I not thrice
Answer'd thy lust?
Leo. By'r lady, I think oftener. [*Aside.*
Wife. And darest thou yet look with temptation on us?
Since nothing will prevail, come death, come vengeance,
I will forget the weakness of my kind,
And force thee from my chamber.
[*She thrusts at* Votarius *with the sword.*
Vot. How now, lady!
'Uds life, you prick me, madam!
Wife. Prithee, peace!
I will not hurt thee [*aside*]; will you yet begone, sir?
Leo. He's upon going, I think.
Vot. Madam, you deal false with me; O I feel it;
You're a most treacherous lady! this thy glory!
My breast is all a-fire—Oh— [*Dies.*
Leo. Ha, ha, ha!
Ans. Ha! I believe her constancy too late,
Confirm'd e'en in the blood of my best friend;
Take thou my vengeance, thou bold pernicious strumpet, [*Kills* Leonella.

At the same instant Bellarius *enters.*

That durst accuse thy virtuous lady falsely.
Bel. O deadly poison, after a sweet banquet!
What make I here? I had forgot my part;
I am an actor too, and never thought on't,
The blackness of this season cannot miss me.
Sirrah—you—lord!
Wife Is he there! welcome, ruin!
Bel. There is a life due to me in that bosom
For this poor gentlewoman.
Ans. And art thou then receiver!
I'll pay thee largely, slave, for thy last 'scape.
[*They make a dangerous pass at one another, the* Lady *purposely runs between them, and is killed by them both.*
Wife. I come, Votarius.
Ans. Hold, if manhood guide thee!
O what has fury done now?
Bel. What has it done now?
Why kill'd an honourable whore, that's all.
Ans. Villain, I'll seal that lie upon thy heart.
A constant lady!
[*He kneels at his* Wife's *side.*
Bel. To the devil, as could be.
'Heart, must I prick you forward? either up,
Or, sir, I'll take my chance; thou could'st kill her,
Without repenting, that deserved more pity;
And spend'st thy time and tears upon a quean.
Ans. Slave!
Bel. That was deceived once in her own deceit,
[*They fight, both are mortally wounded.*
As I am now; the poison I prepared
Upon that weapon for mine enemy's bosom,
Is bold to take acquaintance of my blood too,
And serves us both to make up death withal.

Ans. I ask no more of destiny, but to fall
Close by the chaste side of my virtuous mistress;
If all the treasure of my weeping strength
Be left so wealthy but to purchase that,
I have the dear wish of a great man's spirit.
Yet favour me, O yet—I thank thee, fate,
I expire cheerfully, and give death a smile.
[Anselmus *faints.*

Bel. O rage! I pity now mine enemy's flesh.

Enter Govianus, *with* Servants.

Gov. Where should he be?

1st Serv. My lady, sir, will tell you.
She's in her chamber here.

2nd Serv. O! my lord!

Gov. Peace—
My honourable brother, madam, all,—
So many dreadful deeds, and not one tongue
Left to proclaim 'em.

Bel. Yes, here, if a voice
Some minutes long may satisfy your ear,
I have that time allow'd it.

Gov. 'Tis enough,
Bestow it quickly, ere death snatch it from thee.

Bel. That lord, your brother, made his friend Votarius
To tempt his lady; she was won to lust,
The act reveal'd here by her serving-woman;
But that wise close adultress, stored with art
To prey upon the weakness of that lord,
Dissembled a great rage upon her love,
And indeed kill'd him, which so won her husband,
He slew this right discoverer in his fury,
Who, being my mistress, I was moved in haste
To take some pains with him, and he's paid me for it.
As for the cunning lady, I commend her;
She perform'd that which never woman tried,
She ran upon our weapons and so died.
Now you have all, I hope I shall sleep quiet. [*Dies.*

Ans. O thunder! that awakes me e'en from death,
And makes me curse my confidence with cold lips;
I feel his words in flames about my soul,
He's more than kill'd me.

Gov. Brother!

Ans. I repent the smile
That I bestow'd on destiny; O whore!
I fling thee thus from my believing breast
With all the strength I have; my rage is great,
Although my veins grow beggars; now I sue
To die far from thee; may we never meet:
Were my soul bid to joy's eternal banquet,
And were assured to find thee there a guest,
I'd sup with torments, and refuse that feast.
O thou beguiler of man's easy trust,
The serpent's wisdom is in women's lust.
[*Dies.*

Gov. Is death so long a-coming to mankind,
It must be met half-way? 'Las! the full time
Is to eternity but a minute; or
Was that so long to stay? O cruel speed!
There's few men pay their debts before their day;
If they be ready at their time 'tis well:
And but a few that are so; what strange haste
Was made among these people! My heart weeps for't.
Go, bear those bodies to a place more comely.
Brother, I came for thy advice, but I
Find thee so ill a counsellor to thyself,
That I repent my pains, and depart sighing.
The body of my love is still at court:
I am not well to think on't, the poor spirit
Was with me once again about it, troth;
And I can put it off no more for shame,
Though I desire to have it haunt me still,
And never to give over, 'tis so pleasing.
I must to court, I've plighted my faith to't;
'T has open'd me the way to the revenge.
Tyrant, I'll run thee on a dangerous shelf,
Though I be forced to fly this land myself.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Tyrant, *with Attendants.*

Tyr. In vain my spirit wrestles with my blood:
Affection will be mistress here on earth;
The house is hers, the soul is but a tenant.
I have task'd myself but with the abstinence
Of one poor hour, yet cannot conquer that:
I cannot keep from sight of her so long;
I starve mine eye too much: go, bring her forth

As we have caused her body to be deck'd
In all the glorious riches of our palace;
Our mind has felt a famine for the time;
All comfort has been dear and scarce with us.
The times are alter'd since—strike on, sweet harmony!

Enter Soldiers *with the* Lady.

[*Music playing.*

A braver world comes toward us.

[*They bring the body in a chair, dressed up in black velvet, which sets out the paleness of the hands and face; and a fair chain of pearl cross her breast, and the crucifix above it; he stands silent awhile, letting the music play, beckoning the soldiers that bring her in to make obeisance to her, and he himself makes a low honour to the body, and kisses the hand.*

SONG.

O what is beauty that's so much adored?
A flattering glass that cozens her beholders;
One night of death makes it look pale and horrid,
The dainty preserved flesh, how soon it moulders,
To love it living it bewitcheth many,
But after life is seldom heard of any.

1st Sol. By this hand, mere idolatry; I make curtsey
To my damnation: I have learnt so much,
Though I could never know the meaning yet
Of all my Latin prayers, nor ne'er sought for't.

Tyr. How pleasing art thou to us even in death!
I love thee yet above all women living;
And shall do seven years hence.
I can see nothing to be mended in thee,
But the too constant paleness of thy cheek:
I'd give the kingdom but to purchase there
The breadth of a red rose in natural colours,
And think it the best bargain
That ever king made yet, but fate's my hindrance;
And I must only rest content with art,
And that I'll have in spite on't; is he come, sir?

2nd Sol. Who, my lord?

Tyr. Dull—the fellow that we sent
For a court schoolmaster, a picture-drawer;
A lady's forenoon tutor; is he come, sir?

1st Sol. Not yet return'd, my lord.

Tyr. The fool, belike,
Makes his choice carefully, for so we charged him,
To fit our close deeds with some private hand.
It is no shame for thee, most silent mistress,
To stand in need of art,
When youth and all thy warm friends have forsook thee!
Women alive are glad to seek her friendship,
To make up the fair number of their graces,
Or else the reckoning would fall short sometimes,
And servants would look out for better wages.

Enter 3*rd* Soldier, *with* Govianus *disguised.*

2nd Sol. He's come, my lord.

Tyr. Depart then: is that he?

3rd Sol. The privatest I could get, my lord.

Gov. [*aside*]. O Heaven! marry patience to my spirit!
Give me a sober fury I beseech thee,
A rage that may not overcharge my blood,
And do myself most hurt! 'tis strange to me
To see thee here at court, and gone from hence.
Didst thou make haste to leave the world for this?
O who dares play with destiny but he
That wears security so thick upon him,
The thought of death and hell cannot pierce through.

Tyr. 'Twas circumspectly carried: leave us, go.
Be nearer, sir, thou'rt much commended to us.

Gov. It is the hand, my lord, commends the workman.

Tyr. Thou speak'st both modesty and truth in that:
We need that art that thou art master of.

Gov. My king is master both of that and me.

Tyr. Look on yon face, and tell me what it wants.

Gov. Which? that, sir?

Tyr. That: what wants it?

Gov. Troth, my lord,
Some thousand years' sleep, and a marble pillow.

Tyr. What's that? observe it still: all the best arts
Have the most fools and drunkards to their masters.

Thy apprehension has too gross a film
To be employ'd at court; what colour wants she?
Gov. By my troth, all, sir; I see none she has,
Nor none she cares for.
Tyr. I am over-match'd here.
Gov. A lower chamber, with less noise, were kindlier
For her, poor woman, whatsoe'er she was.
Tyr. But how if we be pleased to have it thus,
And thou well hired to do what we command?
Is not your work for money?
Gov. Yes, my lord:
I would not trust but few, an' I could chuse.
Tyr. Let but thy art hide death upon her face,
That now looks fearfully on us, and but strive
To give our eye delight in that pale part
Which draws so many pities from these springs,
And thy reward for't shall outlast thy end,
And reach to thy friend's fortunes and his friend.
Gov. Say you so, my lord? I'll work out my heart then,
But I'll shew art enough.
Tyr. About it, then:
I never wish'd so seriously for health
After long sickness.
Gov. [*aside*]. A religious trembling shakes me by the hand,
And bids me put by such unhallow'd business,
But revenge calls for't, and it must go forward,
'Tis time the spirit of my love took rest;
Poor soul! 'tis weary, much abused and toil'd.
[Govianus *paints the face of the body.*
Tyr. Could I now send for one to renew heat
Within her bosom, that were a fine workman,
I should but too much love him; but, alas!
'Tis as impossible for living fire
To take hold there,
As for dead ashes to burn back again
Into those hard tough bodies whence they fell.
Life is removed from her now, as the warmth
Of the bright sun from us, when it makes winter,
And kills with unkind coldness; so is't yonder:
An everlasting frost hangs now upon her,
And as in such a season men will force
A heat into their bloods with exercise,
In spite of extreme weather, so shall we
By art force beauty on yon lady's face,
Though death sit frowning on't a storm of hail,
To beat it off, our pleasure shall prevail.
Gov. My lord.
Tyr. Hast done so soon?
Gov. That's as your grace
Gives approbation.
Tyr. O, she lives again!
She'll presently speak to me, keep her up!
I'll have her swoon no more, there's treachery in't;
Does she not feel warmer to thee?
Gov. Very little, sir.
Tyr. The heat wants cherishing then, our arms and lips
Shall labour life into her; wake, sweet mistress!
'Tis I that call thee at the door of life.
[*kisses the body.*] Ha!
I talk so long to death, I'm sick myself:
Methinks an evil scent still follows me.
Gov. May be 'tis nothing but the colour, sir,
That I laid on.
Tyr. Is that so strong?
Gov. Yes, 'faith, sir,
'Twas the best poison I could get for money. [*Throws off his disguise.*
Tyr. Govianus!
Gov. O thou sacrilegious villain!
Thou thief of rest, robber of monuments!
Cannot the body, after funeral,
Sleep in the grave for thee? must it be raised,
Only to please the wickedness of thine eye?
Do all things end with death, and not thy lust?
Hast thou devised a new way to damnation,
More dreadful than the soul of any sin
Did ever pass yet between earth and hell?
Dost strive to be particularly plagued
Above all ghosts beside? is thy pride such
Thou scorn'st a partner in thy torments too!
Tyr. What fury gave thee boldness to attempt
This deed, for which I'll doom thee with a death
Beyond the Frenchmen's tortures?
Gov. I smile at thee.
Draw all the deaths that ever mankind suffer'd
Unto one head to help thine own invention,

And make my end as rare as this thy sin,
And full as fearful to the eyes of women,
My spirit shall fly singing to his lodging,
In midst of that rough weather. Doom me, tyrant!
Had I fear'd death I'd never appear'd noble,
To seal this act upon me, which e'en honours me
Unto my mistress' spirit,—it loves me for't.
I told my heart 'twould prove destruction to't,
Who, hearing 'twas for her, charged me to do't.

Enter the Ghost, *in the same form as the Body in the chair.*

Tyr. Thy glories shall be shorten'd; who's within there?
[*He sees the* Ghost.
I call'd not thee, thou enemy to firmness,
Mortality's earthquake!
Gov. Welcome to mine eyes,
As is the day-spring from the morning's womb
Unto that wretch whose nights are tedious!
As liberty to captives, health to labourers,
And life still to old people, never weary on't,
So welcome art thou to me! the deed's done,
Thou queen of spirits! he has his end upon him:
Thy body shall return to rest again,
For thy abuser falls, and has no power
To vex thee farther.
Ghost. My truest love!
Live ever honour'd here, and blest above.
Tyr. Oh, if there be a hell for flesh and spirit,
'Tis built within this bosom.

Enter Nobles.

My lords, treason!
Gov. Now, death, I'm for thee; welcome!
Tyr. Your king's poison'd!
Mem. The King of heaven be praised for it!
Tyr. Lay hold on him,
On Govianus!
Mem. E'en with the best loves
And truest hearts that ever subjects owed.
Tyr. How's that? I charge you all, lay hands on him
Mem. Look you, my lord, your will shall be obey'd:
Here comes another, we'll have his hand too.

Enter Helvetius.

Hel. You shall have both mine, if that work go forward,
Beside my voice and knee.
Tyr. Helvetius!
Then my destruction was confirm'd amongst 'em;
Premeditation wrought it. O, my torments!
All. Live Govianus long, our virtuous king! [*Flourish.*
Tyr. That thunder strikes me dead.
Gov. I cannot better
Reward my joys than with astonish'd silence;
For all the wealth of words is not of power
To make up thanks for you, my honour'd lords:
I'm like a man pluck'd up from many waters,
That never look'd for help, and am here placed,
Upon this cheerful mountain, where prosperity
Shoots forth her richest beam.
Mem. Long-injured lord!
The tyranny of his actions grew so weighty,
His life so vicious—
Hel. To which this is witness,
Monster in sin! this, the disquieted body
Of my too resolute child in honour's war.
Mem. That he became as hateful to our minds—
Hel. As death's unwelcome to a house of riches;
Or what can more express it?
Gov. Well, he's gone,
And all the kingdom's evils perish with him!
And since the body of that virtuous lady
Is taken from her rest, in memory
Of her admired mistress, 'tis our will,
It receive honour dead, as it took part
With us in all afflictions when it lived;
Here place her in this throne, crown her our queen,
The first and last that ever we make ours:
Her constancy strikes so much firmness in us.
That honour done, let her be solemnly borne

Unto the house of peace, from whence she came,
As queen of silence.
[*The Spirit here enters again, and stays to go out with the body, as it were attending it.*
O welcome, blest spirit!
Thou needst not mistrust me, I have a care
As jealous as thine own: we'll see it done,
And not believe report; our zeal is such,
We cannot reverence chastity too much.
Lead on!
I would, those ladies that fill honour's rooms
Might all be borne so honest to their tombs!
[*Solemn music plays them out*

TWO WISE MEN AND ALL THE REST FOOLS.

Two Wise Men and all the rest Fooles; or, a Comicall Morall, censuring the follies of this age, as it hath beene diverse times acted. Anno 1619. [This piece is enumerated among the list of Chapman's writings by Winstanley in 1687, and by Langbaine in 1691.]

Two Wise Men and all the rest Fools:

NAMES OF THE ACTORS.

Proberio.	Simplo.	Noverindo.
Antonio.	Securus.	Hermito.
Rustico.	Hortano.	Acuto.
Sperato.	Spurco.	Gulato.
Insatiato.	Infælicito.	Granato.
Lamia.	Susanna.	Phantastico.
Malingua.	Mureto.	Camerado.
Furioso.	Corraso.	Pestifero.
Purgato.	Stercorato.	Vulcano.
Parvagracio.	Levitia.	

PROLOGUS.

RIGHT noble and worthy Assembly: It hath been a very ancient and laudable custom in the best governed commonwealths to admit and favourably to allow interludes and discourses upon the Stage for divers reasons; but especially two. The one, to entertain the well-conditioned people with some delightful and fruitful conceits, thereby as it were to deceive idleness of that time which it had allotted for worse purposes. The other, for the just reprehension of such as with serious and more grave advisings cannot or will not be so freely admonished and corrected. The latter of these two respects hath begotten this Dialogue ready to be acted, principally and specially pointing that Imp, which is unfortunately fostered up to this day, to ruin itself with Infamy. Only this comfort is afforded, that if he be present and withal silent, he may suppose that of all others it concerns not him. If he be absent (as most likely he is) then every other that finds himself parcel-gilt may see the deformity and forbear the excess. Other touches and passages are which our Author and we present not with mind to offend any, but to please the well-disposed. And so in the name of all the rest I entreat courteous audience and pardon of all faults.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter Proberio *alone.*

HOW much we that have been travellers differ from other kinds of people! So soon as we arrive we are attended to the Bourse or rendez-vous of merchants. There we walk as if the whole world hath need to be informed, yea and directed by us in matters of greatest moment, such as is traffic and commerce with foreign nations, and the state and disposition of those kingdoms through which we have passed. For it may be we can give intelligence of preparations and invasions. We can demon-

strate their strength and munition. We can number their Captains and Generals. We can discover their designs and confederates. And finally, we can lay plots to cross and make void all their purposes, and stratagems, which these home-bred and country-spun people can never attain unto. Therefore by good right we are had in esteem and special request and courteously received of counsellors of state wheresoever we come. Neither do we tie ourselves to any one dominion more than another, but indifferently to all states we deliver freely the condition of every nation. And the place we fall into is our best beloved so long as there we tarry and not a minute longer. We oblige ourselves to no Prince for gold nor gain, nor be pensioners to any monarch: but with desire to see more we pass through all governments unchecked and uncontrolled, because we take part with none, offend none, nor are false to any. And this life we love above all lives, not content with any life but that which seeks another life.

Enter Simplo *and* Noverindo.

Monsieur Proberio, you are welcome home.

Pro. That's more than you know, Signor Simplo, what country shall be my home?

Sim. Then you are welcome into England.

Pro. Thanks, gentle Simplo.

Sim. What news? And what company came over with you?

Pro. News I have none but ordinary to tell you. With the State I shall have some business. And in my company came over an old acquaintance of yours, one Signor Antonio, a man of extraordinary action and faction.

Sim. If it be the man I conjecture him to be, his name is plain Anthony, an Englishman born some seventy miles from London north-west, and hath been beyond seas some eleven or twelve years.

Pro. That's the man. But we call him Signor Antonio, by reason of his travels in Italy and other places.

Sim. As he hath changed his name and country, hath he not altered his conditions? I assure you he was very honest and of good expectation before he went.

Pro. No, upon my word. He came over a great deal better than he went, and well qualified: and there was no doubt but he would continue so still but that covetousness, and the devil's on't.

Sim. What! is he given to that? It were a great pity.

Pro. Well, this Sir Antonio, or Anthony, whether you will, hath seen many countries and learned many strange qualities.

Sim. Strange qualities! be they as good as they be strange?

Pro. Nay, do you judge. I'll tell you some of them; and if you like them we'll put them in print and set them up to be sold at the Hospital porch near St. Nicholas shambles, and annexed to the great thing in Magna Charta, or magno folio, entitled an "Admonition to Householders."

Sim. Well, if they deserve so, it shall be so: and I'll bestow the cost in printing, and deal with a friend for their allowance *sub privilegio*.

Pro. But first I'll account to thee what accidents we had in travel.

Sim. But I'll hear nothing till I hear them.

Pro. No? what if I should first read a Sermon preached within these seven days at Amsterdam by a man of most pure profession and invention not ordinary, passing all that lived before or behind him in the novel strain; himself of the right cut of Carolstadius: in which sermon he proves most devoutly that it is idolatry to fight against the Turk. Wouldst thou not hear that first?

Sim. No, what tell'st thou me of sermons? let's have these qualities without any more digressions.

Pro. Well, since you are so desirous you shall have them by wholesale, retail them at leisure, when you come home.

Imprimis, when he liveth in a great town like London, he loves to lie in a corner over the kitchen because the jack shall not whirl too often to waken or distract him in prayer. His dinners are for the most part ordinary, except four days in the week he visits his house-keeping friends. And at supper a couple of eggs and a bit of cheese is a choice diet after a liberal dinner; besides it saves fire and washing of dishes.

Sim. But if I were his man, if he kept no better cheer at his chamber I would make the cheese fry until the butter were spent.

Pro. But your cunning would fail you: for he hath a trick beyond your reach for preserving his cheese. But to the next.

Secondly, he so cavils and wrangles with any man that he deals withal, that they never agree or love after, and yet every Saturday he makes even with all the world.

Sim. Thou tell'st me a wonder. How shall I believe this?

Pro. It is so: choose whether thou wilt believe me or no.

Sim. Let me see how these can be reconciled.

Pro. Canst thou not reconcile them? I see thou art a very barren fellow; thou hast not a spoonful of wit. I am sorry that ever I undertook to teach thee these incomparable tricks of Don Antonio, laboured for so toughly in climbing the Alps, and so dangerously brought down. Thou look'st too near-hand, as if a man would spy for a woodcock in the next queath of bushes; whereas thou ought'st to elevate thy aspects to thy uttermost kenning, as those do that lie on their backs to keep sight of hawks which aspire beyond the first region. Search me the furthest corner of thy capacity, and there see if perhaps do lie as in an abstruse angle, some secret pattern of these projects. Every buzzard will pry if a mole or a mouse shall happen in an hour's watching to creep from a bush right under her stand: give me the eagle-soaring conceits to spy what springs before the furthest ranger a mile off.

Sim. I know not how to dive into this bottomless secret. It is sure some riddle, I prithee suspend me no longer: for if I should beat my brains with an iron pestle, not a sprinkle of them will light upon the outside of this enigmatical proposition. Nay, good now tell me, how he that palters with everybody should be even at week's end?

Pro. Well, I will not stick with thee for this once, but look not for it often; for I'll not use you to it. Find them out by your own study for me hereafter. You are of age, one would think. Thus it is: hearken well what I say at first, for I'll not repeat it again for losing of time. *He is even with all the world every Saturday.* Those were my words, and I'll make them good; mark diligently.

Sim. Nay, prithee dispatch, or else I cannot mark as I was wont to do. The mark will be out of my mouth if you come not quickly out with it.

Pro. Well, every Saturday night he makes even with all the world, because he will be the better disposed against Sunday. Hem, ha!

Sim. Alas, not yet! I am not able to endure it—I faint.

Pro. He is even that is to say. Ha, ha, ha!

Sim. O my heart, not yet. A penny-worth of *Aqua vitæ* if I shall live.

Pro. Hold, hold: thou shalt have it presently: 'tis at my tongue's end.

Sim. Well, say on. If my senses fail not, I'll hear you.

Pro. He loves nobody then, and nobody loves him. And thus thou seest there's no odds, but all even.

Sim. What a jest this is! there's an even reckoning with the devil's name. You shall be hanged before I'll torment myself with desire to hear any more of your knavish tricks. I'll be sworn I had like to [have] marred all. It wrought with me like a purgation. It has given me a treble stool at once, though I find no fault, I have it hot, and worse than any perfuming pan in the world. You scurvy fellow, an' 'twere not for losing land I have (*he lays his hand upon his sword*) no marvel though a man must be sick at heart, I swear, and study so hard, and strain my wits to reach the reason of this riddle. I am sure I did overshoot it forty yards, and had like to put a dozen cases, how these two cases might well enough have stood together in one subject, *salva conscientia*, taken out of Scotus, and Thomas Aquinas, fully resolved by them: but still I doubted I should fall short; therefore I thought better to conceal them; and now doest thou gull me thus grossly?

Pro. Ha, ha, ha! An thou be a good fellow, rehearse three or four of these cases thou hadst like to have produced; and let's judge how fitly they had been applied if need had been.

Sim. To what end? for thee to mock me more? You may command; but if I were willing thou hast now put them quite out of my mind. I know not where to begin.

Pro. I think so. Thou wert pockily distempered.

Sim. Will't please you to proceed? Let's hear some more of your goodly squire's conditions.

Pro. Thirdly. When he means to ride to his country house, he goes three days before to some grooms at Court. And if from them he learn any news (if it be but of a posy given the King of France by his nurse, or that a fisherman sailing by the Bermoothes, saw a fire at singeing of a hog), this carries him scot-free to all the gentlemen's houses of his acquaintance situate, set, lying, and being within seven miles of the highway of any side until at

length he set foot at his own stable door, *pecuniis numeratis* remaining entire in his right pocket. And the like he can do retrograde to London, but by variety of friends, because the same news may be news forward and backward.

Sim. This is a very plain trick, and needs no such encomions and epithets of commendation as you bestow on it.

Pro. Is it so, sir? there's your judgment, and bolt soon shot. But if I show that it is a very difficil. ambiguous, perilous, perplexed and involved stratagem, what will become of your opinion hereafter?

Sim. Whoo! here's a business about riding a few miles by many gentlemen's houses, as though it requires such ingenious circumstances.

Pro. Ay, that it does, sir. And I undertake to make it appear, though perhaps you have never a cap-case to put it in.

First, Signor Anthony so soon as he puts foot in the stirrup, is to fear lest the master and mistress should not be at home, and his perplexity in that case is very hardly dissolved.

Secondly, how to carry his tales and discourses methodically.

Thirdly, to take heed he discover no familiarity with the gentleman's adversary.

Lastly, what kind of farewell he were best to take at parting. These be matters of mighty moment (as thou seest) which he hath to cast, and recast; to meditate and ponder; to toss and tumble; to revolve and resolve; to put forward with *pro*, and pull back with *contra;* to object and confute, to throw doubts and mishaps like snowballs, and against them then to erect bulwarks and defences; to admit wounds and scars and to apply salves; to conclude, come what come will, to have cordials in store, and all little enough to save his best beloved in his purse. And yet thou Dunstable breed thought'st it as easy a matter to perform them handsomely as to make a good posset with a quart of new milk and a quantity of clear chamber-lye.

Sim. Sir, I confess all these be far above my element, and that in many years' study I cannot comprehend one of them; therefore I leave them to your cavalier without peer in mine opinion. Hath he any more qualities of this nature? Let's have them, for at least I shall learn some wit out of them.

Pro. Thou learn wit out of them! never while thou livest; nor honesty neither. They will rather rob thee of those wits thou hast; he hath infinite such as these, which in very pity to thee I forbear to relate at this time. These are enough to conceive at once. For if I should drive them all into thy brains together, though it were with a ten-penny nail, thou couldst not carry them away, but rather they would make thee mad in the case thou art now.

Sim. Why? what case am I in, thinkest thou?

Pro. Not fit, I wis, to receive such positions without due preparation.

Sim. What shall I do to be made fit for their operation? I'll take any course thou wilt prescribe me to get perfection. And I can imitate like an ape.

Pro. Thou makest a large offer, and a rash, which full soon, I doubt, thou wilt revoke: but I'll try thee. Before thou begin to profess this art, thou must forget all rules and instructions of manners taught thee by thy fathers, godfathers, or schoolmasters, and renounce all good counsel given thee from the beginning of the world to this day: that so being an empty and void vessel, thou mayest be the more apt to receive the tincture and impression applied. And thus begin thy A, B, C in Match villains' school. Otherwise, if thou shouldst reserve but so much as a secret intention to keep thine old honesty on the one side of thy head, and lay open the t'other side to entertain these restless and still stirring crotchets, there would be such hurly-burly in thy brain, that all the wit thou hast will not keep them in order. Therefore, if thou desirest to be of the cunning crew, and withal lovest thine own peace, come clear without wit or honesty, we'll teach enough in a week to serve thee all thy lifetime. I'll bring thee acquainted, and then I'll turn him loose to teach and furnish thee with destructions enough for a whole country.

Sim. Destructions! What should I do with them except it were to destroy others? But I doubt I shall pay dear for my schooling, and that I like not. But for the other point of parting with my former good lessons, 'faith, I can quickly do that, for I never gained anything by them, therefore I can be content to come to him as naked as ever I was born.

Pro. That's a great step to your well profiting I may say to you; and 'tis a great sign of grace to be obedient, and wholly to resign yourself to good inspira-

tions: but canst thou tell when thou hast good counsel given thee?

Sim. Not I, no more than a child. For now you have made me put off all my old learning, I am become a very innocent, as if I were this day taken from my mammy; but I trust you because you are my friend. I hope you'll put me to none but such as shall teach me enough for my money. And you say he is wise and will give me samples enough, and then I warrant you I'll take 'em like a sponge till I be twice so big as I am.

Pro. Well, then thus far we are agreed. And I wish you not to stand upon his getting by you, lest you be penny-wise and pound foolish.

Sim. How learned you his cunning so perfectly? have you known him long?

Pro. Oh, I? why, I have known him these thirty years at least, and conversed with him in his best times: somewhat it cost you must think, but that's past: I would not for anything but that I did know him throughly.

Sim. Has he been in Italy then, as you said before?

Pro. Ay, that he has, and carried from thence more than all the towns in Italy could spare.

Sim. What's that?

Pro. I will not tell thee, thou hast already more than thou canst well bear: thou art almost drunk with the very smell of his wit, or else thou wouldst never so idly ask me a question which I told thee twenty times.

Nov. Monsieur Proberio, I have heard all the conference between you and Simplo, and I do so much mislike your discourse that I cannot choose but oppose myself in my friend's behalf, whom I hear egregiously to be wronged by you, Proberio.

Pro. In what, Noverindo, have I done him injury?

Nov. In all your speech generally; and in many particulars.

Pro. O universal Noverindo, in what particulars?

Nov. 'Tis no matter; I'll tell him all when we meet next.

Pro. That's no matter, but canst thou disprove me in anything I said? or dost thou know any good by him that I have not spoken of?

Nov. 'Faith, or else I know but little; for if you praise a friend on this fashion, I pr'ythee speak the worst thou canst by me.

Pro. Sir, it may be I'll pleasure you so much; but to the matter: canst thou disprove me in anything I said?

Nov. Yes, that I can, and that I will. I can disprove thee in that thou saidst he never deals with any man, but he cavils and wrangles with him, which is untrue. And I had much ado to keep in my mother tongue, but could have found in my heart presently to have put the lie down thy throat, but I did bridle my nature to hear all thou wouldst speak. And now to demonstrate thy falsehood, I say and will justify that he is as good a ten i'th' hundred man either to give or take as any is in London: and that he keeps his days (especially of receipt) as strictly to an hour as any man. And further, that he cavilleth or wrangleth not with any man in this kind: therefore you are a lying fellow.

Pro. Not too forward with your lies, Noverindo, if you love yourself; for though I will not fight for fear of the proclamation, yet know I can make you give me satisfaction upon your knee if I would complain: but I will seek no such advantage. for the cause itself gives me victory enough over thee, and returns the lie most bravely into thy gullet. I can prove, Noddy Noverindo, that in thy own trade and his of *decem per cent.*, when he lost 100*l.*, which the scrivener delivered his own messenger after the bond sealed (who ran away with the money) he brake his day, and sued the scrivener, striving to recover the whole or some composition by that means.

Nov. But did he recover any? or did the scrivener give him anything? o o o?

Pro. He recovered not, nor got anything from the scrivener. But was not this a wrangle, and a shameful cavil? yea, and with a Noverint man himself, which thou deniest? o o o; now thou liest in thy swallowing place, Noverindo.

Nov. Signor Simplo, help me a little. Canst thou say no good of this gentleman? it frets me to the heart to hear a man of our own making to be thus misused.

Sim. 'Faith, not I, not much; saving that I have heard many years ago that he was a reasonable honest man, but for 's religion; and they say still he's a kind of a Papist.

Nov. Now what a rascal 'tis! do I call thee to speak in his behalf, and dost thou prate of religion? what has he or I to do with religion? I dare swear that he's an honest man of no religion [*Intrat* Antonio], and

yonder's the man, let's see now who dares charge him with religion. I hope he and I have work enough, and never busy ourselves about religion. So many bankrupts and housekeepers now-a-days, 'tis time to look about us.

Pro. What! dost thou find fault with housekeepers? You'll please him never a whit with that, for an' 'twere not for good housekeepers he would have many hungry meals.

Nov. I find fault with such housekeepers as dare not show their faces without their own doors: I cannot endure this. I'll complain to him on you both; if ever he light on you within the lash of the law, there's no mercy; and 'tis no matter, teach you to speak so evil of him behind his back.

Pro. Why, coxcomb, how canst thou tell his back was towards us?

Nov. Well, mock on, 'twas in his absence, that's all one: I'll tell him if you'll give me nothing.

Pro. Give thee! yes, a rope [Noverindo *turns toward* Antonio]; these caterpillars are all for what will you give me, like Judas.

Enter Noverindo *and* Antonio, *at several doors.* Noverindo *speaks.*

Nov. Bonus dies, Signor Antonio, *magnifico;* the worthiest gentleman that ever consorted with the bankers of this city. Sir, I hope you make no doubt *nos teneri & firmiter obligari tibi aut tuo certo atturnato, &c.* And further *obligamus nos, & quemlibet nostrum, heredes, & executores nostros, &c.* The condition is to be ever ready at your lowest service.

Pro. What a rogue it is! he can speak nothing but obligations, as Ovid did verses.

Ant. Gramarcees, gentle Noverindo: how go the rates now?

Nov. Sir, you may have as much as you will at eight in the hundred, others pay ten.

Ant. I thank you: then I have a match already, a friend of mine must use a thousand pound and entreats my band: I'll say he shall have it by my means. Thou shalt have forty shillings in the hundred for brokage; and I will gain other forty shillings, this is but twelve in the hundred, that's dog cheap; I know some pay a good deal more. And I'll have good land twice the worth for my counter security. Let me alone to hamper them.

Nov. You are the wiser, sir; fast bind fast find. And if they fail, you'll trice them, I trow, upon the mortgage.

Ant. Ah, ha, art avised of that? surely I shall do them good to make the fools take heed of others. And what fault is in me? a bargain is a bargain; and if I give them a little more for their land when it is forfeited, they may thank me, but no parting with the land: for it is so deep, if a man would dig it, that it reacheth to hell, and there's no redemption.

Nov. Well, this is agreed; and if you will have 3000*l.*, speak but the word, and give three days' warning, we'll come at your whistle, as your wife was wont to do: but there's a thing I must impart to you which, I hope, you will take well at my hands, being but the relator.

Ant. What? is any bankrupt that hath my sums put forth?

Nov. Not one, they are as safe as in your chest.

Ant. Let it be what it will then, I care not a rush.

Nov. Sir, it is some discredit to you if it be true.

Ant. If it be true, and discredit, I weigh it not.

Nov. Ah, noble Antony [*he embraceth him*], pardon me if I be bold with your worship, for no man could have spoken more pithily, and more like our own corporate brother than this was: why, sir, for all the world, so are we; never moved, say what men will. We could not live richly if men had cause to speak well of us: give me your hand. I'll live and die with you for that word; and lo, here with this hand of mine I reach you the hearts of all our company; now I dare say anything to you without fear, or blushing. That which I was so unwilling to utter was no more but this: it is very credibly reported that you never deal or contract with any but you cavil, wrangle, palter, wrench, shift, chap, change, deny, refuse, go back from your word, break off, and play all manner of foul play; whereupon all men speak evil of you, and as many as had once commerce, will never more meddle with you.

Ant. All this is nothing. I have heard twenty times so much with my own ears, and smile at the poor fellows that they spend their time with talking of me. But didst thou ever hear but I gained by them all?

Nov. Nay, that's certain: they all agree on that as a verdict.

Ant. Why, there's it then. Now thou seest where wit lodgeth; with me, or with them.

Nov. 'Faith, 'tis true. And they have nothing to charge a man withal but conscience and religion, and such impertinent stuff. But I think I have taken down some of them about the word Religion of the oldest stamp, that you should be tainted withal; and I trow I have so silenced them that you shall not need to trouble yourself with studying to revenge it.

Ant. Ay, they talk their pleasure behind my back, but I wish they would speak one word to ground an action upon. Didst thou hear him (whosoever he was) say, I am a Papist?

Nov. O no, sir, I warrant you, they dare not for forty pounds say so. But that you were one, that you look like one, that your heart is so still, if you durst for losing some of your goods, that you were honester when you stuck to it, that now you dissemble; and such like words, full of suspicion, but not to bear an action. They are crafty enough for that. But I trow, sir, you are too wise, and so I answered for you.

Ant. Thou didst well. I know some of them would gladly catch me in a trip. But I'll watch them well enough.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Securus *and* Hermito *at several doors.*

Sec. Sir Hermito, no man better met here than yourself. I was in great care for an associate in the affair with this day, and almost every day I undertake.

Her. Sir, my society will afford you small contentment if my daily tasks required not my attendance, where by perpetual vow I have engaged all my hours until my death. For I am fit for no other employment but my beads. Nevertheless, if it please you briefly to let me know your desire I will by my answer give you reasonable satisfaction.

Sec. When I do seriously consider the world's present condition, and that we which converse abroad with all sorts of people are subject to so many mistakings, censures, and untrue reports, that it passeth the skill of any man to carry himself uprightly and without blame, I begin to judge you and your like only happy, who choosing to leave the world have procured quietness to your life. But, Sir Hermito, I marvel what hath removed you from your cave to the country. Are you as weary of private living as I am of too much company? The news must needs be great and strange which brings you hither.

Her. No such matter as that my intended course of dwelling with myself, sequestered from all resort, should have an end so long as my abode in this world endureth. Far be it from my thought ever to wish the change of my estate. As now I am I trouble not others, nor any man offendeth me. And where no mislike is, who can think of alteration? my resolution hath bred my contentment; the peace which I enjoy counter-valueth all manner of wants. And my spiritual exercises take away tediousness. The cause of my coming hither, Sir Securus, is a Proclamation lately set forth by the King, that all his subjects being men of twenty-one years and upwards, living within fifty miles of the Court, shall appear there within fourteen days after notice given them. And about three days past, a pilgrim passing by my cell, told me of this edict, and that it was upon allegiance. So I, being his subject (though serving him to no other purpose but praying for him) thought it my duty to make my appearance, and to depart without delay.

Sec. Sir, I am right glad to have intercepted you (whether you be travelling to or fro the Court), because this day is appointed for hearing and determining many controversies, and censuring sundry sorts of people. And some of these differences are beyond my learning. You therefore come very fitly to aid me. And this whole affair being principally for peace-making, and ending debates without suit of law, you may not refuse to join with me in a work of so great charity.

Her. In very deed, sir, every one ought to yield his best help to such works. And although I have already recorded my appearance at Court, and licensed to return to my poor home, I would willingly spend some hours with you to so good a purpose, yet, alas, sir, I am like to prevail very little with anybody, wanting both acquaintance and authority among them whosoever they be: therefore I entreat my fruitless presence may be spared; but I will not be wanting to you with my prayers for your success.

Sec. Sir, for your authority and acquaintance it shall not skill. All that I have both those ways, shall be conferred upon you equally with myself. If they despise you, they shall contemn me also. Only I entreat your company this day, and then I cease troubling you further whatsoever need require hereafter.

Her. Sir, I expect no entreaty, neither will I wrong you so much as to make further request to my poor self. I stay willingly, and am at your service in all things.

Sec. No servant of mine, sir, but my friend upon equal terms.

[*They both sit down in chairs some distance each from other.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter Rustico, Hortano, Acuto, *and* Vulcano.

Rus. Neighbour Hortano, I have considered of the great coil we had the last Sabouth after evening prayer in the vestry about putting down the Holy-days. It hinders our business much. And methinks this praying in a Church among those of high degree is nothing pleasantable, and blushing takes away my devotion. I can pray a great deal better, and with a more comely grace, when I whistle at plough. And methinks 'twere a goodly matter if every man in 's calling might follow his focation, and there do such devotion as his stomach stands to.

Hor. 'Faith, neighbour Rustico, I am even of your mind, for I'll bide by it, I ha' more weeds grows in one Holy-day than in three worky-days.

Rus. O, you are a gardener, it becomes you well to agree with the husband-man: if we two hold together we shall be too hard for twenty fools.

Hor. Indeed 'twere a gay thing if we could put down these Holy-days as you say. Methinks 'twere an easy matter as well as we ha' put down the Fasting-days *pell mell*, hand over head. An we would hang together 'twer soon done, but when some are so arseward 'twill never be.

Acu. You talk you know not what. There were no reason in it: for that were the way to break all order, and give our minds altogether to toil, and never serve God. For you would not stay there neither if you had your will, but the Sundays should shortly go down for company. You will leave nothing standing.

Rus. O, you are a tailor, you speak for your profit. For an 'twere not for Holy-days which require fine clothes and much change, you might beg your bread.

Vul. You hit the nail on the head, neighbour Rustico. We'll put them down an you'll keep stroke with me.

Acu. Nay sirrah, if any man hit the nail on the head it should be you, because you are a smith: but soft, you are so hot with your rip-rapping that you miss the nail and anvil also. For my part although I do boldly work on Holy-days as other tailors use, Christmas-day and all, yet would I not miss the Holy-days for any good, nor would I break the order without necessity. But is it so easy a matter to put down the Holy-days, think you? And will you do it with the furious fire-fork? And you, master gardener, that will rake up holy-days and fasting-days like weeds, and bury them all in a trench, you are both foully deceived. For neither have you put down the fasting-days, because still they are bidden in churches; nor is the case alike, for fasting is private, and cannot so well be punished; but if you come not to church, up you go for a recusant an you were my father.

Rus. Why for all that shud we be troubled with so many holy-days? Wood not fewer serve the turn as well? I do not think our ancetrums were so pestered.

Acu. Yes, and with many more; and kept the eves half holy.

Rus. How didne a then for doing their business? sure a were all beggars. And yet twood anger me that my graundsir should be a beggar—ay, it wood.

Acu. Not so neither. They lived very well; and had not the twentieth beggar that we have, and were great house-keepers every man almost. They built all the Towns, Colleges, and Religious houses.

Rus. Didne a so, indeed? I cha hard my grandsir and grannam tauk much of those things. Sure but I think they went to plough and cart on the worky-days, and built those things you tauk on upon the holydays, or else it cood never be.

Acu. No, no. They suffered no kind of lighter works to be done on those days, much less such painful labours as they were.

Rus. Why were the Saints' days kept holy at all? Tell me some reason for it.

Acu. They did in those days give great honour to such as suffered death for Christian religion, although the men were as poor as Christ's fishermen. And therefore the days of their martyrdom they kept holy, and came to Church to glorify and praise that God for whom those Saints died: there were people exhorted to do the like.

Rus. But I mislike the very ground and cause of those holy-days, which you say is suffering death willingly. Do not we die fast enough, think you, against our wills, but we must set up a trade of dying with a good will?

Acu. Thou speakest against reason. For if thou must needs die, first or last, were't not better to die for a glorious cause, so to be sure of heaven, and willingly in perfect memory, than against thy will wrestling with death and overcome in the end with great pain, and perhaps past thy senses?

Rus. Reason me no reasons. I speak as I think. I protest from my heart I had rather do any work in the world than die. What? never come home again to my wife, and my pretty bairns? Why, I have a boy, his name is Jack: he has a face as well-favoured as any great turnip-root with a crack in the midst, which is the very proportion of his mouth. I will not willingly leave that boy for all the deaths in the world. No, I will not. But if I must needs die whether I will or no, I would have death take me asleep, that I may not see his face, for if I did I would run away as hard as ever I could for my life.

Hor. Mr. Acuto, talk with me; he speaks like a fool. I have more wit than twenty such loggerheads.

Rus. Nay, then, I have more wit than thou canst get; for I can make my horses turn up the ground, and thou must do it with thy hands and feet, else thou canst earn no money. Come, neighbour Vulcano, we two wise men will leave these two to play the fools here until our turn come again. [*Exeunt* Rustico *and* Vulcano.

Hor. Now, Acuto, let us two conclude what shall become of these holy-days, and as we agree, I warrant it shall go. And thou hast almost persuaded me to let them stand. But let us go and read a book I have at home of the Lives of Saints to furnish us with stronger reasons against our next encounter with these dunces, and then we will end this controversy.

[*Exeunt.*

Sec. How think you by this, Sir Hermito? Would you have imagined that such plain fellows as these be, should call a business of this nature in question? By this you may guess what stirring heads we have to deal withal, and how easy a matter to keep them in order.

Her. It is somewhat strange. And the more unlearned the men are, the harder to be satisfied. But the hope is that as madmen do best service when some of their like are most unruly, so these men being alike unskilful will soon confound each other, and so give over the business.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *at one door,* Proberio *and* Simplo *at another.*

Ant. It is not unknown to me that very many do censure my deeds as wicked and not beseeming a Christian. But this is the iniquity of the time, because they do not distinguish between persons and seasons. For my actions being not ordinary, are not to be judged by ordinary, but refined wits. For now your downright dealing is exploded as too subject to every mean capacity.

Pro. Yonder is thy master that shall be, Simplo, thou shalt lose no time; we'll to him suddenly. Signor Antonio, all hail to your person. Here is a man desires to serve you; to be your pupil; to imitate your actions so near as his vessel can hold the print. And he will do well. For he is made all of wax, very pliant, empty of all things but a little money, and a tenement or two of land lying next your freehold on the south side, worth 10*l.* per annum.

Ant. He is welcome. Have you given him any principles such as you know are necessary? and is he docible?

Pro. He is ready for your hand, sir. I will not commit such an error (knowing you as I do) but lay the foundation. You may work upon him as you list, I warrant you.

Sim. Sir, I hope you shall find me diligent and according to your heart.

Ant. Thou hast a good stern countenance. I like thee well: if thy mind be as untoward, it will be suitable.

Sim. I warrant you, sir, no man shall get any thing of me, but I will know how he comes by it, except yourself, whom I

will trust with all I have. Deal with me as you please.

Ant. I thank you. Nay, if I deal not well with you, I wish no man should deal ill with me. I hear you have land lying near me; I would have you be a good husband and keep it. Let me lay up your writings safe lest some deceive you of them.

Sim. That you shall, sir; here they be. They shall be in pawn to you for my good behaviour, for I think no man will give his word for me.

Ant. Thou art the fittest man for me that ever I met withal; nor any man I think will undertake I shall be a good master unto thee.

Sim. 'Tis no matter, sir; I will stand to your gentleness.

Ant. Well said; and I'll even deal with thee thereafter.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Simplo.

Pro. Thou hast a service a dog would not have it, except his tail were already so short cut to his breech that no more could be spared. I warrant thou hast seen the last of thy writings. They will pull thy land after them. And that's but law. *Transit terra cum onere.* [*Exit* Proberio.

Enter Hortano *and* Acuto.

Hor. Is it true that you told me, Acuto, at our last parle here, that there were such valiant people in times past that willingly and cheerfully went to their death when they might have enjoyed life longer?

Acu. There is no question of it, except we should discredit all historiographers, who make honourable mention of them in all ages before us. And in our own time and memory there have been many such men.

Hor. I protest it is a wonderful courage these people have, and in mine opinion far beyond the stoutness of soldiers. For they go to kill and contend, not meaning to die, which only they strive against, and avoid by all means they can, and provide above all things to be well-armed for safety of life. But the martyr with not resisting, conquers death, and fears not that which is feared and shunned of all others. Therefore I think them worthy of great honour and perpetual memory. But who are they, say you, that give testimony of them? methought it was a very fine word.

Acu. They be historiographers.

Hor. O, *historнoggerfers;* a brave word! I'll make a knot of these letters.

Acu. No! historiographers, man.

Hor. Now I have it;—*Histriagerfers.*

Acu. Not so, neither; you must mark well and pronounce it just as I do.

Hor. That I will be sure to do.

Acu. Thus then:—Hi-sto-ri.

Hor. Stay there. Now gape [*he gapes and* Hortano *looks in his mouth*], let's tell how many teeth ha' you? twenty-two; hough! who's within there? a pair of pincers.

Acu. What to do?

Hor. Why to pull two teeth out of your mouth, for I ha' but just twenty.

Acu. And what of that?

Hor. Marry, because you'll ha' me say it just as you do, and that I cannot except you and I have the like number of teeth. Ay, and I'll measure your tongue, that if it be longer than mine it may be cut even: for it is my duty being a gardener to do all by line and level.

Acu. That's no matter; so that you utter the syllables full as I do.

Hor. Yes, I make no questions though I lack a few teeth, but I can swallow a sullebub as full as you.

Acu. A sillabub? I did not speak of a sillabub.

Hor. No? that you did. I'll be judged by all this company.

Acu. No such matter. I said you must observe every syllable.

Hor. Go to, then, I wool: up with it once again.

Acu. Canst thou tell what a syllable is?

Hor. No, not I more than my dog.

Acu. How wilt thou observe them then if thou know not a syllable?

Hor. Let me alone for that: I'll make a shift. Do you say the word, and if there be e'er a one there, I'll find him I warrant you.

Acu. E'er a one there, man? why, the word is framed of syllables.

Hor. Very well; how shood I miss them then? turn me loose, I'll take it as soon as it peeps out of thy mouth as parrots do bread and butter.

Acu. Come then, mark well. His-to-ri-o-gra-phers.

Hor. I'll lay ten pound to nothing I'll not miss a straw's breadth. His-to-ri-o-grafers.

Acu. That's right indeed.

Hor. Law, did not I tell you so? Nay, you never had an apter scholar in your life than I am; 'twool do you good to teach me.

Acu. I am glad of it. This was soon

learnt indeed. Now put it together, and speak it short, as I did.

Hor. I will; but you need not doubt that it's safe, and will never be lost. But to satisfy you I'll do it, and that quickly,—Histor-cockafurrs.

Acu. Whoo! the longer the worse.

Hor. That's your faut, that wood ha' me say it so fast; and 'tis a very scurvy word to hit, except a man have a mouth made thereafter.

Acu. I think you are fasting to-day, and that hinders your speech; go play and fill your belly: and we'll at it again soon.

Hor. Thanks, gentle master; and the next time you teach me we'll do it very closely an't please you. For I do not mean to be very lavish of my learning, when it shall be at the biggest, in no company but yours.

Acu. So do all cunning folks: be dainty of your skill or else you shall never be entreated at first nor thanked at last.

SCENE III.

Enter Vulcano *and* Rustico.

Vul. You have been a great while prating with that pricking fellow and make no reckoning of my neighbour Rustico and me. Belike you think to engross the honour of the whole business to yourselves. But I tell you plainly, if you have 'termined to put the Holy-days down you shall not cozen us so: for it shall be well known that I helped to knock 'em down as much as any man in the parish, and that I gave the hottest stroke about it.

Hor. Sir, you are much mistaken. The tailor is an honest man, and a true man (although it be impossible), and we are fully agreed they shall stand, and be kept as holy as they were the last year.

Vul. Are you so, sir? you are but a treacherous fellow for your labour, and a coward too: for I warrant thou hadst rather be at a good dinner than a battle; were not we two worthy to be of the council? Well! I'll be even with thee for this trick. I'll swear, I'll not say a prayer for a twelvemonth upon any holy-day that shall do any living creature good.

Hor. What a villain is this! then thou wilt not pray for thyself?

Vul. No, goodman woodcock? as though I were a living creature.

Hor. Yes; a man would think so; art thou not?

Vul. No, that I am not. And I'll prove it by an argumen, and a silligim too. I tell thee, I can chop logic an I list. I can prove thee an ass, or any such horn beast with a truce. I learnt it at Sturbridge fair, the while I was selling hobnails: there was such argenication among the scholars there, whether my nag which I gelt the year before were now a horse or no. It set um all on such a froth with spouting one against the tother, that some of the slaver lighted on my face, and yet I had my nag between them and me for fear they would fight, and pull me under their feet. But an they had fought I never meant to part um. To be short: with gaping upon them, I swallowed so much logic as will serve me the longest day of my life. And now I'll practise upon thee to prove myself no living creature.

Hor. What a goose art thou! Is it possible thou canst speak, and yet be no living creature? prove this, and prove anything.

Vul. I will prove this: and I will prove anything by logic: what a maim it is for a man to be ignorant of the virtue and power of logic. I pity thee, and all such as be unlearned like thyself. Why, man, I will prove by logic *that he which was the last year and yet lives, is not.*

Hor. That were strange! How? He that was the last year and yet lives, is not. I cannot devise how this should be: for if he live, how can he choose but have a being?

Vul. Now it shall appear how short you are with want of logic. But I'll teach thee a little. *He that was the last year (yea and the last week) an honest man, and yet lives, is not now an honest man.*

Hor. This may be. For I have heard an old saying (and I think it be true) that a man may as soon depart with his honesty as with anything he hath.

Vul. So then. Dost not thou think now, that I am as well able to prove myself no living creature?

Hor. I promise you I am in some doubt of it now: go on.

Vul. Every living creature loves some other creature. But I love no other creature. Ergo, *I am no living creature.* Now, Hortano, take all the herbs in thy garden and still their water to powder, thou canst never wash out the strength of this *argomen.* I make it just as they did theirs at Cambridge about my nag. I remember the words, and shall do as long as my nag lives. For one of them spouted

thus. *Every horse hath stones; but this beast hath no stones:* Ergo, *he is no horse.* And I clapped him on the back and told him that he spake truth. For I gelt him the last year, and eat his stones to my breakfast. But I had liked to have marred all by saying so. For there was a nimble-headed scholar that stood by (and yet had nothing to do with the question) went about to prove me a horse, and thus he began. *Every living beast, or animal that hath in him horse stones, is a horse. But this animal* (meaning me) *hath horse-stones in him.* Ergo, *he is a horse.* I was stricken in such a maze (knowing that I did eat the horse-stones) that I was like to sink where I stood, and even presently to congeal into a horse. But there was by chance an honest scholar by, who saw my colour quite gone, took pity on me, and bade me be of good cheer, I should not be a horse: and told the other to his face, that there was a *flacy* in his *argumen.* And then fetched him about with a *Recumbentibus*, and proved that the horse-stones which I had eaten were consumed, and became such stuff as I cannot tell you without Sir Reverence of your teeth: and that they did not grow in me as they do in horses; *ergo*, the case was altered. Then upon this point of growing and not growing, there was such a stir, that all the horse-coursers in the fair came about us. One said they did grow, another denied it, and such part-taking on both sides, that in the end I was content (being desirous to make them friends) to be searched in the open market, and so was cleared before them all to have no more stones than I should have. And glad was I that I was not a horse. Had not I, think you, good cause to remember logic? Yes, I shall never forget it if I should live a hundred years.

Hor. Go to, then; if you be such a scholar, I will not dispute with you about the Holy-days, but my neighbour Acuto hath been a scholar as well as you, and he is able to show you many reasons why they ought to continue. And he hath fully converted me.

Vul. I will not be judged by Acuto, nor by a better man than he. Why, I tell you, my neighbour Rustico and I, think ourselves as good men as Acuto and you, and we are two to two. We'll never yield while the plough and chains hold, and that will be a good long time: for as fast as they wear I can mend them.

Acu. Will you refer it then to judgment of indifferent men? we are all neighbours, let us not fall out about things that none of us have skill in.

Rus. Yes, we'll be judged, but not by any brave people; for they will all take part with the tailor that makes their 'parel gaudy, and with the gardener that makes them pleasant wauks and knots.

Acu. We'll give you the choice, so that you name none of your own trade, and an indifferent man.

Rus. You say honestly. Nay, truly we are desirous to have an end of it, so that none of us be his own carver. Here sits a country gentleman, a plain man, a good house-keeper, and peace-maker among all his neighbours: he is no Justice of peace, so there is no fear to speak our mind before him, nor need we any minerator to him, he is very courteous.

Acu. We'll not refuse him, nor any that is honest.

Rus. God save you, sir! Here is a great controversy between four neighbours, two against two. Reasons are alleged on both sides, and neither part will agree to the other. In the end we accorded to refer the matter to you; we beseech you to consider and order it as you please, and then so shall it be.

Sec. The controversy is beyond my skill, it being matters of *divinity;* but mine opinion is, they ought still to be kept. For I persuade myself, that our ancestors (which did all things well) had special reasons for these days to be kept holy. What their reasons were I take not upon me to set down; there sits a religious man, he is more like to quench your thirst, and resolve your doubts than I am.

Vul. Most reverend sir, though we be strangers to you, we are bold to ask your counsel in a business of weight.

Her. You are welcome, whosoever you are: no marvel though you be strangers to me, who have estranged myself from all the world: but what counsel can you expect from me, who am not likely to give worldly men any satisfaction, since I have already given the world with all his business an utter farewell.

Acu. Sir, our business is not worldly, though it concern worldly men, even as your life is not world-like, though bodily you live on earth.

Vul. Nay, Master Acuto, stand aside, or I'll have you taken away, for you mar the

play; you are very forward to take the tale out of my mouth, as if you had more wit, but I think not so. I began first to speak unto this man, therefore I will have the last word. Sir, our business with you shall be short, for I am a hot fellow, and I strike hick and short. This tailor takes long and wide stitches, and draws out the time to make his work seem much. Our difference is for the Holy-days as they stand in the Kalender, whether it were fitter they should be returned into working days as they were at the first, or remain to the world's end. If you judge they ought to stand, we are content, and will work harder at other times. If you will have them down, do but say the word, and hold up your finger, we'll maul 'em to the ground at a blow.

Her. Your question is not hard to decide, and fit enough for me to deliver mine opinion in. It is true, they were all working days at the first. For which purpose it is said, such work as thou doest, work it in those six days, and not on the seventh day. Yet God did never forbid any of those six days to be kept holy. And the Christian Church hath appointed many days to be kept holy in memory of Saints which suffered divers torments for Christ's sake, who suffered all for them, and for them all. And those to be kept to the world's end, that their facts and fame might never die, but encourage others to tread their bloody but heavenly steps. Therefore since the Church of God, and custom of Christian Countries have so ordered it, let no man's private rashness presume such alteration, as to make away or put out the Holy-days, but with due reverence to observe them.

Vul. God's blessing on you, sir, you have quite *confiscated my conceit.* I'll kill him that would have them down. Such a sermon every day would make me keep all the rest of the week holy. Good neighbour Rustico, you and I will hang together, and change together. I'll never meddle with any matter out of the length and breadth of my anvil, fall back, fall edge while I breathe. Methinks I am good enough with this little teaching. I shall never need to mend hereafter. I could find in my heart to go to hanging presently, and be a martyr, if I might have no time to think of the pain, but go alive to heaven.

[*They all make obeisance to the* Hermit, *and turn aside.*

Acu. I told you so much before, you never needed to have troubled the good man.

Vul. Thou told me so? what care I for thy telling? If thou told me my father were dead (though I knew he be buried) I will not believe thee. And yet I would not for forty pound he were alive again. This is a grave man, and his very countenance speaks truth. Tauk no more on't, I am quite dissolved they shall stand fast; and I'll keep them very devoutly. And I'll persuade all the parish to do the like.

Acu. Thou teach all the parish! Wilt thou turn preacher?

Vul. No preacher, sir; but I hope all the parish comes to my shop for one thing or other. And cannot I give 'em part of my talent as well as the cobblers are wont to do, and I am sure it will become me as handsomely as them.

[*Exeunt* Vulcano, Acuto, Rustico, Hortano.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antonio, Simplo.

Ant. Go Simplo to Mistress Sylvester in Sheere-lane. Desire her to lend me a pair of sheets, a pillow-bier, half-a-dozen of napkins, and a towel.

Sim. I will, sir (*he steps forward and suddenly stops*); but now I remember me. Proberio told me you have linen enough of your own.

Ant. He was the more fool to tell you so; but you must not use to cross me thus. Do as you are bidden. Will not our own last the longer if we wear of other folks' sometimes? when we have gone through all our friends so often that none will lend us, then 'tis time enough to wear our own.

Sim. I understand the conceit now. I'll tell her you lost your key.

Ant. Best of all. Do so. I perceive thou need'st no broker.

Sim. No, sir, no; such a tutor as you will serve turn well enough.

[*Exit* Simplo.

Enter Proberio.

Ant. Friend Proberio, you come in good time. I was beholding to you in my greatest necessity: and I purpose to requite all your deserts. At this present an accident is fallen, which will be beneficial to you with a little diligence had. A messenger of mine received a hundred pound by my direction from a scrivener in

this town, and ran away with it into Ireland; find him out, and get the hundred pound: I give it you.

Pro. I thank you, sir, but it is a thousand to one I shall never find him; and if I do, I know not the man, and the money perhaps spent.

Ant. If this fail I'll give you another as beneficial as it.

Pro. That's easily done. For I think this is little worth.

Ant. I have an employment for you. One Sir Retlaw, and Master Eloc, his father-in-law, are bound with me in divers bonds; I for them, and they for me. The whole sum is a thousand pound, the greater part they are to pay. I have their counter-bonds for all. What they have for my debt I know not. I would have you be perfect in the accompts as they stand in my book and then demand a reckoning between us.

Pro. Well, sir, this shall be done with effect. [*Exit* Proberio.

Enter Simplo.

Sim. Sir, I have brought the linen; she lent it willingly—so I saved the lie; she desires you to sup with her to-night.

Ant. Ha, sup there? with all my heart. But how shall I do with my two eggs at home? they will be too stale; remember soon to carry them to the Alehouse, but measure them well in your hand with griping.

Sim. I will, sir. I would desire your counsel in a matter concerns myself. One Frith, a neighbour of yours, desires to buy my land, whereof you have the writings, and will give me more than 'tis worth. What will you advise me to do?

Ant. I think it not amiss to take his money, and put it out to use, and therein I can pleasure you. My scrivener shall do it as for me, and he will get good men for your money.

Sim. I thank you, sir. Then I will absolutely bargain with him, and send him to you for my writings.

Ant. Do so: but be not long, for I have business instantly for you.

[*Exit* Simplo.

What an ass this is! doth he think I will let any man buy a thing so near my nose but I will lay hold of it with my teeth? I will have his land, do what he can. And I will have it one forty pound the cheaper for this trick that he will offer to sell it from me. He thinks belike to make a porter of me to carry his writings from lawyer to lawyer; but if I be, I will be well paid for my pains. I have a device in my head, which I will extend to the uttermost, seeing he puts me to it. Trust? there's a trust with all my heart to serve other men's turns. No, I never loved that. I remember to have learned that charity begins with itself. And a cook licks his own fingers before he dishes the meat for others. Do they not know what it is to get writings out of my hands? It seems they never entered bond to me. If they had they would not presume thus. If nothing else would serve to hold them, yet this I can allege, that they are my security for his good behaviour (although I care not sixpence for any security, because I never mean to trust him for a crown's worth of anything). And I have all of you to witness that for his good behaviour he pawned them to me.

Enter Frith.

Fri. I am glad to meet you here, sir; your man and I have bargained for his land not far from me, but very near you.

Ant. Welcome, neighbour Frith. Let me speak with you aside. Take heed what you do. His title is naught, else I would have had it myself, and you know it lies fit for me. But let him not know I said so.

Fri. I were much to blame if I should, sir; no, I warrant you. I thank you for this *caveat*. I might soon have lost my money so.

Enter Simplo.

Ant. Stay awhile, you shall hear more to his face. Come hither, Simplo. This honest man tells me, he is in speech with you about your land, and I was content to let you run on your course. But do you forget that it is pawned to me for your good behaviour?

Sim. Sir, such a thing there was. But my hope is you will not be my hindrance.

Ant. Your hindrance! No: but if this be true (as you cannot deny it) have you not forfeited your land and writings by your evil behaviour, offering to sell it to a stranger and not to me?

Fri. That's a plain case, sir. I'll not meddle with his land, nor any of my neighbours shall, for I will tell them all. Nay, I may say to you, sir, I am told he hath no good title to it.

Ant. Were you told so? Well, farewell

neighbour Frith. [*Exit* Frith.] How now, Simplo? To keep your land, no man will be your tenant; and to sell it, who will deal with you? Did you not hear him say it is reported you have no good title? Well: in hope you will do me true service, I will help you out of these briars. Tell me true, what should he have given for your land?

Sim. Indeed, sir, he should have paid me 150*l.*, and if you help me not I am undone.

Ant. It had been worth 150*l.* if it had not been thus disgraced, but now 'tis worth little. Well, if I give you 100*l.* for it, what will you say?

Sim. If you will give me 100*l.* for it I shall think myself much bound to you while I live. And so I doubt not but you will keep the land safe. For the title was as good as could be until you had my writings. It may be they took wet in the last great rain, and so they did shrink.

Ant. I will give thee 100*l.*, and no rain will shrink the money. The sun will do it most hurt; for it will melt very fast.

Sim. You know how to keep it from melting better than I. Let me entreat you to order it as your own.

Ant. I will give thee my credit for that.

[*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Simplo.

Sec. It is much to be feared that this greedy griper will utterly spoil this poor man both of money and land: his mind is altogether upon deceit and ruin of others. 'Tis pity any honest body should have to do with him that studieth nothing but mischief.

Her. I am sorry to see so much wickedness in one man as appears in him; he is able to infect a whole country, and it were a happy thing if he were banished the commerce of all Christians.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Sperato, *with hawk and spaniels,* Spurco *with hounds and* Gulato.

Spe. Of all the music in the world there is none like to that which is found in hawking. For the questing of spaniels, the spring of partridges, the gingling of hawk's bells, and thundering of horse-heels is the best concert, and pleaseth me above all delights.

Spu. Your comparison is too general. Had you excepted hunting I might have joined hands with you against all others, but now I am become your adversary. For it is confessed of all sorts, that the music in hunting, both for continuance of the sport, for a delightful exercise contenting the ear, and gentlemanlike pastime the world cannot compare with us, and so we hunters carry the bell away.

Spe. Indeed you hunters carry the bell, but not for any good doing, no more than you do by carrying the horn to every man's house. What time and order your hounds observe with their natural harmony, I will not dispute (they and their keepers being seldom in order) but of this I am sure, that there are few kennels of hounds in England, but while some are in chase after hare or fox, others are killing sheep in full cry of the poor harmless beast; whereupon is grown that proverb, *The fox kills the lambs, and the hounds the old sheep.* But I cannot endure you should challenge hunting to suit better with a gentleman than hawking. Every clown can keep a dog, and the more carrion he eateth the more egregiously he smelleth; but the hawk adorneth a king's fist, besides the admirable conquest the falconer maketh in a hawk's nature, bringing the wild haggard, having all the earth and seas to scour over uncontrollable, to attend and obey her keeper, so that at his very voice she turns toward and stoops to his glove. Hounds are so prejudicial to the Commonwealth that I dare undertake to prove, that next unto drunkards, they are the greatest spoilers of poor men's bread.

Gul. I like all well enough but the last words of yours, Sperato; for methinks it is as good sport to hear the falconer and the hunter fall out, as for thieves to appeach one another. Good fellows take their liquor quietly, without any of these faults, and help to hold up tillage by the swift utterance of the surmounting grain.

Spe. The immoderate and excessive disorder in drinking, and more than swinish swallowing, that neither belly nor head can contain, but must recoil by the way it entered in, is the most pernicious inconvenience that this kingdom suffereth.

Gul. Your invective against good companions, for so I must needs call them that love drink, is to be refelled rather with a cudgel than with reason. When had you any gallant captain or man of resolution but would drink health after health, until himself were past health and help?

Who was more valiant than Captain Shink?
Yet more than he who loved drink!

Spe. Like matter, like patron; was his valour in his drink? or was he best able to perform a noble exploit when his legs failed his giddy head?
No, he was ever like a swine,
When strength of drink closed his eyen.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE II.

Enter Insatiato *with his page* Infælicito.

Ins. Boy, a pipe of tobacco. What is it a-clock?

Inf. It is almost eleven.

Ins. I doubt it be no more indeed. I am so sleepy still; go see if Monsieur Parvagracio be stirring. [*Exit* Infælicito.

I am very melancholy this morning, whatsoever I ail. I care not if I send for my physician, or whether the cause be that I lost all my money yester-night, and now know not where to get more until I have conferred with my agent for discommodities, nor where to dine scot-free in the meantime. [*Enter* Infælicito.

Inf. Sir, he was asleep when I came to his chamber, but his page waked him. He remembers his love, and desires you to be at his chamber an hour hence, then his barber comes, as he does every Sunday instead of prayers. He charged me to tell you that he hath an ounce of the most transcendent tobacco that ever crossed the salts, sent him by a lady of his secret knowledge and yours, with whom you both must dine this day. The property of this tobacco is to yield a porringer full of rheum every pipeful; and procure ventosity conveniently to descend very odoriferous and secure from audibility. She reserves store of it for her own special use in times of necessity, as of attendance in Court, hearing of plays, sitting at cards, and the like. Further, that a little of it, taken pill-fashion, will diffuse and disperse *mixion* so that a lady may abide in company forty-eight hours, not disposed to evaporation. Besides he willed me to tell you, that this lady yesterday hath received a book from a friend of hers that went over with Sir Robert Shirley into Persia, entitled *de flatibus separandis ac dividendis, eosque emittendis;* not forward at the face as gunners use to do in wars, but *arere*, as jack-an-apes delivers squibs. written by a learned Physician doctorated by the magnificent order of the Mountebanks there. She will anon at dinner entreat you two to lay your heads together for translating this book into English. And where you find any scent worth the nosing, you will make stops upon it and deliver your opinion by way of comment for the better understanding the sense, with the particular causes and effects of every several and distinct fume produced thereby. And hereafter at better leisure she will have the subject of the whole book anatomized by her own Surgeon, and set forth in due proportion and colours, and give it a convenient room in her gallery.

Ins. This is good news: shall we dine there? and snuff this dainty tobacco? That's excellent. Here's a shilling to drink [*he feels in his pocket, and finding no money there saith*] go to, 'tis no matter now: the next time I have a good hand at dice, I'll give thee two shillings. Why now I feel myself well again. Go, boy, tell my physician he shall not need to come. [Infælicito *is going.*] Stay, I have not sent for him, now I remember me.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antonio, Proberio *and* Simplo.

Ant. Have you done any business, Proberio, with the knight and his son-in-law?

Pro. I have cast up these accompts exactly, and your share is to pay 200*l.* and no more. I have often visited them, and put them to such a plunge as you never saw: for they say you ought to pay 400*l.* and yet they cannot avoid but they must pay 800*l.* They have lost their notes, their servants be changed: and they are so puzzled as you never knew men: they desire respite a week. I gave it them, and so it rests.

Ant. Ha, ha, he! And did the fat knight fret so? let him fry too. I will stick close to my counterbands.

Pro. Sir, I thought good to put you in mind of one thing. You have my bonds of eight or nine-score pounds in your hands discharged ten years since. I pray you let me have them up.

Ant. O, take no care, they shall never hurt you.

Pro. But I wish I had them up: we are all mortal.

Ant. The next time I light on them I will cancel them. Simplo, go you to Mistress Boc, desire her to lend me half-a-dozen eggs until market-day; look you choose the fairest. [*Exit* Simplo.] Proberio, I would fain do somewhat for you. A friend of mine wants a good steward. I will help you with the place: or there is a widow worth 400*l.* I think I can make the match for you.

Pro. I thank you, sir, either of them I will accept. [*He turns to the people.*] This is like his 100*l.* offer which his messenger ran away withal. It will come to nothing: but now I know he hath some business for me.

Ant. I would fain have your opinion in a bargain of land I have made with one Pohssib, to the value of 7000*l.*, drawn into articles with both our hands to it. The chief motive of our bargain is a marriage between two young children. I pray you calculate whether the bargain be gainful or no.

Pro. If you have bargained already, it is too late for me to deliver my opinion.

Ant. Not a whit too late. There is nothing done but the land assured to me, and 3000*l.* of money paid. If I find it not fit for me, I'll rend the bargain all to shivers. What? two words to a bargain.

Pro. Why, I know you can do it if you list; you can play fast and loose as well as any man. Well, you shall soon know how I like it. [*Exit.*

Ant. I never finished any bargain yet, nor do I mean this shall be the first.

Redit Simplo.

Go to the lawyer, and ask if the writings be ready for your land, that you may receive your 100*l.* (*Exit* Simplo.) I have a couple of followers most unfit for my humour: Proberio is so full of *scrupulosity* that nothing passes his fingers that savours not of conscience. Such a man would I deal withal, but not dwell withal. Such a man would I have deal with me, but not deal for me. Simplo, he is diligent, but alas, his brains want salt.

Redit Simplo.

Sim. Sir, the writings are done; when you please I am ready to seal. I think the lawyer is a very honest man, he hath made them reasonable, methinks; for I am but to warrant it from all men; I have nothing to do with women.

Ant. It is well. We will go presently. But I must stay until Proberio come; for I do not well know where I am until he have done a business of mine.

Sim. Sir, I met him in Chancery Lane; he promised to be here before me, but I made great haste to tell you the writings were ready. I would so fain be a-sealing. I am wonderfully fallen out with my land.

Enter Proberio.

Pro. Sir, the bargain with Master Pohssib is the worst that ever was made; for if he or his wife do live thirty years, as by probability they will, you lose 7000*l.* by the bargain at least. And if they die sooner, you shall save little. Therefore my advice is, that either you buy it absolutely for ready money, or yield it back with reasonable consideration for your money lent, so shall you be free from exclamations.

Ant. I thought so. I warrant thou art as fearful of exclamations as of thunderbolts; there is nothing with you but exclamations, imputations, infamy, reports, discredit, and the like. A rush, a rush, and they are all one to me. Well, I thank you for your pains. Now ply the knight and his father-in-law about the 1000*l.* accompt.

Pro. I will. [*He turns to the people.*] Then until the next need I am cashiered.

[*Exit* Proberio, Antonio, *and* Simplo.

Sec. What is your opinion, Sir Hermito, of this man's disposition?

Her. Alas, I could wish the poor man would consider better of his soul's state. He seemeth to have a great wit, which he bendeth wholly to gather worldly wealth, not regarding how he gets it. We that have put riches in the last place of our care, or rather fly from them as pernicious, do indeed condemn for folly all the carking and study to increase our own hurts as they will prove to be, especially gotten by indirect means.

Sec. Do you call him poor who is reckoned very rich and full of money to put out for gain? such men are nowadays highly esteemed, much sued unto, and among their praises that is chief, that he excelleth others in money at use. And in the country among plain fellows it is a special mark or token that he is a good man, as they call him, if he have a 100*l.* or two at use, and without that he is not counted sound, or out of debt.

Her. More is the pity. It was wont to be a thing odious among Christians, and

used by none but Jews. And therefore we call such men poor, as being needy of goodness and grace, have they never so great abundance so gotten as they make their owners beggarly for grace.

SCENE IV.

Enter Insatiato.

Ins. 'Tis a marvellous toil and trouble that we courtiers are put to, and little considered by the world abroad; for it is commonly midnight before we can be shewed our chambers. There we lie like dead persons until next day at noon. All this while nobody comes at us, nor provides us any supping, nor so much as moans us. Then are we forced to rise for stark hunger. Then tied to our dinner till two of the clock: from that time until four we must not stir from our seat; one discourse after another holds us fast. Then go we on visitation from chamber to chamber; and before we know perfectly how every one had their health since yesternight, and [have] exchanged our complimental terms, the clock strikes seven. Then duty calls us to court our most respected and perfumed mistress, whereof we are not discharged till nine. Now supper bids every one repair to his mess, which commonly continueth no longer than ten. And so after a crash of two hours in play, we are driven every one to his kennel at midnight, as I said before. And this miserable life we lead, and yet are we envied to have all the pleasures in the world. But I think no wise man will so judge if he felt that we know. [*Exit.*

Enter Gulato *and* Sperato.

Gul. Master Sperato, I have much desired to debate with you the matter of drinking, and necessity thereof, because at our last meeting here you were so bitter in speech, as if wormwood had been all night steeped in your stomach. Therefore I sent for you once again to try if I can persuade you to recantation of your error.

Spe. That you may easily do, Gulato. For if singing the same song over again may pleasure you, I can do it with much addition of voluntary.

Gul. Is it even so? then I see thou wantest breeding, that art ingrateful for a kindness offered; and ignorant, not sensible of the salutiferous operation of well-brewed ale; which for thy edification, I will manifest and demonstrate by a very familiar and apt similitude; and within the circumference of thy feeble comprehension, whereunto I will now accommodate my whole oration.

Spe. You are grown very eloquent of late. I think the ale hath oiled your tongue.

Gul. Why, thou art in the right. I tell thee I am at this instant so inflamed with the spirit of malt, and my wits so refined with the manifold reverberations and continual correspondence between the residence of that liquor in my stomach, and the quintessential receipts in my head, that no particle of time passeth but whole streams of exufflations and insufflations ascend to the brains, and there work wonders. By reason whereof it were not hard for me to furnish Ryder himself with 2000 new words not yet seen in his Dictionary. I could turn Astronomer, and give names to any stars that want. I can pass for a Physician among many fools, and kill as many as the best Doctor of them all. Finally, what would I not undertake as now I am armed? But to return to my druggical similitude from which thy waywardness hath diverted me—

Spe. Nay, let that alone until another time. I understand already as much as I need for that matter; I must begone.

Gul. You shall stay to hear it; and let me have your judgment whether I might not with a little reading prove a perfect urinalist.

Spe. You are so troublesome when you fall into this case that I cannot skill of your company.

Gul. I tell thee 'tis the best physic that ever thou hadst.

Spe. I believe it before-hand. What need you more?

Enter Spurco *and* Insatiato.

Gul. O Master Spurco, you are welcome: speak your mind freely: do not you think it better to sit merrily a whole winter's day, and most part of the night by a good fire, and command (like men of authority) the tapster to fill us an ocean of drink if we list, and there among good fellows to hear more news than all the world knows to be true, than to toil and trash in the dirt without conversation, seldom coming near one another as hunters do.

Spu. No, certainly. I hold it a beastly thing to sit beseling upon a bench, and suck in drink, as pigs do dregs in a trough; which custom, although some base hunts-

men and falconers use, yet if I did think that hunting were as odious and displeasing to God as drunkenness is, I would soon dispatch my dogs.

Ins. And I will free the Court from the foul and loathsome custom of drunkenness. For seldom and with very few it is used there. Officers and order forbids it as unseemly for a Prince's palace. I wish we were as clear from idleness, pride, disdain, envy, lechery, covetousness, flattery, lying, cozenage, oppression, and unthriftiness, as we are from drunkenness.

Sec. Marry, sir, these are vices enow. And except you were guilty of all the deadly sins, and breach of every commandment, I know not what you could add to these.

Her. The delights of hunting and hawking, as also of other exercises, were, no doubt, ordained by God to comfort man in his banishment here, and to give him a taste of the unspeakable pleasures in heaven, our own country; but the excess and abuse of any pastime argues the receiver unreasonable, and turns the benefit into detriment. Of drunkards, I say shortly and sharply: they deprave God's blessings, rob and murder the poor, undo the Commonwealth, bring God's curse upon the country, deprive themselves of heaven and merit hell. The Courtier, who ought to be the square of the country by his civil example, pulls upon himself the ruin of millions, and sinneth much with doing little.

Gul. I am crushed in the head: no more drinking. Farewell, good ale.

Ins. Give me thy hand. We are all in little better case for anything I hear by the judgment of wise men. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter Antonio, Proberio, Simplo.

Ant. I have had such a stir with this same beggar Pohssib, his wife, and his friends; and so many complaints they have made to the King and Council and turn themselves into all shapes and faces to force me either to go through with the bargain or give it over, that divers of my friends are brought to favour his part for stark equity's sake. But do all what they can I will have it, and not have it: I will hold it, and not hold it. And I will none of the purchase, and yet not give it over.

Pro. I told you, sir, what an intricate business it would prove to be, and full of slander: therefore I wished you to end it by yielding the bargain back, for that will be the end of it.

Ant. Thou knowest not what will be the end of it, nor I myself: but I can best guess, because I know his poor estate. I have made a private search into his debts: and some creditors I have pulled upon him sooner than they meant. And in writing I have every sum he oweth to neighbours, to workmen, and to his very servants. And this is the plummet I sound withal. This must bring the fish into my net, Proberio. But what have you done with the knight and his father-in-law master Eloc for the 1000*l.* accompt?

Pro. Sir, that accompt goes otherwise than you would have it; for they prove that there was 1200*l* taken up, and of that you are to pay 400*l.*

Ant. Are you sure of that?

Pro. I am so sure that I am ashamed ever to have spoken in a matter so contrary to good conscience.

Ant. You are so spiced-conscienced that there is no dealing with you. Will you demand if they will swear in Chancery that so is the accompt?

Pro. That I will do, and I am sure they will not refuse it. [*He turns to the people, and saith.*] This is but to colour his dishonest meaning, he knoweth the truth as well and better than they. [*Exit* Proberio.

Ant. These fellows are so rash that a little thing will satisfy them. I am partly persuaded the accompts be as he speaketh, but it is good to be sure. Thus thou must do, Simplo, in like cases, if thou wilt be a wise, politic, and wary fellow.

Sim. I hear it well, sir, and have locked it up safely in my memento. I give you many thanks for the 100*l.* you gave me for the land, and for your careful putting-out the money as your own. I again for my part have sealed the writings, and I am ready to do anything else for making it sure to you. 'Tis a good hearing that master and man agree so well as your worship and I do now. Now they say 'tis a good title, and they will not make question of it, since you have gotten it.

Ant. No, I think not. For all their babbling they will not easily begin suit with me to recover it away.

Sim. Fear nothing of that, sir, I can tell

you news. They say now your title to it is as good as any man hath to his land. And that you will keep my 100*l.* as safe as the land: and that's good for me.

Ant. That's no news. You may see now what it is to be circumspect in my dealing, and to have a name to hold fast. Learn this against the time that you have more land. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Intrant Rustico *et* Hortano.

Rus. Did you ever hear, neighbour Hortano, such a broil between man and wife as yonder was between Porco and his wife? you and I did very wisely to come away. For sure they did strive before us for their credit sake to get the victory of each other by scolding; now we are gone perhaps they will give over. Methought it was very noisome to hear such unseemly words pass from married folk.

Hor. Sure their bitterness passed the bounds of humanity. They make me afraid of marrying if such jars fall out between those that be one flesh.

Rus. Let it not discourage you more than it repents me that I am married; for it lies in your power to have all well and quiet if you chance to marry even one of the short ribs of the great Devil.

Hor. How can that be, neighbour Rustico? if you can teach me that, you do much. For I have heard many say that it is impossible to tame a shrew by any means, except by having no woman at all.

Rus. If you talk of taming by violence, you say well it cannot be, for the more you strive to break their stomach, the more it grows; like camomile, the more you tread it, the more it spreads: and like a tree felled, where will grow forty springs. But take a twig by the top, and gently bend it by little and little it will grow in what fashion you will. A wasp is a shrewd stinging beast by nature, but if she light upon your face and hands, and creep up and down, let her alone, and take her pleasure, she will do you no harm and quietly pass away. So if your wife will meddle with all things, give her liberty to do what she will you shall have her merry, else she were worse than the devil.

Hor. I think this is very likely; but who can endure his wife to do what she listeth at all times?

Rus. That can I, and that must you, or else you are not wise; for if you may have peace upon any conditions, is it not your fault if you choose to be jarring?

Hor. But I have heard say, it is better to have honourable wars than inconvenient peace.

Rus. That is, among strangers and enemies; but among friends, and with yourself what peace can be dishonourable?

Hor. How comest thou to be so cunning in this kind of argument?

Rus. Even as you may if you will take the course that I do. I have a wife, the best creature that ever you saw in the order that she takes with me. But if I should be churlish, as perhaps you would be, and cross her never so little, she would rage like a fury of hell. She speaks, and I give ear; she gives counsel, and I practise; she commands and I obey; she chides, and I hold my peace; she preaches, and I believe; thus we live as lovingly as master and scholar.

Hor. But who could abide his wife to teach and control him?

Rus. Every man that loves his ease. And if all wives be as mine is, he shall be thrice happy to obey her. For she is the best woman to bring up husbands that ever was born. She will so instruct them in the wonderful virtue of patience, that if they will be ruled by her monitions, they shall be as good as martyrs, a great deal better than living saints. I thank her heartily; she is my *Pilcatory* in this world; I shall go straight to Heaven whensoever I die. Therefore, lest I should lose the benefit of the blessed state I stand in by any misdemeanour of mine, I dare not offend her in the least matter. O, 'tis a great blessing to have such a wife.

Hor. But for all this, it should be long before I would choose such a wife which did desire to carry such a hand over me as she doth over thee.

Rus. O neighbour Hortano, that thou didst but taste of the fruits of patience! [*Intrat* Lamia *his wife with a cudgel of an ell long, and counterfeiting to be a Puritan lifting her eyes upward.*] Look where my wife is; I know her by the sign of the Bible. See how devout she is. She never looks lightly lower than the element. You may say what you will now, she cannot hear a word, her meditations be so fervent.

Hor. Why doth she carry that cudgel while she is praying?

Rus. [*She openeth her Bible, and makes*

show to read, and many times turns her eyes with the white upward.] That is her rod of discipline, and a strange thing it is which now I tell you. She is never so rapt up in her devotions, but if I commit the least fault (as wretched man that I am many times I do, and my best actions are abominable) she perceives it presently (and yet is deaf to all other noise) and she comes to me fiercely in the heat of her charity, and corrects me very handsomely with that wand.

Hor. But will she correct her servants with this cudgel?

Rus. O no, very seldom (she does not love them so well), except it be a very great fault. But in me (for the entire love she bears me) she will not suffer the least sin unpunished, lest, as she saith, any might remain to be rebuked by hell-fire.

Hor. But I had rather be her servant than her husband, if she strike with such twigs.

Rus. Had you so? but so had not I. For by this I am made sure of my election when I do patiently endure so great correction.

Hor. How doth she bring up thy son Jack?

Rus. Admirably well, for lest he should prove an idolator she will not let him ask blessing upon his knees. And lest he should abate of his mettle and stomach, he must never put off his hat to us, nor be denied anything he calls for; so that being now but six years old he will fight, scratch, and tumble himself upon the ground, crying until his heart break if he may not have his will in everything. Then is there no way but give it him, or else he will die with screaming. O, he will prove a man of outrageous spirit. It makes me sometimes doubt he should not be my child, he hath so noble a stomach, far beyond mine. And but that I know his mother to be a very religious professor, I assure you it would trouble me much, he discovereth so much fury in his fashions, and such might by his madness, that I think many times some giant got him when my wife was asleep, for I am sure she would never suffer it waking.

Hor. Nay, nay, if your wife be a woman of that command as you describe her to be, and as she makes shew of no less by her part, it may well be the boy takes his courage from her, and his outward personage from you.

Rus. You say well, neighbour Hortano, that may be; but I do half mistrust my own worth in getting such a child; but yet I love him as well as if he were my own.

Lam. I came hither to seek a kind of husband that I have. He wants government and discipline, I am sure, ere this time: for I have not seen him these three days past: the poor man will be undone, if I light not on him shortly.

Rus. O, she seeks me. What a good woman is this! I must needs go to her. Stand by, neighbour, and note how zealously she will edify me. How do you, good wife? I knew it was you so soon as I saw you anything near me. May I be so bold as to ask where you have been these two or three days? My boy Jack and I think long until you come home.

Lam. Why should you ask so foolish a question? you know that I must frequent my contemplation, in which I cannot be less than two or three days; the fervour of spirit is such among the elect that they may not depart in short time from their meditations, especially having such learned teachers among us, that are never wearied, and willing to accompany and conduct us in the darkest dangers. O the delights, pleasures, and sweet delectations that we feel during the time of these contemplations, that we think no time contentedly spent but when we are employed in these exercises. I think verily my goodly boy Jack was begotten and conceived in these deep contemplations.

Rus. What wife; and I not there?

Lam. Alas man, why should you trouble yourself with these matters which be so far out of your reach? was it not enough if my spirit did wish you present? or that in conceit you were with me? what if you were asleep at that instant, and so it were revealed to me by the spirit? or if you had been present, and my spirit should inwardly testify unto me that a teaching Saint must be preferred, ought not you to give place? I pray you, husband, give over to muse on these hidden secrets, for otherwise these thoughts may make you horn-mad.

Hor. How can you defend that to be lawful to be gotten with child by any but your husband?

Rus. Indeed, wife, I cannot but think this reason good that you say, but I would have been glad to be father to my own child if it had pleased you.

Lam. What do you talk of reason? it is beyond reason. It is matter of predestina-

tion, and preordination. Where is now your obedience and patience, so often inculked unto you? I perceive it is ready to fly out by your exterior parts, but I will chastise this rebellious flesh, and make it subject to the spirit. [*Then she beateth him soundly.*]

Hor. Where learned you to beat your husband?

Lam. It is lawful and possible for me to extract tears from his flinty heart with this rod of discipline correcting him as the spirit moveth me.

Hor. But how shall he know that a good spirit moveth you to correct him?

Lam. That appertains not to him to examine. It is sufficient that his wife hath that inward testimony which enableth and emboldeneth her to do her function, and to minister disciplinary documents. And this he is firmly to hold, or else he loseth his election.

Rus. Nay, wife; rather than I should not be one of the elect, I pray you beat me again.

Lam. You are not to inform me when I shall strike. It is the lively spirit which directeth me: and now it telleth me you need not at this time more to be humbled. Go in peace, and be patient.

Rus. O God's blessing on thy kind heart. See how favourable a spirit she hath. I cannot choose but weep for this love. [*Then he weeps and howls with hands before his face.*]

Lam. Lo now, Hortano, the virtue of this rod, which bringeth so plentiful tears from this rocky stomach of his.

Hor. But for all this, I see no ground or proof you have that a wife shall take upon her to teach and correct her husband. You allege Scripture as far as Rome is from Rockingham, and expound it at your pleasure, and frame it to your own fancy, but if I were your husband, I would cudgel you well, and by the word maintain it better.

Lam. What, not yet understand'st thou the text, *O fool, and slow of belief!* If thou were my husband [*Then she shakes the cudgel at him*], I would ding it into thy brain in another fashion than by proofs. I prithee tell me, must not men be taught and instructed?

Hor. Yes: but what, shall women do it?

Lam. Who else, I pray you? Shall beasts do it? Although women may not speak in the Church (which is great pity), yet we may preach in chambers, and men are tied to hear us.

Hor. No, nor sluts neither: but men shall instruct men.

Lam. [*Jump.*] And so women instruct women, and none of them shall come to other. And how shall there then be procreation of the holy ones, and the Israel of God be multiplied?

Rus. Nay, neighbour Hortano, I warrant you my wife will prove anything she saith one way or other. But, good wife, let me entreat one thing at your hands, if your spirit consent, that is, that I may call your son Jack my boy for my credit sake. And that he may know no other but he is mine, and then shall I be quiet in mind, and think you deal very justly and liberally with me.

Lam. With all my heart. And I profess unto you that he shall never know otherwise by me: but I doubt his generous spirit will not suffer him (after a few years of discretion) to tarry long in that error, but that he will heroically disdain to have you otherwise accompted of than his reputed father: and that he is rather the son of some zealous brother, who never sees the relics of Charing-cross but wisheth he were on horseback with a lance in his hand, in full speed to bear it down. And yet his mother extreme honest for all this.

Rus. All this I stedfastly believe. And I am afraid my own weakness will be the first discoverer, and plead not guilty to getting of such a son. Nevertheless, good wife, I cannot choose but thank you much for your kindness that he shall be called my son, that men may think so nobly yet of me to do such a deed. And for you, wife, I will swear you are a very honest woman for all this.

Lam. No, husband. You shall not swear so rashly. I thank you as much as though you did. Your faith shall save you without swearing. [*Exit* Lamia.

Rus. Was ever man more blessed with a wife than I am? [*Then he holds his hands before his face and falls to a silent meditation a pretty while, at last fetching a great sigh he saith*], The Lord make me thankful. [*Then he hides his face with his hands again, and so standeth awhile sighing and sobbing until* Hortano *shake him by the arm, saying*]

Hor. How now, Rustico, what wilt thou do? Kill thyself with this same foolish zeal? pluck up a good heart, and live to see thy boy a man.

Rus. A man! He is a man already at

six years' age by his great stomach; and I think in my conscience I am not half his father. But I beshrew you for troubling me; you have done you know not what: for I was even melting into a martyr.

Hor. A martyr! How canst thou be a martyr?

Rus. O yes, and I shall die so patiently that I dare not call for a posset how sick soever I be for fear of sinning, till the very point of death. And now I begin to be heart-sick.

Hor. If you find yourself so sick indeed, I wish you to make your will, and dispose of your estate.

Rus. How? make my will? that's the next way to die in earnest.

Hor. Not a whit nearer death for that.

Rus. O yes. A will and a tolling bell are as present death as God's tokens. No, I'll none of that.

Hor. Let me persuade you, neighbour Rustico, to make your will. I assure you it is superstition to think death to be nearer you for that cause.

Rus. Superstition! The Lord defend me. I had rather not to observe order in anything than to be thought superstitious. I agree to you, neighbour, and thank you for your gentle persuasion. I will presently do it while I am in perfect memory.

First, for my soul: I will not bequeath it to God; but let it go even as it is predestinated.

2. My body may be buried if my executor will pay for it, or else let it alone and be patient, as I was when I lived.

3. At my burial I desire my wife to preach, and nobody to hear her but my sweet boy Jack and I.

4. Forty shillings I give to any man that shall put me into the book of Martyrs.

5. My wit, and such like moveables I leave as an heirloom to my son Jack [*then I fling his eyes upward*] upon whom my desire is that the firmament may pour down as many joyful lots as there are heares upon his fingers-ends: and that his seed may multiply like mice in a malt-heap.

6. All my breeches I bestow upon my beloved wife.

7. My land, if any be given me after my death, I freely bestow upon him that shall marry her, to amend his bargain.

8. The rest of my goods and chattels which cannot be found I will shall be equally divided (at my executor's discretion) among the poor of the parish wheresoever I shall die.

9. And of this my last will and testament I make the longest liver in London my sole executor, because I will have no fighting, nor suits in law for my goods.

10. And you, neighbour Hortano, I make overseer of this my will, and for your pains to be taken therein, I give you all that shall be overplus after execution of the same.

Now my sight fails. Lead me, lead me, good neighbour, home; and to bed: and so farewell, and good night.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Intrant Antonio, Noverindo, *and* Proberio.

Ant. Here is more work for us, Noverindo (and we will not work for simple fees though *foedum simplex* be a good tenure); a friend of mine wants 2000*l.*, and I must have it for him within these two days, or he seeks elsewhere.

Nov. In any case hold him in, let him not 'scape, he shall pay for his expedition. I'll about it, and I'll have it for you within twenty-four hours, or I'll give you my head. [*He goes forward a little, and suddenly steps back, saying*] I had almost forgot a matter of weight; you are entreated by the whole company of our sort, that some order may be taken to check the sauciness of divers mean persons that enquire for moneys to be taken up. They make no more ado, but with hats on their heads, ask the question thus:—Have you 100*l.* to lend upon good security? what a malapertness and abuse is this! Of my honesty, sir (what a villain was I to swear so deeply), there be many knights, and some lords that have not always 100*l.* to lend upon an instant. And then what reason is there that we which have it at all hours should be so slenderly regarded?

Ant. You say well, Noverindo; I wish it to be redressed; but what would the company have me to do?

Nov. This, sir; you are acquainted at Court: they entreat that you would use your friends to get a grant under the broad seal (whatsoever it cost), that we may erect an office with a master and clerks belonging to it, to the end that every one which wants money may repair thither, and upon request to the under-clerks speak with the master of the office, and thence take directions how to proceed, and so obtain money. This will make them know themselves, and

yield duty to them that it appertains; when they shall come by degrees to the worth of money.

Ant. This I like well; but it will be a great charge to maintain master and clerks in an office, so shall we lose much out of our gain.

Nov. Sir, you mistake it quite. The company hath argued that case to and fro. The master and clerks will pick out a living well enough, I warrant you, out of them that take up money, and this will free them from other brokage. As you know, all offices are maintained by the suitors, not by the granters of the place.

Ant. Right. But who shall be at the charge of the patent?

Nov. That must be done by the company. But we'll lose nothing by it. For we are determined to let no money go but one way or other, we will get 30 in the 100. And if we give commodities we will have more; and 'tis reason too. The worse the bargain is, the more they must lose that take it. And there is another thing that we will be at the charge of, sir, wherein we must crave your help also. And that is, some arms from the king of heralds appropriated to our company alone, and hanged up behind the master of the office; this will give honour to the place, and cause suitors to understand they enter into a court of command and authority. [Noverindo *whispers* Antonio *in the ear, while* Proberio *speaks thus to the people.*]

Pro. O, I could fit these fellows to a hair. I could devise them a crest as fit as a fan for a forehorse.

Ant. Proberio! here is Noverindo hath a piece of employment for you, and thinks you can discharge it well if you list; and I'll see you well considered. It is this. That you move the heralds to give the company a crest with the due circumstances. And go in my name: they will do it the more freely.

Pro. Sir, I am the only man for such a business. If the herald cannot aptly conceive it, I can instruct him. I'll undertake to have it speedily.

Nov. Thanks, Proberio; and thou shalt not travail for unthankful persons.

[*Exit* Antonio.

Pro. Sir, it will cost 10*l.*, besides somewhat for expedition, and I must have it ready to pay; for I will not come from him till I bring it.

Nov. Here is 10*l.* and a piece for expedition; and another for thy pains; study hard to have it exactly done, thou shalt have two pieces more. (Proberio *makes haste away, but* Noverindo *calls him.*) Stay, one word before you go. Let it be somewhat terrible to the beholders; we'll make them do (*that same*) in their breeches.

Pro. But so you may scare them quite away, they will come there no more.

Nov. I warrant thee: if they were sure to go to prison within a while after, they will come again for money. They are very venturous; nay, desperate; nay, foolhardy. O money is money and they must have it.

Pro. Say no more; I'll be your warrant it shall be fearful enough [*Exit* Nov.], and make some of you stain the place you stand in, and look backward what drops behind you. Let me alone. I'll dress you as you should be trimmed, 30 in the 100, I'll not forget that, upon my word. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter Malingua *the* Lawyer, Mureto *the* Merchant, *and* Granato *the* Farmer.

Mal. It is even high time the world were at an end, for I think all trades are decaying: when my father put me to the Inns of Court he advised me in any case to study so that I might be called to the bar, and then, saith he, fear not to live in all plenty and credit. But I find it otherwise; for now that I am exalted thither, my law serves me not to get my commons. I wish I had been bred a tapster: that trade is now more gainful with froth than ours, with all our words. And for anything I see, 'tis like to last to the world's end; whereas ours can be good no longer than people be contentious. And that is a special argument the ale-sellers use against us, saying that we gain by falling out of neighbours and friends, but they grow rich by meeting of good fellows, and sitting together lovingly. There are so many hindrances grown up of late, that it is impossible our reign should long continue, although it be true, and we complain not, that malice is as great among men as ever it was, and can be wished: but the mischief is, their money fails, and they grow wiser.

Mur. I marvel what will satisfy your greedy desires: have you not the whole kingdom at your service and beck? What lord knight, gentleman, merchant, hus-

bandman, or other sort of people is not attendant at your study doors, with paying and praying? and glad that the fee which he gives is of that glorious operation, that it breeds no wrinkles in your forehead, but is cheerfully received? What *congees*, and submissive requests to peruse their case with a little care! What troops conduct you to the bar! What venison sent to your feasts! What respect and entertainment, if you vouchsafe to visit their country houses! And finally, what honour and homage can be done to subjects, but you have it in all fulness, and yet you whine as not contented. I perceive you would murmur if you were so handled as poor merchants are, that unless we turn usurers, we cannot live.

Mal. You complain without cause, Mureto. Your case is far better than ours: for if one country or commodity afford not gain, you can go into another, and chop and change as often as you list. We are tied to one country and place. You may offer your wares, and are sure to have traffic as the times and prices be. We may not tender our service to any, but sit gaping in our chambers, as melancholic as mice, until somebody chance to knock at the door.

Gra. It is merry when fishermen complain of herring-men. Surely the world might well spare of both sorts of you a great number. Concerning you, Master Mureto, it is clear that you play the merchant with us, who bite and whine at your impositions, although you lose nothing: but the whole burden thereof falls upon them who spend the commodities, and must, ere they buy, pay the shot of your impositions, whatsoever it be.

And for you, Master Lawyer, that grow fat with the drops which fall from other men's brows, and be merry with the frets that gall the clients' hearts: whose grief is always to hear of peace and charity; and rejoice with the fox that the hens fall out for their perch; what fault find you with this world, that was never so rich with envy, and full of suits? You are like the box among gamesters, which gains whosoever lose. But if all men were of my temper, I would make you leap a yard high for a groat.

Mal. What! a whole yard? what if I were never at the dancing-school, and cannot caper so high?

Gra. Then thou shouldst have but two pence.

Mal. Nay, I know a trick worth two of that. For if our craft fail, I'll turn minister, and that I am sure will not decay.

Gra. Woe be to that Parish that shall have a Lawyer to their Pastor; some be already troubled sufficiently with citations: they need no common law writs. And without a *capias ut legatum*, a Lawyer can never preach.

Mal. Who can endure this filthy Farmer to rail as he doth at us two, Mureto? Let us set upon him. Are you so free without fault, Master Granato, that you may throw your stones so thick at others? Belike no complaints are made against you for hoarding up corn against a dear year, for selling to badgers at a dear rate, and no serving the market; for mingling bad corn with the good, and foul dressing of the best: for deceitful ploughing your neighbour's ground, that hires you at a hard rate, which makes the poor man weep at harvest. Besides many other country tricks which breed new cases among old lawyers, which I could argue upon an hour together, if I were not presently to go to the hall to move in the King's-bench upon an *ejectione firmæ*.

Mur. By'rlakin, Master Granato, you had been as good held your peace as buckled with a lawyer. I swear he hath in few words touched you to the quick, and done you no wrong neither in mine opinion: but we will adjourn this disputation until our next meeting, and in the meantime provide yourself for a better defence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Intrat Proberio *and* Antonio *with* Simplo, *at several doors.*

Pro. Sir, Master Eloc and the Knight have given me a copy of their accompt, and according to your charge and their defence I have drawn bill and answer. I have shewed it them: they liked it, and wish it should be engrossed, and put into the Court; they will depose the answer is true.

Ant. Is it so? well, give me them. If I find them in that forwardness I will take their word, and end it with kindness. Proberio, you must remove your trunks and stuff presently. I will clear my chambers from all men but myself.

Pro. What? just so soon as I have done all your business must I be gone? you

might have suffered me until you go out of town, if then you will needs have me remove. You were wont to let me lie here a week after, or as long as I needed. Marry, now I find the cause of that to be, that you had then some business for me to do.

Ant. Yes, but I purpose to sell my lodgings, and I must have them out.

Pro. Where shall I lie this night, being so suddenly unprovided? and whither shall I carry my stuff?

Ant. You shall have a bed at the Inn where my horses stand. And your stuff may be put in the out-room, near the garden.

Pro. There they may be stolen: but I must be content (though not pleased) if there be no remedy.

Ant. You owe me six pound: you must provide it presently, or else I will arrest your sureties.

Pro. That six pound I do not owe; although you got my bond for it by a very hard and undue course. And to this I will depose. And if I did, I hope you will not exact it, having received such kindness heretofore from me when I was able, and you in extreme need thereof, and now doing you so many services.

Ant. Tell me nothing of that; you have been satisfied in your diet and lodging to a better value.

Pro. In lodging? I am ashamed to hear such a word, though you be not to allege so base a reckoning. I had always my own sheets, except sometimes when mine were finer, you would change with me for worse. And the great diet I had was sometimes a piece of cheese, and one egg: for which benefit I have travailed like a porter and written like a clerk. Is this your gratitude for good turns past? and are all your promises thus performed?

Ant. How? gratitude? every beggar talks of gratitude. It is for such as you to sue for mercy, not to talk of gratitude, which is among equals.

Pro. These were not your words to me when you were a beggar, and a borrower from me, and had need of the poorest help; but then you found no beggar of me, but your best friend. [*Exit.*

Ant. A proper reckoning! This fellow looks for recompence. Why, he had my countenance, which made him many times respected. And I could yet be content to speak for him, but doth he expect farther? why, the fellow knows not the world. Simplo, tell him that if my word may do him any good, he shall have it; but, if he love his liberty, let him challenge no deeds at my hands. He never had more of me than my word for that he now claimeth. And doth he think to build castles upon my word? if he do, they shall come down apace. Now he is gone to remove his stuff, bid my Attorney to take out execution against his surety.

Sim. This is cold comfort for me. Sir, you make me half afraid you will turn me off at the worst time of the year. I am not able to deserve so well at your hands as he hath done, and yet so lightly regarded. That is very hardly done.

Ant. Dost thou fear turning off? it comes with a fear, and ends with a fever. Thou mayst go as soon as thou wilt after him.

Sim. If it please you to give me my 100*l.* I will take my leave now.

Ant. Soft awhile; where is your witness that I have 100*l.* of yours? And if I had, thou wert content I should use it as mine own. But go to, I'll pay thee. There was a knave ran away with 100*l.* of mine, I'll change with thee; seek him out, take the money, and hang him, that's interest.

Sim. [*Turns to the people.*] This is a poor help for my 100*l.* For all this, I'll not leave his service until I get my 100*l.* or somewhat for it. I would I had my land again at a venture. [*Exit* Simplo.

Intrat Proberio.

Pro. Sir, I have removed my stuff into your garden room; but there it is not safe from robbing. And at your Inn I can have no lodging. I must sit by my stuff all night.

Ant. It will be so much the safer.

Pro. I hear besides that my surety is in execution at your suit for the six pound.

Ant. That may be, I cannot help it unless I be paid.

Pro. You know I owe you nothing of that money.

Ant. I know not that.

Pro. Will you have my oath?

Ant. No.

Pro. Will you refer it to friends?

Ant. No.

Pro. To your own brother?

Ant. No.

Pro. I protest, upon my oath, no penny of this money is due. And yet, to save my surety, I offered a fine mewed *Goss-hawk*, which before good witness you did accept,

and caused me to keep a whole Michaelmas term in London: but at the end of that very term, unknown to me, you sneaked out of town, leaving order to have my surety arrested, and so followed, that now he is in execution upon that only suit. I say no more, but demand judgment in this case.

Ant. Proberio, I have done thee the grace to hear thee to the full. And it joys me much that either he shall die in prison, or I shall have that money. [*Exit.*

Pro. Was there ever any so hard-hearted? Twenty years past, when I was in prosperity, and he at the point of death by rigour of law, I took many costly journey to Court, labouring for his pardon. I did him all the good offices that a true friend could do for another. And I left nothing undone that might do him good. Besides, I lent him 50*l.* gratis in those times, myself paying interest for that money. At which time what vows and promises he made me I let pass as ingrateful to my heart in repeating, and serve to no other purpose but for a warning and a wonder that so much ingratitude should harbour in an Englishman. And now you are all witnesses of my reward. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Mureto, Granato, *and* Malingua.

Mur. Now, Granato, if you be content to yield the victory unto Master Malingua this lawyer, and confess to have wronged us merchants with the petulancy of your prating, you may perhaps have your punishment extenuated if we be your judges, and so quietly shut up all among ourselves.

Gra. I am so far from any such confession and submission that I offer to maintain every word spoken in our last contention. And for judgment I appeal from you both; and know that I am your ancient from the time that Adam digged the earth for his living.

Mal. Then purge yourself, Granato, from the crimes we charged you withal; and the ..nd will try if you had not done better to take penance for your faults at our hands.

Gra. For the high prices of corn, which falsely and absurdly you impute unto husbandmen, if you had either wit or honesty you would soon grant that there are two main reasons for it, which lie not in our power to redress, but in the State's wisdom to help. One is, the uncontrolled and improvident liberty for all sorts and degrees to marry, so that many are grandmothers at thirty years old. The other is the multitude of enclosures and decay of tillage. And if we corn-men did not till all the ground we can get, how dear, think you, would corn be shortly? Many other reasons for brevity's sake I omit, but these will hold argument against you for term of both your lives, and after your decease to your heirs males lawfully begotten.

Mal. Believe me, Master Mureto, this Farmer hath made for himself a reasonable good Apology and put us a hard case. It seems he hath studied well since our last parle. But what say you, Granato, to your evil words lavished out against Lawyers? therefore you must yet crave pardon.

Gra. Not I, truly. For I gave you no worse speeches than you gave one another at the bar, nor so evil. For there you fall out like any scolds; but the worst is, you will be friends at dinner, yet never in charity, I think. And I see no reason I should stoop to either of you, considering the goodness of my cause. For I will be judged by any indifferent man, if I and such as I am, be not honester and better than both your factions.

Mal. Since thou hast offered it, thou shalt not escape until that be tried. Here sit a couple that seem very wise by their silence, we'll be judged by them. What say you, Mureto?

Mur. With all my heart. For we cannot be worse than we are, howsoever we speed.

Gra. A match. I'll refuse no man's opinion that is not of your ranks.

Mal. Gentlemen, we need not report the causes of our reference unto you. All our jars and wrangles you have heard: we entreat you to finish them with your doom.

Sec. To deal plainly with you all, mine opinion is, that the world is generally more wronged and abused by the Lawyer and Merchant than by the Farmer; who though he have faults, yet gets he his living more honestly and is of necessity to be harboured. But, Sir Hermito, I must refer the full decision of their cause to your censure.

Her. That one of them is better than the other, I do not see; therefore methinks the question should rather be which is the worst. The Farmer that deceives so far as his capacity will carry him, is condemned by his intention to do worse if his skill did enable

him. The Lawyer is a necessary member of the commonwealth to find and determine every man's right. But if willingly he oppugn right and be enemy to peace, he is the Devil's agent and Christ's enemy. Likewise a Merchant which causeth commerce and amity between severed nations is a man commendable. But if he use fraud, then is he pestiferous, and deserveth banishment where no society is.

[Malingua, Mureto, *and* Granato, *make obeisance unto* Securus *and* Hermito, *and turning together say,—*

Mur. I told you, Master Malingua, we could not lose by the bargain. Now the Farmer is as bad as we. What say you, Granato, to this gear?

Gra. I say little. Why? I am content to be as dishonest as you. I am not proud of my honesty, nor do I love to be singular.

Mal. But now thou seest we may be as honest as you, if we will ourselves.

Gra. Who denies that? I stand not much upon that neither.

Mal. But hath this hermit's preaching done thee no good? canst thou be content to mend if we do so too?

Gra. Yes, with all my heart; and I'll be good before both you, if you mend not the faster.

Mur. Content, let us all amend: for I think in my conscience it is even high time.

Mal. All our hands we will join together in manner of a vow that it shall be so.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE IV.

[*Enter* Proberio, *bringing a cloth wherein is pictured an Usurer bare-headed with a purse in his left hand, on the outside of which purse is set this inscription* 30 *p. pro* 100. *And behind him the picture of the Devil, with his arms stripped up, and white halfway, like the hangman's shirt sleeves, putting on a halter about the Usurer's neck; and shewing it to the people, saith:—*

Now, could I meet my merchant Noverindo, I have here a whole library for his learning. Here he may study while he spend his heart-blood with struggling, yet never reach the depth with his pettitoes.

[*He rolls it up again.*

Enter Noverindo.

Nov. How long I think until I meet Proberio. All is ready at our office, but the blazonry of our coat of arms to be set up, and for want of that we lose many hours. For there be store of suitors without, that think long to seal they care not what. But we will not open the door until we furnish it with that gashful spectacle to affront them. Yet time is precious with ust who must accompt to an hour, else I'll no, give a fart for a money-monger that shall lose a minute negligently.

Pro. This caitiff is careful of losing time in his wrath-heaping gain; but that this time be well-spent he takes no care at all. Well, sir, you shall not complain of me for keeping you too long from the Devil; the sooner you go the better for the country you live in. Noverindo, why fret you yourself? I have more need to be choleric for staying here this hour, waiting your leisure, while I might have gotten 20*l.* by other employments.

Nov. I cry you mercy, Master Proberio, I am sorry for that. And I thought you had not dispatched our business. I pray you let me see it. All our occasions are at a stand until it come, for it must be set up before any be admitted thither, or else the world will think it to be a new-devised trick, and not appendant to our corporation.

Pro. None but fools will think so when they view it well; they shall be taught to acknowledge that it was due to you long since even from your first denomination.

Nov. Well said, Proberio, so would I have it appear indeed. Unfold, let me see it quickly. I am with child till I see it.

Pro. With child? with the devil you are. But soft, sir, is there no more in the case than you make show of? what presently see it, and have it, and set it up?

Nov. No: why should there be any more circumstances used? is it not ours, and belongs to us only?

Pro. But, sir, have you forgotten my two pieces you promised me upon finishing the business. I warrant you I have deserved it; you need not grudge me.

Nov. If I like it, I will perform your two pieces; will you not trust me for 44 shillings?

Pro. Why should ask me such a question? Is there any man in Christendom or in Kent, that you will trust for forty shillings without good security?

Nov. No. But you have good security;

for you have the thing itself in your hand, which you may keep.

Pro. Yes, I have, and will keep you from sight of it until I have my money. For what can I tell? you may be so overjoyed with the sight that you may run mad upon it. And then what guardian of yours while you live, or administrator when you die will pay me forty-four shillings, especially being due for a thing that put you out of your wits? Therefore satisfy yourself, you shall not see it until I have every penny of my money.

Nov. How shall I know that it is done when I have paid you?

Pro. Even as I know that you will pay me 100*l.* when I and my sureties have sealed the bond to your use before I receive a penny.

Nov. You say well. Come, here is your money.

Pro. Now you shall see it. [*Then he sets it up with some device upon a staff that with turning it all the spectators may view it, and saith*] Look here, sir, here's rods in piss for the villains.

Nov. [*Looks earnestly upon it a long time, and then fetching a great sigh, saith*] What Tyburnist is this? And what's the mystery of all this picture?

Pro. Sir, this Tyburnist or hangman is the devil. And this fellow that hath the purse is Judas, the figure of 30 with p. joined to it signifies 30 pence, for which he sold his master. That which followeth is meant of Christ, worth a hundred worlds; for which fact the Devil put a halter about his neck and hanged him. So shortly this is the sum of all.

Judas who for 30^{d}. *sold Christ infinitely greatest*
Was hanged by the Devil's help, and reputed with the basest.
Before you saw the history,
Now you hear the mystery.

Nov. 'Tis a good exposition. But I would I had my two pieces again. I do not like it very well, for many ignorant people will take it far otherwise; as thus, 30 p. 30*l.* for a hundred. And he that taketh 30*l.* in the 100*l.* is to be hanged by the devil.

Pro. 'Tis true, many may think so, but your clerks must inform them in the sense. No man can put a secret in figures but it may be diversely interpreted. And so be all oracles taken in sundry senses.

Nov. But I wish it were made plainer to the understanding: for the more part will take it as I did at first sight.

Pro. Why should you think so?

Nov. Because I cannot imagine any other meaning so proper to those figures as that I conceived.

Pro. That's because you are parcel guilty. But I will gather two other conceits as proper as that of yours.

Nov. If you can do so I am satisfied.

Pro. Thus 30*l.* pro 100, that is, he that gives 30 in the 100 is worthy to be hanged.

Nov. That judgment is very prejudicial for us, and may force from us many clients.

Pro. I do but guess at this for variety sake. And then another is this;—30*l.* in the 100; he that will not give 30 in the 100 is worthy to be hanged.

Nov. O this, this, none like to this. Now I like this riddle excellent well, that yields so many and so witty constructions.

Pro. Nay here one more comes flowing in. I tell you 'tis a very copious theme. I could keep you here this hour with voluntary variety. I remember them as fast as they come into my brains by huddles. 30 in the 100, and the hangman by; that is, he that will not give 30 in the 100 shall be hanged before he get any money there.

Nov. And so he shall, I warrant him. This is as good or rather better than the other. I commend thee, Proberio, either of these will serve our turn. Here, thou shalt have one piece more. I'll be bigger to thee than my word. Thou wilt make all our worships' hearts merry with this device.

Pro. I thank you, Sir. And if you knew with what alacrity and willingness I went about it, you would think it well bestowed. [*Exit* Nover.

Let him go; he carries his own rod. No man that hath his senses will conjecture otherwise than himself did at first, *videlicet*

He that takes 30 *in the* 100 *and not a penny under,*
Is worthy to be pendent till the hemp crack asunder. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antonio *and* Simplo.

Ant. I bade you go to Master Thompson for my rent: have you brought it?

Sim. Sir, he hath sent your rent all but

30 shillings which he abated for 80 caudles at 4d. the caudle.

Ant. What an ass thou art! I sent thee for my rent, not to pay for caudles.

Sim. Why, sir, he deducted it; then how could I help it? it were a great shame not to pay for your diet in the account.

Ant. You should have left the imputation to me.

Sim. So I did, nevertheless; but for my credit sake that fetched them every morning I thought reason to discharge your score.

Ant. Score? what score? is my hand at it? or did you keep a tally?

Sim. I kept no tally, but he is a very honest man, and his wife chalked them up behind the door.

Ant. I am as honest as they, but yet I never use to keep reckoning of caudles when they be eaten half a year before and the taste washed from my throat. If he cannot afford his landlord 100 caudles without money, he is no tenant for me. What no less than 30 shillings in caudles taken out of my rent at a clap, who did ever hear of the like? And the price too is monstrous; groats apiece! Why, it were enough for a supper at my chamber. Indeed they were very sweet and good, but what of that? a man may buy gold too dear. Tell him from me, I will not allow him a penny for caudles, and yet I will have my rent.

Sim. Sir, there stands a poor gentlewoman called Mistress Richardson at the door, and desires to speak with you.

Ant. A poor woman! what have I to do with poor folks? bid her come in, she shall be never the richer for me.

[*Exit* Simplo.

Enter Susanna Richardson, *makes curtsey with a paper in her hand, and a seal to it, saith,—*

Sus. Sir, a kinsman of yours and mine, a knight, when he went to travel had no money to spare, but bestowed on me 10*l.* which you owe him by this your bill. I beseech you to pay me, for now I am in want.

Ant. Let me see the bill. If it be mine I will discharge it.

[*She gives him the bill, and after well viewing he tears off the seal, and saith,—*

I owe him nothing, nor will pay thee anything.

Sus. Why do you tear the bill, if you will not pay it?

Ant. Did you not say it was my bill? if it be mine, why may I not do with it as I list myself?

Sus. But you promised to discharge it; and doing so, it is at your pleasure to tear or burn it.

Ant. Have I not discharged it, think'st thou? I warrant thee 'tis sure enough for ever charging me again.

Sus. O heavens! was there ever such a monster hatched? what age but this could have fostered so degenerous, so shameless, so frontless a beast as thou art? It had been happy for many that have had to do with thee, if that skin ere this had been flead from that impudent face of thine.

Ant. Begone; thy tongue is left thee to rail at large; but thy means be short to revenge thyself by law. Therefore feed upon thy woes and tears, money thou gettest none of me. [*Exit* Antonio.

[*Exit* Susanna *a contrary way, wringing her hands.*

ACT VI.

SCENE I.

Enter Furioso *the* soldier *with his company*, Corraso *the* Intelligencer, *and* Phantastico *the* Musician.

Fur. Courage, my companions. Pluck up your hearts; methinks I hear the sound of trumpets and drums within my breast. Whether I wake or sleep, nothing but alarums beset my thoughts; wars cannot be far off. Everything prognosticates stirs and broils. The very children muster in the streets. We have lived a great while like metamorphosed men. It is such a sight for soldiers to walk in palls with long cloaks and grave attire as if they were turned civilians. Why should we alter our proper habits being ensigns of honour? Hath not the whole need of us by turns and fits? And to one place or other we are still invited. We succour the besieged, and relieve the distressed. We restore kingdoms, and set captives at freedom. We toss and tennis crowns and monarchies, and bestow them at pleasure. Finally we make the earth tremble, and discolour the running streams. Some few faults we have, but not worthy to be so generally condemned.

Cor. The life of a soldier as now-a-days

it is used, is of all occupations the worst, and, in a word, is the highway to Hell.

Fur. You need not bend yourself so stiffly against any sorts of people, be they never so wicked, being yourself one of the basest and most unnecessary fruit-spillers that ever made themselves mercenary. An Intelligencer, a spy, an eavesdropper is hated, and shunned of all the world.

Cor. As true as I live, it were a good deed to apprehend you. I'll lay my life you are an enemy to the state.

Fur. Yes, to your state; do you kick already? nay, I'll gale you better yet, with thy borrowed bravery thou perkest and insinuatest thyself into the best company, and underminest their thoughts with thy lavish and warranted impeaching of states proceedings. And if any perhaps second thee in thy feigned murmurings, him thou pursuest, and becomest first his animater, and then his accuser; such a one was Doctor Parry, until the snare he laid for others compassed his own neck.

Cor. Sir, you do us unsufferable injury; we are busied only in our country's service, and certify all things offensive to it.

Fur. That's the intent of your mission, and cause of your entertainment. But you, to seem diligent, attend many times to baubles and toys, and the better to pack away paper you send your own surmises when weightier affairs either happen not, or escape you. And so, lest you seem to neglect your service, you return trifles.

Pha. For anything I see you are both pernicious members, and never to be nourished but in cases of necessity. We musicians are fortunate who hurt none, and covet to please none. We drive away melancholy. We recreate the mind, and revive the benumbed spirits, and are welcome to all sorts. Such soldiers as you are, Signor Furioso, I make no more account of, than of so many foul thistles in a meadow at midsummer, whose heads every child will whip off with a wand. And I will have a still, plain, temperate lad, shall break thy bones with his blow, when such air-beaters will scarce pierce the skin. I will myself be one of the six musicians that with the help of a few unarmed silly folks shall kill a hundred such soldiers in an hour; and yet we musicians will have no weapons but instruments of music.

Fur. How shall this come to pass? I desire to hear, for my learning.

Pha. Thus. I will assemble a few fair women, as honest as I would have them, and wine enough. You shall have your bellies-full of all your desires. They shall dance you faint, and kiss you weary. And when you cannot feel a needle thrust through your noses, they shall cut your throats with ease. And we musical mates will celebrate your Infernals with bells upon our fiddles. Now with you, Sir Neck-nipper, or Master Corraso, if so you be styled, I will be brief. While you do your prince and country good service, I wish you rewarded; but the first time you be treacherous you should be well guarded.

Fur. What now, foolish fiddler; dost thou think freely to carry away these exorbitant and opprobrious terms? I'll have thee banished all houses of my acquaintance. It is not long since you were teaching the lute to a pretty wench and witty, and were fingering her frets unfit for your ditty. It 's best for you to be quiet, lest I tell the rest which I know.

Sec. Sir Hermito, if you be not, I am weary with hearing such variety of vice. The soldier that was wont to be the honour of every country he came in, and a glory of his own, is now become odious abroad, and intolerable at home. The intelligencer might do good service if you could devise to keep him from doing hurt, which is as hard as to restrain a man of war having letters of marque from robbing his own countrymen. The musician that ought to present nothing evil-sounding is now the setter of all unsavoury sonnets. His office was to teach the measures and dances of order and comeliness, not the lofty lavolto and tricks of intemperance.

Her. I assure you, Master Securus, those things are as distasteful to me as to any other. And I am so much the safer that I live from their sight and knowledge. The soldier, the spy, and the musician have their several abuses, much degenerating from their first institutions; if any man can persuade them to repair unto my cell, I will do my best to reform them.

[*Exeunt* Furioso, Corraso, *and* Phantastico, *doing reverence to* Securus *and* Hermito.

SCENE II.

Enter Antonio *and* Simplo *at several doors, stamping, chafing, and throwing down his hat.*

Ant. How now, Simplo, what's the news now?

Sim. Marry, I was never in such a scurvy case in my life.

Ant. What is it? hast thou the pox?

Sim. No, 'tis worse, that's but a toy: 'tis the plague. I am so pestered with yonder woman, Susanna Richardson. She says you did tear her bill of 10*l.* She scolds, she rails; she threatens to dwell with you, to lay her child at your door, and set up the cause upon your gate; and everything she will do unless she be agreed withal. She makes me weary of my life; she follows me like a ghost; and now she stands at door. If you had not been here she had never left me, but she cannot abide to see you.

Ant. All this I little care for; but there's a thing in it. I fear the Star-Chamber, because she hath witness, or else I would not care neither. I must agree with her; bid her come in.

Enter Susanna, *makes curtsey.*

You showed me an old rotten note t'other day. 'Tis not worth twopence. What would you have? I owe you nothing.

Sus. The note was worth 10*l.* till you fingered it; now 'tis not worth a halfpenny indeed: but if you will give me nothing I will tell the King. I am a poor widow, he will help me.

Ant. The King, woman? Alas, he hath great business; never trouble him with this toy. I'll give thee somewhat in charity, but not a penny of duty.

Sus. Charity? that would I fain see from you. Pay first the 10*l.* which is due, and then bestow your charity.

Ant. Well, woman, here is fifty shillings with a good will; take this, or get more any way you can.

Sus. I should have had an ounce, here is but a quarter. I am poor, therefore I am constrained to take this; but I leave the rest upon your conscience still. [*Exit.*

Ant. Nay, then, I care not; we'll do well enough with conscience, Simplo. I am glad 'tis at an end in law.

Sim. So am I, sir; now I shall be quiet. An you marked, sir, I never entreated you for conscience sake to give her anything, but for my trouble. Nay, I have learned to stretch a conscience with any man since I came to you. And 'tis soon learned if a man will give his mind to it; for the good will of a jade is all. What a fool was I that began no sooner to study it!

But I have more news to tell you, sir. As I came by the Chancery office I was called in to see a very foul bill put in against you at Master Thompson's suit, for things which you did take (not altogether steal) out of his house. And for a lease pareil he challengeth from you; and there are also your fourscore and ten caudles in a row; in every line a caudle spiced and sweet, and as hot as ever they went down your throat; and some say they shall be still upon record in *perpetuam rei memoriam;* if it be true, it shall go hard but every morning in term times as long as I live I'll spend my penny at one of them.

Ant. Hath he served me so? Well, 'tis a maxim with me, Simplo, to be ashamed of nothing, as thou knowest, but yet I'll be even with him. He shall out of his house whatsoever it cost me.

Sim. There is also another bill against you by your wife's near cousin, wherein you are charged, not directly with stealing, but taking without the owner's privity or consent, a picture, a map, and other household stuff.

Ant. I make no more reckoning of that imputation than of the rest. For if the worst fall, I shall have them as they be 'praised.

Sim. Nay, if you care not for the manner of taking them, the matter is not great otherwise.

Ant. Not a rush, Simplo; say and think what they will, I am sorry I took no more.

Sim. But one thing made me laugh heartily, and in my conceit it was a witty trick that was told me lately, that you borrowed a 100*l.* of a gentlewoman called Mistress Ferrers, gratis, and put it out for 10*l.* in the 100*l.* And after a year and a half with much ado paid her: and so you got 15*l.* handsomely. I would I could tell where to borrow two or three thousand pounds in that sort. Methinks I have wit enough to thrive on this fashion.

Ant. 'Tis a fine way, indeed, and cleanly, so that a man look to his security, and comes in without stock of his own. A very beggar may grow rich thus, and every paltry knave may thrive so if he take heed. Millers use this trick to lend a bushel of another man's corn ground into meal, to be paid again in wheat; so he takes toll twice of one bushel, and no cost of his own. It is but making the first bushel's owner stay so much the longer.

Sim. There are yet two other things objected, but both of one nature, therefore, though it were a huddle, it makes but a

single game. One was this, that you picked the first letter out of a trunkful of linen; the letter for the surname, serving your name as well as the owner's, you let stand, and put on A instead of R, which was picked out. And this was Mr. Rellip's linen. The other was that you marked pillows and other stuff of a nobleman's with your own mark, and used them as your own. I forget the nobleman's name, but it sounds like a port town toward the sun, when it is at the highest. They had much of their stuff again, but some stuck in your fingers. And reason too, I think; shall a man take pains to mark another man's goods for nothing? A halter for him that hath no better wit than so to thrive by.

Ant. There was such a speech of this marking, but I deny it.

Sim. And what then? will that serve the turn?

Ant. It must serve; for they shall never prove directly that I did or caused it to be done.

Sim. But they were found in your possession, and then how can you avoid the discredit?

Ant. Discredit! they may be glad to have their things again; who can tell but they be mine? I am sure they have my mark. And how shall a man know his own but by his mark? And howsoever these things are, time will wear them out of memory.

Sim. All these are well answered. What say you, sir, to the taking of a conveyance out of a painted box in your father-in-law's study, by means of a key, with pretence of another business?

Ant. Tush! I laid it there again when I saw they kept such a stir about a paltry piece of parchment. I will not be beholding to them.

Sim. What an unkindness was that that your father-in-law did threaten to sue you for 700*l.* you owed him! Alas! sir, I see you have been much wronged among them. Hang such a father!

Ant. Ay, but I dealt well enough with him; for I sent him word that if he did sue me, I would bring him in more trouble than twice so much money could excuse him for other matters.

Sim. And reason too, I think. Shall they make a man pay money before he be willing? 'Twould make a man do that a would not, when they go to extremities. I have done for this time, sir; the next time you call for news I hope I shall have as much more. But now I remember me there is one thing more. Your lawyer asked me for a fee for your last business; shall I give it him?

Ant. No. I am sure he did not ask you. I brought a cousin of mine t'other day to him, that gave him a fee. Indeed I told him that he should go to my lawyer, and give him no fee. But when I had him there, and he put his case, I whispered my cousin in the ear to offer him a fee: but I did not whisper my lawyer to refuse it, and so very honestly he took it. I know therefore he will expect no fee for my own business.

Sim. Then belike I mistook it. Perchance he thanked you for bringing your cousin to give him a fee without cause, being well resolved before by other counsel. Well now, sir, I hope you will bestow my freedom upon me: I desire no more cunning than now I have, and I'll serve you still, and set up for myself; for I had rather be a double knave than a single fool.

Ant. I will not stick with thee, Simplo. Go to the Chamberlain; there it must be done. [*Exeunt* Antonio *and* Simplo.

SCENE III.

Enter Insatiato *and* Infælicito.

Ins. What sayest thou, boy? methought we had but a short dinner to-day with yonder dainty Lady and tarried so long for it. How fared you in the hall?

Inf. We had very short commons, and I am hungry still: we had no meat but your reversion, and the scraps of your trencher when I changed with you.

Ins. Alas, we left nothing but bare bones. We had but a quarter of a neck of mutton between three, and Parvagracio and I eat no meat nor bread since yesternight at ten a clock; and from my trencher thou couldst get little but the fat squeezed from the flesh which I eat. I was so hungry that methought I could have eaten that small lady and her great cheer all at a meal. Here, go thou to dinner at some ordinary. [*He puts his hand in his pocket, but finds nothing there.*] Stay till I have money; thou canst fast a little, canst thou not?

Inf. Yes, a little, if I can get no meat.

Intrat Pestifero.

Ins. Yonder comes Pestifero my brother.

He could never have come in a better time; for I have neither money, nor clothes to pawn; but, boy, not a word of our wants. We'll seem to be very flush; the offer shall come from himself, else we shall have him very coy and dear.

Pes. By your favour, sir, I am bold to see you as I do. I heard you were evil [*he snites his nose*] at ease with melancholy.

Ins. Welcome, Pestifero: indeed I have been a little troubled in mind, but now I am very merry.

Pes. In good time, sir; I am glad of your worship's amendment. I doubted lest you lacked money, and were sad upon it. I came to pleasure you, if that had been your disease.

Ins. Thanks for thy good will, Pestifero; but I am prettily stored at this instant. I know not how soon I shall want, for all things are uncertain in this world.

Pes. Very true, sir; many changes in this age. Will't please you then to make provision against a rainy day, and take this while it may be had?

Ins. Ay, but then you know interest will run on; it is no good husbandry to take it so long before the time; it may be I shall not need it this seven-night yet.

Pes. Why, sir, if you be so provident that you reckon of weeks, it is time for me to be gone; I have other friends to pleasure that scorn to stand upon two months past before the sealing from the time of the first bespeaking the commodity resting from them until their security were provided. I'll see you some other time.

Ins. Nay, stay: I am not covetous. I hate it with my heart: if it may do thee a kindness I can be content to accept thy friendly offer, so thy commodity be vendible. I know thou comest in good will.

Pes. Vendible, sir? yes, that it is; and you will say so soon; no man will suffer it long in his house.

Ins. What stuff is it?

Pes. Of divers sorts. I know not myself, but they are finely packed up. I saw a car unloading with such ware even now as I came; it is a commodity more sought for by day and night than any I know. I tell you it troubles the Lord Mayor, and all the Justices to keep the people in order that gather these wares; they are so eager in catching at them.

Ins. Of what value is the commodity?

Pes. You may have 100*l.* worth, or half, as you please.

Ins. What will 100*l.* worth yield to be sold?

Pes. At a word it will yield you 60*l.* readily. I'll not dissemble.

Ins. What security?

Pes. Yourself and your friend such another.

Ins. What say you, Master Parvagracio? You know him.

Pes. I know him well. I warrant you he shall be taken.

Ins. What will content you?

Pes. What you please, sir; 40 shillings. I'll not ingrate upon you.

Ins. Now let me cast up my account. 40*l.* lost out of the principal at the first, 10*l.* the interest, 40 shillings the broker. All this is but 52 in the 100; 'tis reasonable as the world goes now; here is my hand. As I am a gentlemen I'll have it upon these terms, so that the bargain be no worse than you speak of, put the bands to making. Now tell me what call you the commodity?

Pes. The commodity, sir, is old rags; such as are found in street dunghills with raking day and night, as I told you.

Ins. What a villain art thou! old rags! how durst thou presume to offer me old rags?

Pes. Why, sir, I tell you they are ready money at the paper mills.

Ins. Paper me no mills. I'll not foul my fingers with them.

Pes. You shall not need, sir. I will take order for selling them, and I hope you can abide to tell the money when I bring it. I would your worship had 1000*l.* worth of them, as filthy things as they be.

Ins. So would I: but it shall never be said, for my credit sake, that I took up a commodity of old rags or doublets. I have heard of many scurvy bargains, but never the like to this.

Pes. Why, sir, 'tis but your fancy. And now you cannot go back; here is witness enough you engaged your honour to have it, take the less and save your reputation.

Ins. I did so indeed, the more fool I to pass my word before I felt their stink. I cannot abide to think on them. But to save my credit, go to, dispatch. I'll have the whole 100*l.* since I must have some. I'll never give my bond for a little.

Pes. Well, sir, it shall be done.

[*Exit* Pestifero.

Ins. Now, boy, was not this well handled? I must have had them upon any terms: but he never perceived it.

Didst thou mark how he entreated me with respective terms, and pinned the bargain upon me? Those be always the best pennyworths. It is a goodly thing to be wise. Remember, boy, when thou comest to years, to take this course of thriving.

Inf. Indeed, sir, you carried this business admirably to the end. I would rather than 40*l.* for my mind sake, my old master, your worship's father, had stood in a corner, and had heard and observed his son's wisdom. I warrant it had been worth a 1000*l.* to somebody.

Ins. Well, now we want nothing for getting this threescore pound but Parvagracio to seal. Go, seek him out, and we'll be merry.

Inf. I go fetch him.

[*Exeunt* Insatiato *and* Infælicito.

Sec. I think the air is infected, that such contagious caterpillars swarm abroad in this age to destroy youth that scarce one fruit among a hundred comes to be ripe but is first rotten. Such as this broker is are nourished by the devil for no cause but to waste young men in old prisons. And these cormorants which set them a-work to entice youth to these pestilent adventures, methinks they can have no hope that he which receives so little money upon great bonds doth ever mean to pay them. For he deals not with one of these gripers, but with as many as he can find will be content with his own security. Therefore, when he comes to be arrested, he is buried alive for all, and payeth none.

Her. I wish they were all so served: then the loss of the money on the one side, and the sharp rod of imprisonment on the other side, would bring both sorts to repentance and bethink themselves of using a good conscience to deceive on neither part. But if your Chancellor hold on his course in allowing the extortioner no more but the bare money made of such commodities, that will shortly end the abuse. For this Æsop's dog will learn to hold the next piece better than to be deluded with a shadow of double gain.

SCENE IV.

Enter Antonio, Simplo, Purgato, *all booted*, Stercorato, *the hostler*, Camerado, *chamberlain.*

Ant. Ostler, take heed to my horses that they be well walked, stuffed, and dressed.

Ste. I warrant you, sir, and your worship may have provender of all sorts.

Cam. Will it please you to see your chamber?

Ant. Yes, but I must have the best in the house.

Cam. You shall, sir. What will't please your worship to have to supper?

Ant. First bring me a crusty manchet and a single pot of beer.

Cam. It shall be done, sir. [*Turns to the people.*] Here's a hot guest, I perceive, by the single pot. [*Exit.*

Sim. What will you have to supper, sir, that we may bespeak it, for we are very hungry?

Ant. It is not wisdom to eat a meal when you are hungry, for then you eat too much and surfeit. Even as it is not good to fight or correct scholars when you are in choler, for then you will do it beyond measure. I am as hungry as you, yet I will eat but a manchet, and drink twice of one pot.

Pur. What, Sir? will you take up the best chamber, and spend but twopence for your part? And this at Croydon, so near London?

Ant. No more. And but for the best chamber, I would spend but a penny: a pint of beer and a halfpenny bread.

Pur. What a shame were this if your friends should hear it!

Ant. Leave the disgrace to me. I can bear it. *Passus graviora.*

Sim. Come, Purgato, thou and I will bespeak our suppers. 20*d.* a-piece we will spend to stop this current of rumour.

[*Exeunt.*

Intrat Camerado.

Cam. Here is a delicate manchet, sir. What meat to your supper?

Ant. This is not crusty enough. Change it.

Cam. But we have no better in the house.

Ant. I will have it changed.

Cam. Well, sir, I will do my best. What shall my mistress provide for your supper?

Ant. When thou hast changed the manchet, thou shalt know.

[*Exit* Camerado.

A long journey have I ridden, and all day fasting, except a breakfast at my friend's house. Now if I should fill my belly, two shillings will not serve in sheer meat for me and my two men. This way

yet I save somewhat; for these hungry knaves out of their own purses spend three shillings and twopence; for I will allow but pence apiece. I hope they will not compare with me to ask twopence apiece as I spend. O to-morrow, to-morrow at dinner will I carry in for fear of foul weather, when I come to Master Remraf his house, my continual host and friend, whom I cannot baulk, he is so conveniently in my way, and keeps good cheer. Oh, by that time my stomach will be *tanquam ignis ascensus*, a flaming fire, dispatching all meats it toucheth. And it is physic sometimes to keep a stomach so fiery; for it will consume the very worms, if any crawl up to the stomach, for lack of nutriment in the maw.

Intrat Camerado.

Cam. Sir, I have been with all the bakers in the town for a crusty loaf.

Ant. Thou hast done well; that is as it should be.

Cam. Now, sir, what to supper? My mistress stands at gaze until I tell her.

Ant. My friend, I have a very evil stomach; it will endure nothing toward night but bread and drink; my men I think will have something.

Cam. [*Turns to the people, and saith*] Here is a customer for Paltock's Inn: but we'll nick him well enough in his horse-meat, and scurvy sheets. [*Exit.*

Ant. I hear the knave well enough, but I'll watch you for both. My horses shall have but little provender. I'll call at some farmer's house to-morrow, and eat a peck in his stable; and for sheets I'll lay them by and change with my men. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Intrat Insatiato *and* Infælicito.

Ins. Sirrah, have you found Parvagracio? when will he come?

Inf. To tell you the naked truth, sir, I have been asleep till I heard you call for your golashes; for I was so hungry, that if I had not slept I had committed burglary somewhere to get victuals. Now I'll find him out. [*He steps forwards and turns again, saying*] But I pray you, sir, remember to give me my two shillings you promised me for bringing news of your dinner. Now you shall have money, I speak before it be gone.

Ins. Yes, and before it be come. Why dost thou tarry? the scrivener will think us long, and, a worse matter, perhaps we shall give them too much time to enquire of our states.

Inf. I can soon have him if all other things were ready. You know where you left him, at the lady's where you both dined. He said he would follow you. I marvel he is so long. But I warrant they are up to the noses in the new book, *de flatibus*. It is best for me to know if the bonds be ready before I fetch him, lest he be angry to leave the lady's company before need require. [*Intrat* Parvagracio.] But look where he is come alone without carrying. Sir, you saved me a labour. I was sent for you. Can you smell out good bargains? you come without calling. When thrift is in the market you are ever in the way.

Par. What good bargain, [*crack*] is toward me?

Ins. My master shall have money, and you must be bound with him.

Par. Is that a good bargain, wag? Well, I have such another a-brewing for your master to be bound with me. But where is he?

Inf. Here, at hand. Now to the scrivener and broker go I. [*Exit.*

Par. I am glad to hear of your good furniture toward, and I come to prostrate my zeal and service at your worthy feet.

Ins. Sir, with all compliments for such kind love, I receive your readiness, and do reciprocally promise to be ever at your beck.

Intrat Infælicito.

Inf. Sir, the bonds be ready for the seal; I have seen the commodity of rags, and I like them well. They never dusty you except they be stirred. But they are foul and heavy. I would we had sold them by goldsmith's weight for so much in silver. I did see a fellow lift a bundle of them up to a car, and he grunted hard; he made me remember my lady's book *de flatibus*. For I looked ever when he would have let fly.

Ins. Well, let's go seal the bonds and lose no time.

ACT VII.

SCENE I.

Intrat Levitia *cum* Pedisequa, *her periwigs of dog's hair white, and a yellow band about her neck, a glass, and powder of an old post in a box or paper. And is very busy in trimming herself, and casting dust upon her head until her time come to speak.*

[Insatiato *goes on saying*] But what have we here? I'll see this sight, for all the haste.

Par. Why, 'tis a woman. Dost not see what it is?

Ins. A woman? 'tis not a woman. The head is a dog. 'Tis a mermaid, half a dog half a woman.

Par. No: 'tis but the hair of a dog in fashion, pulled from these Island dogs.

Ins. In fashion? there's a fashion for a fool. What's that she casts upon her head?

Par. That's the powder of a rotten post.

Ins. A tale of a tub, the powder of a pudding: will you make me believe that?

Par. Doest thou think it so strange? Upon my credit I know some are spoken to for providing such powder by ladies. I am in earnest. I assure you 'tis very common.

Ins. I think they be common indeed that be dressed with dust. [*He goes prying on both sides of her, saying*] Not a dog, say you? the head is a dog. The chiefest part is a dog. Well, say what you will, you shall never make me believe but it is either a dog or a dogged woman.

Par. Be she what she will in conditions, I warrant thee 'tis a woman in sex, or never trust my judgment again.

Ins. What's that about her neck? a pancake, or a tanzy?

Par. 'Tis a band yellow-starched. How canst thou think it to be a tanzy?

Ins. Because it looks so yellow. Marry it is not so well, I wish it were, for then I would eat it up, for I have not half dined.

Par. No. 'Twere pity to devour her; methinks 'tis a very pretty creature.

Ins. Dost thou like her so well? I'll go woo her: she has no impediment but I may marry her, may I not?

Par. Not that I know, except she be honest.

Ins. Is that an impediment? nay, the honester the better. I'll to her instantly, I see no reason but I may fall in love with her on the sudden. And happy is that wooing that is not long in doing: but stay, are you sure she is a woman? I am in some doubt. And I would be very loth to marry her except she prove a woman.

Par. I warrant thee she is a woman; why should'st thou fear it?

Ins. Have I not cause to fear it? for if I should be married to a beast, or a jade, I were utterly undone. Is it not good to be sure?

Par. Mistrust not that. Thou may'st know by her speech and voice whether she be a woman or no.

Ins. Cannot her tongue deceive me?

Par. Yes, like enough: but not in this case: and if the worst fall you may easily know the first night you lie together.

Ins. I thank you for nothing when it is too late.

Par. Why too late? thou mayst be rid of her presently, and be parted the next day.

Ins. I could like that well enough so that I had her portion; but is there such a course to be taken that they cannot be tied so fast but they may easily be undone?

Par. No question but the marriage is void.

Ins. That's an excellent trick. I wish I had a grant under the great seal to unmarry all those that would fain be parted. I would purchase Lordships, Towns, and Countries.

Par. If you had; yet you must use discretion in it and divide none but such as are indeed no marriages at first, but had impediments not dispensable. Otherwise you might be cause of great sin and inconvenience. You must examine the reasons, and proceed judicially before you sever them rashly.

Ins. Never tell me; let them look to that at their own peril. It would take up too much time if there came to me but a hundred in a day to examine them all. No, no; if they were willing to be sundered, I would uncouple them; let them range afterward which way they will for me. Well, upon thy word that I may be divorced from her if she prove not a certain woman, I'll upon her whatsoever she be. And I'll catch her upon a sudden for fear lest it be a dog and bite me.

[*He goes stealing towards her with his hands forward.*

Par. Away, coxcomb. I am ashamed on thee; come back. What dost thou mean?

Ins. O that same is a very suspicious head. I am afraid of it.

Par. Afraid of a dead dog? what a cowardly thing is that!

Ins. A dead dog? marry, perhaps the hair is upon a curster snapper than the right owner was.

Par. Be ruled by me: I'll stand between thee and all dangers. Go orderly to her, take her by the right hand as if thou wouldst dance with her.

[*He danceth toward her and singeth.*]

Ins. Hey ninny, nony no. Hey niny no.
Hey noniny nonino. Hey niny no.

[*So he dances toward her.*]

Par. What a fellow art thou! A Courtier? a cow-driver! come hither once again. Dost thou think to speed and go about it so like a clown? Thou must woo her as you court your ladies in the palace.

Ins. O, must I so? I thought she had been a country gentlewoman, and that the more plainly I had dealt, the better she would like me. But all is well enough yet, for nobody saw me.

Par. Thou art deceived in that; for they are as fine and curious as any lady in Court, though they be not proud a whit.

Ins. Is't so? well then, I can fit her, she shall have courting enough. And I am glad you tell me of it; for I was in earnest to have loved her beyond measure, and so might have fallen mad, and marred all; but now I'll do even as we do at Court, make many shows of love and service, and intend nothing less But yet thus honestly I'll deal with this woman, because she is a stranger, that if I love her, and like her, I'll love her until I leave her. Well; 'tis time to be doing, for my love begins to cool very fast; I must kindle it again. [*With a congee he takes her by the left-hand, saying*] Fair lady, it becomes not gentlemen of good breeding to talk of the weather, or time of the day, or use such idle impertinent speech; therefore, all preambles and digressions set aside, I come to understand if you be pleased to admit me into the list of your devoted servants.

Lev. Indeed, sir, it seems you have been well bred, else you had never grown to this stature.

Ins. [*He turns from her towards* Parvagracio, *and saith*] Did not I tell you what I should find of her? she snarls already. I'll lay my life she will prove currish; her looks make it plain. Come, sweet lady, what answer to my question?

Lev. Nay, first I had need to answer your complaint to your friend that I am so curst and churlish. What uncivil term did I give, deserving so sharp a censure? women know not how to speak. If merrily, then our jest is termed scoffing and quipping. If soberly, then our modesty is counted coyness and want of courtesy. So that unless we say nothing, we commit error. And yet silence is not clear; for then are we sheep, *alias* fools.

Ins. How could you hear what I said to him, since I turned my mouth from you?

Lev. But you turned not mine ears from your mouth.

Ins. Pardon this fault, good lady. I will be more careful hereafter.

Lev. No doubt you will; to have me further off when you say the worst.

Ins. I mean not so, but rather to speak the best of you in all places and companies as your merits, I know, will enforce me.

Lev. Nothing comes from you, I see then, but by constraint.

Ins. O that you would give over rebuking: no man shall reform himself before me. Forgive what is past: if I offend again deny me all favour.

Enter Pestifero, *and whispers* Insatiato, *to whom he saith,*

Tell them I will come anon.

[*Exit* Pestifero.

Lev. Sir, it is against nature to remit injuries, therefore your request is unreasonable. But for his sake that gave the counsel, I will forgive my greatest enemies. Yet you must know it is lawful to reprehend your misdemeanours.

Ins. [*Turns from her towards* Parvagracio *and saith*] This comforts me much, for she may be a Christian for anything I hear yet.

Lev. You that content yourself with no habitation but a Prince's palace, and will serve no less creature than Cæsar; that no sooner pass the porter's lodge, but lift up your legs and lips, as if you had commission to control the country, to breathe nurture from your nostrils and be patron to poor people; whose gait and gesture give testimony to your heart's haughtiness; and whose countenance must outface all encounterers, how could you be so grossly overshot as to cast yourself unacquainted,

unfriended, uncommended, and unpresented, into the company of a gentlewoman of fashion?

Ins. I cry you mercy. Of what fashion are you that I might not do as I did without offence?

Lev. Why, sir? are you a courtier, and ask of what fashion I am? do you not see that I am of the newest and neatest fashion? who sees my band and periwig and doubts of that? I am persuaded you will prove a counterfeit, and no courtier, that are ignorant in so general a knowledge.

Ins. It was not the newest fashion the last year, and no Chronicle makes mention of it. Therefore if any man had written *nihil factum est quod non fuit factum prius*, I would have given his proverb the lie. For this *saffroning* was never used but in Ireland for bodily linen, to dissipate the company of creepers. And for such torturing of these Ireland imps with eradicating their fleeces thereby to enjoy the roots, which best will abide the basting, it hath need to be new, for it is noisome, and makes your *pretty wig* nothing handsome.

Lev. Sir, let it suffice you that it is the newest fashion this very day. And if the sight and smell of it offend your nose you know the ordinary remedy is to remove your nose. Yet I suppose by your paleness you use to take tobacco, than which nothing is more fulsome.

Ins. Indeed I want colour in my face, and wish I had the art to get so rosy a cheek as you have.

Lev. You do but guess that I use art to give grace to my feature, so it is easy for you to be deceived. But I will tell you a certain rule to know if any woman be painted.

Ins. Let me be beholding to you for this cunning infallible.

Lev. If you suspect it, take a pin, and scratch her cheek prettydeep to the bone, and if it bleed not, assure yourself she is painted.

Ins. I see now you are disposed to be pleasant with me. I bear all kindly. Now I entreat you to proceed with publishing my other faults, that when I know them all, I may amend, and so appear perfect in your sight.

Lev. Secondly, I charge you with flattery, at every word calling me Lady, which you are very sure I am not, seeing me come hither on my own feet, whereas if I were a lady, I must of necessity be at my caroach with four horses, or else my honour is in the dust in summer, and in the mire in winter. This then is an unexcusable sin of yours.

Ins. Alas, what should I call you, not knowing your name? And you of all the women that ever I knew are angry for giving you more than your due. But rather than I will displease you that way, I will devise some other *epitheton* of courtesy until you determine to take *ladyship* upon you, so well as it would become you.

Lev. Nay, I would not have you think that I am exceedingly angry for mistaking my present condition. It was a fault, but very venial. Your other errors I will conceal for this time, as unwilling to oppress you with penance, sithence I find you so freely to offer satisfaction.

Ins. Then now vouchsafe to receive me into your service, sithence no man shall carry himself more dutifully.

Lev. If I were fit to receive one of your sort, how could you serve me and the king too? can you serve two masters?

Ins. No, but one master and a mistress may both be served without breach of fidelity, and with great facility.

Lev. Very hardly, respecting the persons' inequality; but if I should be so minded, what can you do?

Ins. All that is not done before I come.

Lev. Can you, and will you do whatsoever I entreat or command you without grudging?

Ins. With all readiness and alacrity, and without exception.

Lev. Then I request and command you to let me alone, and never hereafter speak to me.

Ins. That's an unreasonable request, and unjust commandment. There ought to be justice and possibility in every commandment; but this hath neither of them.

Lev. I will prove it hath both, or else I release your word.

Ins. Prove that, and I'll perform your will: for I have vowed to serve you, and it is injustice to break it. And I am in love, and it is impossible to limit it.

Lev. I thought so: *draf was your errant, but drink you would have.* You seek a service, but you mean to be master. This trick will fail you; for I have vowed beforehand, and I am bound to keep it.

Ins. You can make no vow contrary to mine, because you never knew my intention nor person before this day.

Lev. Yes: contrary enough, as white is to black. And to hold you no longer in suspense, my vow and purpose is to be a nun.

Ins. A nun! There was never nun with such attire, and in such a cloister.

Lev. O, sir, I can quickly cast off this attire, and get a nun's habit. If the mind be changed, the apparel will soon be altered.

Ins. Of what order, if you speak in earnest, that I may visit your cloister? for love hath gotten such dominion that I cannot so part with you. And yet to this cross I know not what to say, for it takes from me all liberty to move further.

Lev. What will it avail you to know my cloister and walk without the wall? for there all access and intercourse is barred.

Ins. Let my love yet be so far requited as to know your name and order you enter into. It will ease my mind that none other enjoys you. O this love is like a quartan ague, and a suit in law! A good day, and a bad; now hope, then despair; to-night comfort, to-morrow morning all dashed.

Lev. Sir, I must crave respite to answer you directly to these questions; for I must have my friends' advice before I resolve. And so for this time I take leave.

[*Exit* Levitia.

Par. Now let us go seal these bonds in the mean space, and by that time perhaps she will come again.

Ins. Bonds! I am in bonds enough, I think: bound hand, foot, heart, mind, wit, and will. He that is in love needs no other chain to hold him; he is fast in prison and locked sure enough for escaping. O Parvagracio! dost thou talk of going? whither should I go? Is it not enough that my love is gone, and that all is gone with her? my heart is gone with her, and she is gone away with my heart; whither can I go without my heart? And whither she is gone, and whither she hath carried my heart, I know not. Sealing, what talkest thou of sealing? I have set my hand, my seal, my heart, and all to the love of her. She is gone away with this deed of gift. It is delivered before witness: it is enrolled. I have acknowledged a fine. I have suffered her to recover against me, and delivered her peaceable possession. The law is at an end; what else would you have me seal? I can give her no further assurance, her counsel cannot devise it; why do you trouble me with unnecessary requests?

Par. O my good friend Insatiato, recall thyself like a wise man: thou speakest like a man distracted. Go with me, and take a little rest. It will not be long before she come to this place again. We will send your page to find her.

Ins. A little rest, I warrant you. Go? you are still upon going. Go whither you will, I will not stir a foot from hence. What if she come in our absence, and go away discontented? then shall I never see nor hear her again. No; here I lost her, here I will find her, or lose myself.

Par. But you will trouble and hinder other actors that have parts here to play as well as you.

Ins. Actors? what actors? Is this a stage? Is this a play? No; 'tis a game in earnest. 'Tis no jest; 'tis love in sadness. Let them come that come will; if any come but my love, I have nothing to say to them. Do you as you think good.

Par. Nay, if you stay, I will not go. I will not leave my friend so.

SCENE II.

Intrat Antonio, Simplo, Purgato *with a cloak-bag full under his arm, all booted, spurred, and riding-rods.*

Ant. Have you locked up all the doors, and delivered the foul linen to be washed?

Sim. All is safe and everything done.

Ant. Have you given the cobbler's wife the seven eggs we left at breakfast?

Sim. She hath them.

Ant. This is but ill husbandry to lose seven eggs at a clap, and my belly not very full.

Sim. Sir, they are well bestowed; they will do the poor woman good, and you have eaten pretty well.

Ant. I have not eaten so well as you think for. And they are not fit meat for her mouth; some grosser meat would do her more good.

Sim. I warrant you, sir, she can eat an egg without surfeiting as well as the finest lady in this land.

Ant. Come on, since 'tis done, let them go; but [*he steps forward, and they follow; but presently comes back and saith*] I cannot ride my journey contentedly until I have these eggs. Simplo, fetch them again. Tell the woman she shall have as many or more another time.

Sim. [*Turns to the people, saying*] Now must I fetch these eggs from the poor

woman against my nature. [*Exit, & cito redit with seven eggs.* Antonio *takes them and exit.* Simplo *goeth on saying*]. I was never ashamed of a master before. There are few times that we ride forth, but a roasted rabbit, a piece of cheese, or a dry breast of mutton is trussed up in the cloak-bag, especially when we lie at an Inn the next night (as now we shall). And but for fouling the cloak-bag and his clothes, we had carried these eggs now.

Pur. There is no such stuff now in the cloak-bag, I trow? If I thought there were, I would throw it to the dogs rather than it should ride behind me.

Sim. Is there not? 'Tis a great chance then; and I am much deceived if there be none; for there were some scraps left yesternight, and I find them not in any room in the house.

Pur. That shall be tried by-and-bye. Be these his tricks? though I be his horse-keeper, I'll carry no coals nor bones neither, I trow. [*He undoeth an end of the cloak-bag, and there takes out a napkin full of pieces of bread, a quarter of a breast of mutton, a piece of boiled beef, a pudding, a bone of a loin of veal; that he unpinneth, and lifting it up by one corner, lets all fall, and presently catcheth at them with his hands, upon the ground, scrambling every way, as he would catch at a Rat, saying*] What's become of her? take heed, gentlewomen, she get not up. I swear I had almost catched her. Was there not a rat there? Masters, you below, came she not that way?

Sim. [*Laugheth and saith*] How now, Purgato! What, art thou at span-counter with rats? I perceive thou wouldest have fought with any rat in London, rather than she should have beguiled thee of thy provender.

Pur. My provender? the dogs shall eat it before any bit shall come in my mouth. How came he by these scraps, and what would he do with them?

Sim. Thou art but a novice, Purgato, and hadst as much wit when thou suckedst, I think, as now; and besides, for that thou camest to him but yesterday, in a manner, art ignorant of his fashions. I will instruct thee. The night before he rides from London he will invite some of his acquaintance to supper with him, at their own charge more than his, then the remnant he packeth up thus. And at the next Inn he lodgeth in, if it be two days thence, he eats these cates under the colour of a little joint there dressed. And by this means he is counted at his inn a very small meat-man, but everywhere else a tall trencher-man. But thou must understand the chamberlain and tapster are sent down when these dainties are in devouring.

Pur. But do you eat any of this dainty trash with him?

Sim. Or else I must go hungry to bed, and ride empty the next day.

Pur. As true as I live, he shall never bring me to this gear. And the next time he makes such a mess, I'll provide sauce; for I'll put a fresh horse-turd in the midst. And my trotting horse will soon season it all alike.

Intrat Antonio.

Ant. Come away, I have eaten four of these eggs, the rest I have put in bran to preserve against the next term. But what's here? how came this meat here? Methinks I should know these pieces.

Pur. It may be so, sir, but I did never see the like.

Ant. Why so?

Pur. As I had the cloak-bag under mine arm I felt a thing stir within it: and in searching I found these scraps, and among them an huge rat. And she went away invisible; for I am sure we could not see which way she ran, nor could I catch her, do what I could, and yet I scrambled at her with both my hands.

Ant. Why do you not gather up the meat, and put it up again?

Pur. What? and the rat had pissed on it for fear, and it stinks too bad.

Ant. How canst thou tell that a rat had pissed on it, when you confess you did see no rat?

Pur. No, not which way she ran away. But if yonder boy had gaped wide enough, he might have catched her in his mouth. And do you think I saw not a rat? I am sure there was a rat, for my mind gave me so. And further I had like to [ha'] catched her. All this company can tell what a course I had at her, if you will not believe me.

Ant. Go to, go to. You are a fool. Put them up and let us away.

Pur. I were a fool indeed, and a beast too, if I would put them up.

Ant. I bid you put them up like a fool as you are.

Pur. I cannot put them up like a fool, nor I will not.

Ant. Thou shalt put them up, or serve me no longer.

Pur. With all my heart, master. I'll turn you off at this instant. Here is witness enough, I have given you lawful warning. [*Exit.*

Ant. Gather up this meat, Simplo: thou and I will fare the better. 'Tis but sending this knave's horse down by the carrier, or else I'll drive him with his load: he shall be the sumpter horse.

[Simplo *gathers them up, and puts them in the napkin, and pins them up, puts them into the cloak-bag.* *Exeunt* Antonio *and* Simplo.

SCENE III.

Par. How likest thou this sport, Insatiato? hath it diverted thy thoughts a little?

Ins. It was some recreation, I must needs say; but my fit is coming on apace. [*Intrat* Levitia.] And look where she comes. Now I tremble with fear of a deadly doom, but I must speak howsoever I speed. Welcome, sweet mistress. Now kill, or keep me alive with your answer.

Lev. Your questions, sir, if I forget not, were what was my name, and what order I purpose to enter? My name is Levitia. And my desire is to be a nun of my mother's order. But if my virginity were not of full age, and maidenhead a dangerous burden, I would be a nun of a straiter order.

Ins. Your mother's order? what order is that? I never heard of a nun have a child no[r] husband, and yet continue in cloister, and a nun before she had a child.

Lev. My mother vowed chastity, and after that had a child by her husband.

Ins. Why, Levitia, this is a riddle, and a wonder to me; yet this English I pick out of it, that you may have a husband as your mother had. And then if it please you, I may be your ghostly father after the fashion of this country: but how, or why your mother or you should vow chastity, I see not; nor would I be married to such a nun.

Par. Alas, Insatiato, I perceive thou art simple in this business, or else not yet come to thyself again. Levitia speaks well, but thy capacity is very muddy. Wouldst thou not have thy wife vow chastity, but be an harlot? There is chastity and continency among married folk, so long as they be faithful to each other. But virginity goes further; and that is sequestered continency during life, not admitting company for procreation.

Ins. I understand it now, thanks to thee, Parvagracio, but this creature would have delayed me longer, and dulled my wits without mercy.

Enter Pestifero, *and whispers* Insatiato, *to whom in anger he answereth,* "Either let them stay or tear the writings, I cannot yet come." *Exit* Pestifero.

But I thank her yet for the kind order she hath made to be of her mother's order. I hope, sweet mistress Levitia, you will hear no motion to overthrow this order again. And now tell me, what say you to my vow, which in all equity must be performed. You see I was content, though much against my mind, that you should have kept your vow of virginity if so had stood your resolution; now I appeal to your own Court for Justice, and hope you will give as good way to the fulfilling of my vow, which is never to leave your service and company.

Lev. I heard you talk at random of such a thing. Many such, I doubt not, you have made and quickly broken; and this of the same metal, and so will prove as brittle. Courtiers' vows of this nature are but words, a little more stiffly blown out of their mouths than the rest of their speech, but come no nearer their hearts. The gunner puts a little more powder in the gun to make it carry the shot further, but hits the mark no whit the righter. So they drive their vows with a little stronger breath, but their intention is not the straighter.

Ins. Indeed I confess that I have sometimes done as you say; but now my heart is right and my meaning direct.

Lev. How shall that appear to me?

Par. I dare undertake, Lady Levitia, he means justly by you; for I have seen him in a dangerous passion when you left our company, which if you had heard, standing in some secret place, you could not but have compassion on him, or else you were very disdainful and cruel. Besides I know it is a great matter that would stay him so long as he hath talked with you from dispatching a business of great importance, as you may partly perceive by the messenger coming so often in the mean time to have him away.

Lev. Sir, a seconder of a tale makes many times an incredible thing believed. And for your testimony, I give him credit the better, and perhaps I was within sight

and hearing too, when this gentleman was so love-sick as you speak of, which made me in very pity come the sooner to relieve him. And I would not have you think, Parvagracio, that I am disdainful, for that winneth nothing but hatred. Nor am I cruel, for that is ever paid home with extreme misery. Nor yet am I proud, which vice you touched not, for that is derided of all wise people, but my fear and doubt was always to be deceived.

Ins. Here is my hand, I will never deceive you.

Lev. Here is my hand, I will never leave you. But what a fool was I! I should have agreed for maintenance and jointure before I had been handfast.

Ins. That's no matter. I'll perform as well as if I were bound hand and foot. I will allow you 10*l.* a year for pins, 5*l.* for shoes, 15*l.* for stockings, garters, bodies, and girdles, 50*l.* for gowns, petticoats, and such like, 20*l.* for all sorts of linen and new fashions. This is 100*l.* a year, and is as much as my living will afford. And for performance of this, any friend of yours shall have a statute upon all the land I have. And for your jointure, I will give good assurance that the longer liver of us two shall possess all I have, if I die not worth a groat.

Lev. I like all well but my allowance for pins; it is not enough; for it is a base fashion now-a-days to use cushnets and save pins. The very warmth of our bodies will change their colour in three hours, and they will be crooked with pulling off, fie upon them! But I'll be a good housewife otherwise, and get as much by other means as shall piece out this pension to make it serve. Sirrah, I have skill in physic, I can cure the *Colt Evil* in any man. And if he be never so lean and rawboned, I can so diet him in half a year, that he will be fed until he grow purse-sick. And for thee, sweet heart, be of good cheer, for thou shalt never die, without a great chance, as long as I live. For I can play a trick that if thou be never so cold, or frozen almost to death, I can make thee lukewarm in half an hour.

Ins. [*Embraceth and kisseth her.*] Ha! my lively Levitia, we cannot choose but thrive if thou hast these trades. But is thy portion in sure hands?

Lev. Fear nothing of that; you shall have me and my portion at an instant, all together, ready bagged.

Ins. Best of all: then it requires no telling. Here is a token for thee, my chicken.

Lev. What! knives? O, I will not take them in any wise: they will cut love.

Ins. No, no: if they cut anything, they will cut away unkindness.

Lev. Pardon me, good sir, you shall not give them me. If needs you will that I wear them, do you lose, and I will find them.

Ins. That's a toy of all toys. That were fitter for a stage than a wedding.

Lev. Indeed you shall not deny me this first request. I pray you lose them.

Ins. Well, 'tis no news to be made a fool by a woman. I'll do it, if it were worse.

[*Then he walks about and drops them down, and she comes after and takes them up, saying,*

Lev. This is as it should be. Now I have deceived destiny.

Par. This is Superstitch my shoes: now he hath fooled a foppery. And you have found a foolery.

Lev. You mock this, Parvagracio. I warrant you do not think it evil luck if the salt fall toward you.

Par. But I do if nobody overthrow it.

Lev. What if a hare cross your way? is that nothing neither?

Par. That's evil luck indeed, if I have no dogs to course her.

Ins. Parvagracio, I prithee lead Levitia to my lodging. I must crave pardon to go about a special business which concerns all my worth; but we will dispatch quickly and follow. And meet me the next way, Parvagracio, we must have your help. I'll go before.

Lev. In any case look to the main chance, for now you have a clog. It is the first gift every wife gives her husband.

[*Exeunt* Parvagracio *and* Levitia.

Ins. Now, boy, we must about these bonds sealing to put us in suits for this wedding. We shall sure thrive now. Two such bargains gone through in one day. A stranger for a wife and rags for our wealth. We cannot want after these matches. I could have found in my heart to [have] asked her some money and missed this ragged money. But what if she have none? she saith I shall have her and all ready bagged. Perhaps she means that herself is ready bagged to my hand. I cannot tell; there be such tricks in the world. I doubt I am utterly undone with this foolish match.

Inf. Why, sir, if you be, let it not trouble you; I hope you shall have better luck in greater matters; and yet if she have a good portion you are happy: if she have none yet you may be even with her if it please you, although she prove a roaring girl.

Ins. Canst thou tell which way to be even with her?

Inf. Marry, to have as little as she. And if I were as you I would serve her so: teach her to come empty-handed to a man of your spending.

Ins. Well, we must make the most of her that I can now I have her; and take no care for anything: that's the way to live long and leave nothing.

[*Exeunt* Insatiato *and* Infælicito.

SCENE IV.

Intrat Simplo.

Sim. Gentlemen, you two I mean, Master Securus and Sir Hermito, my master entreats you both to come to his chamber for a short space; he will go twice so far for you any other time.

Sec. Thank your master, we have dined already and can eat nothing. Another time we will see him if we have no business.

Sim. O you mistake it, sir; neither now nor any other time for eating. There is no meat: my master does not use to quilt his friends' stomachs with too much meat. No, he would speak with you about a note he hath caused to be drawn. He will desire you to peruse it, and do him a favour. It is in the nature of a certificate.

Sec. Truly he shall have no hand of mine to any writing, nor to any purpose; nor for my credit sake will I come in his company. I do imagine what it is. He knoweth that we hear so much evil of him that he doubts we will speak as we find. And therefore he would have us give commendations of him to some friend of ours in some small request which he never means to sue for. But this our good report he will keep by him, partly to stop our mouths, hoping we will not speak contrary to our testimony in writing, and partly for his credit to be showed upon every occasion against all that have cause to speak evil of him. Let him content himself, we refuse to come near him.

Her. Honest friend, I marvel with what conscience thou canst serve one that is so generally counted dishonest.

Sim. Marry, sir, with as wide and large a conscience as any man hath, and as throughly tentered. My master and I are no niggards of our conscience. Besides, I am bound by my 100*l.* to serve him.

Her. Thou wert as good lose thy 100*l.* at first as at last; for he will in the end deceive thee of it.

Sim. If he do then I hope he will teach me cunning worth 100*l.* to deceive others, and so I may double my 100*l.* For I do not think but he hath gotten many 100*l.* with art. And I'll never leave him till I get all his tricks, and now he hath made me free he will use me as his fellow.

Her. By that means thou wilt accompany him to hell.

Sim. Down the lane to the devil. Nay, an we go to no worse place than hell I care not; for I do not think but my master hath craft enough for any devil on 'em all.

Her. But there he shall meet with his crafts-master.

Sim. What? master my master in craft? that were somewhat strange; yet I'll believe anything but that. Well, I shall tell him you will not come. And what's the reason you will not come? I have almost forgotten.

Her. Marry, because at our baptism we vowed to renounce the infernal spirit. And now upon our own experience and judgment we abandon all incarnate devils.

Sim. Abandon? what's that? if I can observe that word right I shall carry the rest well. I know what you mean by a carnation devil. [*Exit.*

Her. What do you judge of these passages, Master Securus?

Sec. Surely, sir, it is hard upon the sudden to deliver a true sentence upon so many contrarieties as this day we have heard. But briefly, I think they ought all to be reduced unto two main heads of Good and Bad, and of the worst to choose the least, and of the better take the most.

Her. In part I dissent from you, but in part I agree. If we be constrained to choose among things which are evil, it is best to permit the least; but if a man have freedom, then the best choice is to refuse evil be it never so little. Among the several discourses this day acted, I note many vices veiled over with froth and flourish of words, but the same again unmasked with substantial matter, and laid naked to dis-

grace. So it seemeth they are not propounded to imitate, but set forth to be shamed. They are painted in colours, but in a map of mischief: they have some patrons and followers, but such as run to ruin. They are brought forth to be viewed, but to manifest their ugliness: they come not here to be liked, but loathed; not to be favoured, but derided: not allowed in private, but in public to be condemned. So I hope that all wise hearers will avoid the sins and abuses here touched, which are many, and follow good counsel if they heard any; which that they may do, my part is to pray to the Giver of Wisdom. And so, sir, wishing much prosperity to your charitable endeavours, I take leave, and the next way to my poor quiet cell.

[*Exit &* Securus *sequitur.*

Intrat Proberio.

Thus have we sought the world about, in all degrees to find out wit;
Somewhat else we found indeed, but yet we found not it.
We did as those that seek for fish in many empty pools;
Only two wise men we found, and all the rest be fools. [*Exit.*

EPILOGUS.

Now that your patience hath permitted us to bring unto an end this present Dialogue, we stand in good hope of your clemency, that no more offence will be taken at any word or action passed than we had meaning to give, which we protest was none at all. For it were against reason and our own ends to drive hence that company which we wish rather doubled than out of it one to be spared. It resteth that we render you very humble and hearty thanks, and that all our hearts pray for the King and his family's enduring happiness, and our country's perpetual welfare.

Si placet plaudite.

FRAGMENTS FROM ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

[The following Fragments attributed to Chapman, in an Anthology entitled, "*England's Parnassus: or The choysest Flowers of our Moderne Poets, with their Poeticall comparisons.* Imprinted at London for N. L. C. B. and T. H. 1600," have not been hitherto verified in any extant publication of his.]

Fragments from England's Parnassus.

[1600.]

HYPOCRISY.

MANY use temples to set godly faces
On impious hearts; those sins use most excess
That seek their shrouds in feigned holiness.

SOUL.

EVERY good motion that the soul awakes
A heavenly figure sees, from whence it takes
That sweetless blossom which by power of kind,
Forms like itself an image of the mind;
And in our faith the operations be
Of that divineness which by faith we see;
Which never errs but accidentally
By our frail flesh's imbecility,
By each temptation over-apt to slide,
Except our spirit becomes our body's guide.
For as our bodies' prisons be the towers,
So to our souls these bodies be of ours,
Whose fleshy walls hinder that heavenly light,
As these stone walls deprive our wished sight.

WOMEN.

THEIR virtues mount like billows to the skies,
And vanish straight out of the gazer's eyes;
Hate and disdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and treason in their bosom lies.

MEDIÆ NOCTIS INCLINATIO.

THE gentle humorous night
Implies her middle course, and the sharp east
Breathes on my spirit with his fiery steeds.

DESCRIPTIONS OF BEAUTY AND PERSONAGE.

SEE where she issues in her beauty's pomp,
As Flora to salute the morning sun;
Who when she shakes her tresses in the air,
Rains on the earth dissolved pearl in showers,
Which with his beams the sun exhales to heaven:
She holds the spring and summer in her arms,
And every plant puts on his freshest robes
To dance attendance on her princely steps
Springing and fading as she comes and goes.

HER hair was loose, and 'bout her shoulders hung,
Upon her brows did Venus naked lie,
And in her eyes did all the Graces swim.
Her cheeks that show'd the temper of the mind
Were beauty's mornings where she ever rose,
Her lips were love's rich altars where she makes
Her heart a never-ceasing sacrifice;
Her teeth stood like a rank of Dian's maids
When naked in a secret bower they bathe;
Her long round neck was Cupid's quiver call'd,
And her sweet words that flew from her, his shafts;
Her soft round breasts were his sole travell'd Alps,
Where snow that thaw'd with sun did ever lie;
Her fingers bounds to her rich deity.

An Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben. Jonson.*

GREAT, learned, witty Ben, be pleased to light
The world with that three-forked fire; nor fright
All us, thy sublearn'd, with luciferous boast
That thou art most great, most learn'd, witty most
Of all the kingdom, nay of all the earth;
As being a thing betwixt a human birth
And an infernal; no humanity
Of the divine soul shewing man in thee,
Being all of pride composed and surquedry.
Thus it might argue; if thy petulant will
May fly-blow all men with thy great swan's-quill,
If it can write no plays, if thy plays fail,
All the earnests of our kingdom straight must vail
To thy wild fury; that, as if a fiend
Had sharp'd his sickle, shew'st thy breast is spleen'd,
Frisking so madly that 'gainst Town and Court
Thou plant'st thy battery in most hideous sort.
If thy pied humours suffer least impair,
And any vapour vex thy virulent air,
The Dunkerks keep not our coal ships in awe
More than thy moods are thy admirers' law;
All else, as well the grafters of thy paws
With panic terrors fly, bed-rid of cause,
And let the swinish itch of thy fell wreak
Rub 'gainst the presence-royal without check.
How must state use thee if thy veins thus leak,
Thou must be muzzled, ring'd, and led in chains,
Lest dames with child abide untimely pains,
And children perish; didst thou not put out
A boy's right eye that cross'd thy mankind pout?
If all this yet find pardon, fee, and grace,
The happiest outlaw th'art that ever was.
Goodness to virtue is a godlike thing,
And man with God joins in a good-doing king
But to give vice her rein; and on all his
(As their pure merits) to confer all this
Who will not argue it redounds? Whatever
Vice is sustain'd withal, turns pestilent fever,
What nourishes virtue, evermore converts
To blood and spirits of nothing but deserts;
And shall a viper hanging on her hand
By his own poison his full swindge command?
How shall grave virtue spirit her honour'd fame
If motley mockery may dispose her shame
Never so dully, nor with such adust
And clouted choler? 'tis the foulest lust
That ever yet did violate actions just.
But if this weigh'd, proved vile, and saucy spirit,
Depraving every exemplary merit,
May yet nought less all his fat hopes inherit—
(When men turn harpies, their blood standing lakes
Green-bellied serpents, and black-freckled snakes,
Crawling in their unwieldy clotter'd veins:
Their tongues grown forked, and their sorcerous pens
Like pictures prick'd, and hid in smoking dunghills
Vex'd with the sun) 'tis time I think to banish
And cast out such unhallowedly disloyal
From blood thrice sacred and divinely royal.

* This and the following fragment are from a Commonplace-book preserved among the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford.

There's an invention mountebank enough
To make petards to blow up men's good names,
Virtues and dignities, for vice's pleasure;
Take but an idle and ridiculous crew
Of base back-biters that it never knew
Virtue or worth to manage; great flesh-flies
Slight all the clear and sound parts where they pass
And dwell upon the sores; and call to them
The common learned gatherer of poisons
For envied merits that he cannot equal,
And let him glean from malice and foul mouths
Devices long since done, and set them down
With spleen, stupid and dead as brutish rests,
Transforming all most wrathful fumes to jests,
Letting the king his royal ear allow;
And there's a reputation broke as small
And with as mighty arguments let fall
As the Greek man's pure bodies genital;
So that if scandals false bear free their spite
All guiltless forms are forced with rape and flight,
And shall all other raisers of their names
T' air's highest region by such short-wing'd fames
Hold not their titles, and whole states-like tenures?
May we not humblest things with highest rate
And least with great'st, where right must moderate?
Now to your parts call'd good; your sacred desk,
The wooden fountain of the mighty Muses,
Alas! is burn'd; and there all their wealth fail'd
That never can with all time be retail'd.
Why then as good not name them? yes, O yes,
Ten times repeated will all brave things please,
Not with their titles yet, and poor self-praises.
He lives yet (heaven be praised!) that can write
In his ripe years much better, and new-born
In spite of Vulcan, whom all true pens scorn.
Yet let me name them in meantime to cheer
His greedy followers with a prick'd-up ear,
It does himself ease, and why them no good?
Come serve it in then: give him golden food.
Nobody, he dares say, yet have sound parts
Of profound search and mastery in the arts;*
And perfect then his *English Grammar* too
To teach some what their nurses could not do,
The purity of language, and among
The rest his Journey into Scotland sung,
And twice-twelve-years stored-up humanity,
With humble gleanings in Divinity
After the Fathers, and those wiser guides
That faction had not drawn to steady sides:
Canst thou lose these by fire, and live yet able
To write past Jove's wrath, fire, and air, things stable,
Yet curse as thou wert lost for every bable?
Some poor thing write new; a rich casket, Ben,
All of rich gems, t' adorn most learned men;
Or a reclaim of most facete supposes
To teach full-habited men to blow their noses.
Make the king merry; would'st thou now be known
The Devil and the Vice, and both in one
Thou doest things backwards, are men thought to know
Masteries in th' arts, with saying they do so,
And crying fire out in a dream to kings,
Burn things unborn, and that way generate things.
Write some new lactean way to thy high presence
And make not ever thy strong fancy essence
To all thou would'st be thought in all worlds' worth,
Or else like Hercules Furens breaking forth
Biting the green-cloth, as a dog a stone
And for ridiculous shadow of the bone
Hazard the substance; will thy fortune still,
Spite of all learning, back the wit thy will,

* *Note in the margin, in the same hand*:—William, then Lord Chamberlain and Earl of Pembroke, made him Master of Arts with his letter.

Though thy play genius hang his broken wings
Full of sick feathers, and with forced things,
Imp thy scenes, labour'd and unnatural,
And nothing good comes with thy thrice-vex'd call
Comest thou not yet, nor yet? O no, nor yet;
Yet are thy learn'd admirers so deep set
In thy preferment above all that cite
The sun in challenge for the heat and light
Of both heaven's influences which of you two knew
And have most power in them; Great Ben, 'tis you.
Examine him, some truly-judging spirit,
That pride nor fortune hath to blind his merit,
He match'd with all book-fires, he ever read
His dusk poor candle-rents; his own fat head
With all the learn'd world's, Alexander's flame
That Cæsar's conquest cow'd, and stript his fame,
He shames not to give reckoning in with his;
As if the king pardoning his petulancies
Should pay his huge loss too in such a score
As all earth's learned fires he gather'd for.
What think'st thou, just friend? equall'd not this pride
All yet that ever Hell or Heaven defied?
And yet for all this, this club will inflict
His faultful pain, and him enough convict
He only reading show'd; learning, nor wit;
Only Dame Gilian's fire his desk will fit.
But for his shift by fire to save the loss
Of his vast learning, this may prove it gross:
True Muses ever vent breaths mixt with fire
Which, form'd in numbers, they in flames expire
Not only flames kindled with their own bless'd breath
That give th' unborn life, and eternize death.
Great Ben, I know that this is in thy hand
And how thou fix'd on heaven's fix'd star dost stand
In all men's admirations and command;
For all that can be scribbled 'gainst the sorter
Of thy dead repercussions and reporter.
The kingdom yields not such another man;
Wonder of men he is; the player can
And bookseller prove true, if they could know
Only one drop, that drives in such a flow.
Are they not learned beasts, the better far
Their drossy exhalations a star
Their brainless admirations may render;
For learning in the wise sort is but lender
Of men's prime notion's doctrine; their own way
Of all skills' preceptible forms a key
Forging to wealth, and honour-soothed sense,
Never exploring truth or consequence,
Informing any virtue or good life
And therefore Player, Bookseller, or Wife
Of either, (needing no such curious key)
All men and things, may know their own rude way.
Imagination and our appetite
Forming our speech no easier than they light
All letterless companions; t'all they know
Here or hereafter that like earth's sons plough
All under-worlds and ever downwards grow.
Nor let your learning think, egredious Ben,
These letterless companions are not men
With all the arts and sciences indued,
If of man's true and worthiest knowledge rude,
Which is to know and be one complete man,
And that not all the swelling ocean
Of arts and sciences, can pour both in:
If that brave skill then when thou didst begin
To study letters, thy great wit had plied,
Freely and only thy disease of pride
In vulgar praise had never bound thy [hide].

[*More than this never came to my hands, but lost in his sickness.*]

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FRUGALITY is no philosophy
That is not gelt of pride and misery,
That hang him like a nasty boar behind,
And grunt him out of all the human kind;
That dares assume to free a man of God,
Without whom he's a rogue past period
A spawn of lust, in sack and Jonson sod.

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And with that life the soul puts under press,
Methinks should render rich men Midases:
Here then th' immortal soul is sold, with life
Of two by love made one, in man and wife.
Love breeds opinion, and opinion, love,
In whose orbs all the liberal sciences move;
All which contracted in one Tragedy,
Sell, great Octavius, and Augustus be,
In all worth, for thy sale commodity.*

G. C.

* Prefixed to "*The True History of the Tragicke loves of Hipolito and Isabella, Neapolitans. Englished.* London. Printed by Tho. Harper, and Nath. Feild, 1628" (reprinted by Thomas Harper in 1633). The general style of these lines, the initials appended to them, and the fact that "Tho. Harper" published Chapman's *Strange Action of Nero* in the following year (1629), render it nearly certain that they are his.

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